

# Who Want A Problem (remix)

## Styles P

Oh yeah, S.P. the Ghost, I'm back  
Y'all know how I do  
You don't want no problems with me (Ladies!)  
You see me, leave me alone  
'Fore somethin' bad happen, ya know?

Who want a problem ha, ha?  
Who want a problem ha, ha?  
Who want a problem ha, ha?  
Who want a problem ha, ha?

Yeah, I wanna know who got a problem with me  
I ain't got a model with me, good lookin' hood chick  
That'll hit you with a bottle for me  
A couple homies from the hood that know how I do  
When I move they goin' follow me  
Yeah, you from D-Block right?  
Ruff Rydin all night, you outta see my lights  
Watch the 'gnac get chased by the champagne  
Mary jane blowin', livin' life in the fast lane  
Gotta stay fresh, cause I live by my last name, Styles  
And they ain't make 'em like me in a while  
Black tie affair, them Airs is crocodile  
So whoever want a problem I still can stomp you out

[Chorus: x2]

Who want a problem ha, ha?  
Who want a problem ha, ha?  
Who want a problem ha, ha?  
Is it the nigga over there?

Yeah look look  
Neo on the beat, glock in my murder hand  
Back seat Pakistan, I can just kill a man  
It's gettin' warm, they home for the summer  
And left the winter clothes in the dorm  
I don't want a problem, it's too much flesh out  
They want me to cock back and blow their chest out  
See me in the yard with a Newport, stressed out  
It's too damn hot to walk around here vest out

Feel me dog, make money or make a hit  
Other than that, can't think of shit  
My son gettin' bigger, it's like every week this lil' nigga  
His clothes or his Jordan's don't fit, who want a problem?

[Chorus: x2]

Hey! I'm comin' the 4th quarter  
So I'ma just give you the summer to tread water  
Way they wrote it down in the paper it said slaughter  
Found him in the tub with nothin' but red water  
But anyway, back on track  
Honey in the black on black, ass all fat  
What up ma? You feel like winnin', feel like spinnin'?  
Lil' Jimmy Chu footwear, antique denim  
Shh, you do the math to that, six months  
For these Louis and these jeans is a half a stack  
What more could you ask than that?  
Whoever got a problem get all of the desert and half the mac

[Chorus: x2]

Talk to me!

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