

Problem (feat. GT Oba Rowland)

Dej Loaf

Ay, huh, look
OH you thought it was a game huh?
You thought I was only in it for the fame huh?
You thought 'Try Me' was the only song I had huh?
Dropped that 'Sell Sole' then that bag dropped
Price, just went up
20 for them shows, add it up
You see, I'm in it for the long run
Lace me up, lace me up
Look, I don't fear shit I know I'm a big deal
Always had drive since I was riding on that big wheel
I had to make moves, never could I sit still
A.D.H.D but I aint never take no fuckin pills
Monkey see, monkey do aint none of these monkeys real
How the fuck she pull that off and she still got sex appeal
Gifted, they ain't got my skills
Haters like, 'how she get on?'
Made the right moves, ain't suck no "wooh", I kept my panties on
Where was y'all at, ain't had no milk to go with our honeycomb
Laughing at my haters like, 'oh shit I hit my funny bone'
Over like Biggie and see me i'm like Sean Puffy song
They think this was overnight, see butter niggas get along
Only fifth mixtape and ain't nobody heard the song
I know why these niggas mad, cuz they be grinding wrong
I'm at the dinning room table fina dine in
Bosses only yeah just me and all my five friends get you whack for some Nikes who wear size 10?
Close your eyes pussy nigga count to 10
Yeah nigga count to 10
Look, you ain't shit lil nigga, you a jive turkey
Make a call at 5: 20 goin on 5: 30
All i know is workie workie yeah okie Dobie
Sippin bubbly, watching movies starring Eddie Murphy
All niggas do is play, that's the Tyler Perry
Fuck love 'ND fuck February
I'm on the verge I'll Pop your lil cherry cherry
I'm from the D lions, tigers you know crazy Mary
All my dogs selling dog and that Katy Perry
And I just keep havin visions of that cemetery
R.I.P my competition bitches gettin buried

They know I'm hot, they know I'm comin man these bitches worried

I can tell you a hater

I can tell you dont wanna break bread and get paper

I can tell niggas temperature

I can tell niggas salty and they vinegar

I say fuck it let's finish her

Remember broke nights used to get drunk off that pinnacle

Liquor deal on the way I know it cuz i feel this shit

Speak it to existence, keep pussys out my peripheral

I'm really bout my money Baby I aint tryna get at you

Shopping with no limits I cant lie this shit terrific

Label me a label man, my taste is so exquisite

I heard all about you, you be snitching you be squealing

I be counting blessings I be in and out them buildings

I made the right decision I left niggas in they feelings

You know the world fucked when niggas crying all on insta

Commenting on my pictures niggas really want attention

Hold that info in her bio man I'm tired of these fake vixens

I say, I say

Ima do me and be all i can be

DDS

I got problems too

I got problems too

I got problems too

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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