

# Boi (I Got So Many) [Radio Edit]

## Young Problemz

VERSE 1: Boy I got so many ways

Ways to get paid

Wake up everyday

Money to be made

Boppers know my name

Boys know my face

When I pass by,

Bet ya girl wave (hey!)

They feelin' my dougie

Fresh like Dougie

But not Dougie Fresh,

Dougie D, I'm thuggin'

And these boys are broadies

Got this thang on me

This the Chico

Young Problemz Gang homie,

Catch me at the club

Girls show me love

Boys dap me up

Haters mean mug

But I ain't even trippin'

A playa steady pimpin'

I don't need ya girl boy I got so many CHORUS: (Boy I got so ma- boy I got so many. (WORK)) Ayy DJ play  
that girl song

Put that song on

If ya money ain't long

Boy you betta gone

x2 VERSE 2: Mike Jones Ay boy I got so many ways

Ways to get paid

24 hours

Money to be made

I started off with nothing

Now I'm platinum plaque made

Back then they ain't want me

Now they all up in my face

I ball up in the club

24s and up

Yeah my Bentley big

But girls still rub

They tryna take me home  
Wanna be my cuddy buddy  
So I got a day and night  
Like Kid Cudi  
I swear she wanna love me  
She wanna fuck me  
I can take ya' girl away from you  
Boy trust me  
But I ain't even trippin'  
I said I ain't trippin'  
Too much money on my mind to worry 'bout women (Boy)(Boy I got so ma- boy I got so many. (WORK))Say  
DJ play that girl song  
Put that song on  
If ya money ain't long  
Boy you betta goneVERSE 3:Ayy this the Justo,  
I got so many  
Ya'll got dimes  
But I got twenties  
When I hit the club  
All the girls say ye-ahh.  
Do it one time for the mo ayayya  
Justo a fool  
Look how I'm stuntin'  
Hit the club with a fine suga brown honeyI got so many honeys I got so many guns  
I got so many hundreds you got so many ones  
I walk up in the club tell a hoe to give me a some  
And just because I'm stuntin' all the hoes gimme numbers (huh)  
Jump up in the whip the rims got so many inches  
I got so many hoes cause they know that I'm the businessDolla signs on my mind  
Got ya dime movin' Ds  
Waffa five, extra Gs, taking 9 out the keys  
'Ypnotized,  
Jewelery gang,  
Busta rhyme  
I ain't lyin  
I'mma shine  
I'mma grind  
'Till it's time  
Suicide  
Extra lamb like a gyro  
Wrap 'em like a egg roll  
Beat up out the taco  
Feed 'em to the octos  
Fully fully auto  
Shawty bout that good plate

Fuck around next they be sleepin with a sting ray  
Jump ribbon ribbon figa feeds yas to the lizard  
Can chop you up like chicken liver  
Chop ya [?] I feed it to ya  
Gucci Mane so icy nigga  
Don't that sound familiar to ya  
Wish ya would fly cause fuck around around with choppas (so icy)(Boy I got so ma- boy I got so many.  
(WORK))Ayy DJ play that girl song  
Put that song on  
If ya money ain't long  
Boy you betta goneI say I got so many problems,  
A bitch ain't one  
So many revolvers  
So don't play dumb  
I got so many dreads momma you could pull work  
It's JM if you think I'm broke you're dumb  
That means that you're a dummy  
So don't say a thang  
I got so many homies  
Young Problemz GangBoy I get so much hate  
'Cause I'm doing great  
Pocket full of cake  
Poppa don't play  
Man her lil' weight  
It's the boy J  
Diamonds in my face  
You boys diamonds fake  
What's the dame dealie  
You boys is silly  
Weezy wanna milli  
Your problems wanna billi

Songwriters

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