

**Sheek Louch f/ Bun B, The Game****"Think We Got a Problem"**

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[Chorus: Repeat 2X]

I think we got a problem, got a got a problem  
I think we got a problem, got a got a problem  
I think we got a problem, got a got a problem  
Think we got a problem, think we got a problem

[Sheek Louch]

Think we got a problem, mask on, show you how to rob  
em  
Revolver, show you how to solve'm  
Drivin down Harlem, the Aston a problem  
No tint fishball it ain't hard to spot him  
Think we got a problem, weed got too much  
Only thing damn I'm down to my last dutch  
Think we got a problem, but really it ain't dough  
There's one of me, and these bitches I count about  
three four  
Think we got a problem, the homey just all talk  
He ain't gon pop a balloon with a pitch fork  
Think we got a problem in the club with this dogg  
Rude boy, stars, ladies, everybody

[Chorus]

[The Game]

Think we got a problem, Game in Manhattan  
Black on black Aston the 21 strapped in  
Dominican chick ridin shotty all strapped in  
Customize the dash on my shotgun strapped in  
Cops on the shoulder gotta pull a Hova  
Time to fade to black cuz I ain't pullin ova  
The engine is a problem, that ain't no question  
Pop the trunk see the speakers kickin' like Beckham  
Think we got a problem, Sheek know I'm hot  
Kiss and Styles should make me a member of the Lox  
I take all the beats I remember how to box  
If I ever get knocked out, I remember how to pop  
Remember how to load everything inside my glock  
Ask the niggas in the hood cuz they remember who I  
shot  
Think we got a problem, I snitched on myself

And I hate rats so I dug a ditch for myself what

[Chorus]

[Bun B]

Well it's the king of the trill Bun B'der you know the name

And the streets is like the NBA, I love this game

Keep a bottle of Henessey, a blunt and that purp

With my hand up on my heater, and my killaz on churp

You see me one deep in the spot, think I'm slippin', try ya luck

Cuz I got sixteen homeys with me, that stay ready to buck

You can duck dodge or dive, but it won't do diddly skwat

But leave ya with a leaky liver and both ya kidneys shot

But you may not pimpin' I ain't fin to ask for it

My money, my hood or my respect, Imma blast for it

You can't push fast forward, rewind or pause

Imma beat you till you shittin ya draws, so call the laws cuz

[Chorus]

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