

## **B.G. "Problems"**

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Hook: I've got problems  
In my fucking house  
Bitch would you please  
Get the fuck out

[Verse 1]

Trust these hoes, they all slick  
I found out, they ain't shit  
Almost was played by my main bitch  
Over, she tried to pull 1 on quick  
I'm paperchasing, trying to get rich  
On a 68 tour with my clique  
She hit me while I'm on the floor and was like  
Ain't shit bad cause moms finna unite  
I say bad, when its cool  
But now, check what this hoe do  
Slickly moving momma in my house  
Cause picture the whole wild she put out  
Now dat ain't even the half of it  
Wit moms come 2 neices, 2 nephews, 2 cousins  
Baby got comfortable in my shit  
Showing off dust and trailings after they piss  
Bitches, wild kids, jumping and playing  
Break lamps, wasting food and leaving stains  
Mom laying in my lazy boy  
Kids jamming tapes in my VCR  
Flipping my TV like a light switch  
God can only stop me from killing this bitch  
I'm on the way back to my crib  
I pull up, "this can't be how I live"  
I jump out ready, to start fucking  
I'm pissed off, mad and disgusted  
Bitch tryna give me a excuse  
It ain't nothing you can say or do  
You ask the mind state, to do the bad  
You ain't said nothing bout cha whole fam  
Look at my shit, it's fucked up  
At least smell like a project cut  
You ain't had the decency to clean up  
You, ya ma, and children, can pack up  
Please hurry before I go raw  
And mess around in here and catch a charge

You don't showed me, you ain't shit  
You showed me, a bitch gon be a bitch  
Look what you don't caused in my house  
Before you get pissed (the whip) get out

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[Verse 2]

Here's another fucked up episode  
My cousin came to visit from Chicago  
I ain't saying since we was young bucks  
I turned thug, and he wannabe with the bustas  
So why he down visiting, he staying wit me  
I put him under surveillance longer than a week  
He don't put 100% in his hygenes  
He lied and stopped bout what he doing be in the  
streetz  
He eating, he shitting, he sleeping, all for free  
He ain't cleaning behind his self, he think it's the  
double tree  
I'm almost to the point to ask him  
Whats happening? But I know, he get smart, I'ma slap  
him  
Now I gotta leave him by his self for the weekend  
I gotta fly to handle business in Cleaveland  
I jet and this nigga go through my phone numbers  
Call em', tell him I got him a surprise party, come over  
So happen that I'm finished a day early  
And decide to fly back home and check on this bitch  
I get down, fucked up my shit packed like a nightclub  
Sofa's ripped, tape is broke and it's full of weed  
smokers  
Nigga got it coming, every tooth in his mouth  
I'ma knock-out, I can't believe what he did to my house

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