

## King Bb

### "Problematic"

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[Verse - Slim Thug]

Late night see me post up, Boss Hogg soldier  
Glock in my holsta ready to fucking smoke something  
In the big Bentley Sedan, no chauffeur  
Riding on spinners and they rolling like a coaster  
Young and successful, I belong on Oprah  
I sell that shit to step with the cobra  
Hustling and thugging till my life is over  
Houston, we have a problem..

[Chorus - Pharrell Williams] (4x)

Problematic nigga, problematic nigga  
Problematic nigga, problematic nigga

[Verse - Slim Thug]

Houston we have a problem by the name of Slim  
And yeah we had a few problems but none like him  
I saw some come, but none got the job done like him  
I know some hustlers but I ain't seen one like him  
Start static, watch how quick I click the automatic  
Ratta-tat-tat-tatted till you haters been haded  
I started out above average, class mates get your  
grades up  
I can't be stopped, you're in my spot, you got to raise  
up  
I'm getting blazed up, with the flows or .44's  
I'm here to win case closed, which ever weapon you  
chose  
Niggaz don't want a piece of me, I do this shit so easily  
Hell y'all done let Pharrell bring out the beast in me  
It's bout to get ugly, first nigga mug me  
I'm a hit 'em wit some slugs, have 'em looking bloody  
If you scared call the motherfucking laws!  
You niggaz don't want it wit me and my Hoggs  
We got a problem!

[Chorus]

[Verse - Slim Thug]

What you boys gon do, when them Blue Boyz come  
through

And them blue toys for you, pointing them toys at you  
When the noise is through, they'll be no more hating  
I send haters to Satan, they can't shake what I'm baking  
They can't take what I'm making, the po po get to  
quaking  
Ain't no mistaking, I make these haters meet they make  
and  
I'm here to seize the nation, waving our guns and  
badge  
So get down on the floor and up your drugs and cash  
Ladies pass your bags, gon pass your stash  
Move fast, all good samaritans get blast  
First smart ass try to inform 911  
First class on a nonstop flight to heaven  
Twenty four / seven, three sixty-five  
I'm on my job like the mob till the day I die  
If you scared call the motherfucking laws!  
You niggaz don't want it wit me and my Hoggs  
We got a problem!

[Chorus]

[Verse - Slim Thug]

I'm problematic cause nigga I gotta have it  
I'm a Hogg so I'm taking every shot I got at it  
These streets is mine, we can beef, that's fine  
Better respect my mind, get out line ya dying  
I'm a soldier, I told ya, don't make a nigga fold ya  
Roll ya like a roller, blow you like some doja  
Don't want problems, but I'm quick to solve em  
Five deep but an ounce'll have somebody revolve em  
Niggaz got it fucked up, bout to get bucked up  
Make me pull that truck up, have you niggaz stuck up  
I been here for years, I ain't just up in luck up  
Nigga I'm a hustler, I been putting bucks up  
I drive a car that'll make ya put your trucks up  
We some G's, we ain't fucking wit no suckas  
We untouchable, these niggaz can't touch us  
Houston, we have a problem..

[Chorus]

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