

Lost Boyz

"1,2,3"

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1.. 2.. 3.. thousand problems
1.. 2.. 3.. thousand problems

(problems, who's got problems
she's got problems, got problems
three thousand problems, got problems)

It's a cool summer night
My .44's on my waist gotta half a stick of dynamite
Got some beef wit some niggaz across town
Keep my man to the ground
I gotta shut it down, they pull up on my block
I'm in my little brown hooptie
So they guess I want the white rock
They walk close towards my ride
Surprise motherfucker it's a handful of

1.. 2.. 3.. thousand problem
(I got.. problems, three thousand problems)

I put two to his head
I jumped on the southern state then I'm rushin out to
Hempstead
One down and one to go
I heard the next nigga's on and he's gotten a ball of
dough
I kick in the nigga's door
I sat the nigga in the door wit my nickel plated fo'-fo'
And word up that shit is soft
The way this nigga hit the floor when the Freaky got
raw
Some bitch tried to burst but I shot her in the back
Back! Aiyyo Money where your stash at?
He took me back inside to this room
Beside the safe full a G's he had mad bags of weeds

1.. 2.. 3.. thousand problems
(Problems, I I got problems)

A lot to do
I call up the underground let me speak to that nigga Lu

He said, "Taliq, whats up my man?"
I got this nigga locked down wit my joint to his gun
And word up he got an mail press
Aiiyo Money what's this address?
1245 Boulevard Queens, and and tell my man they try
to caravan
Understand I'm on a mission
And just be nice to pack some extra ammunition
and get some Phillies from the store
And park the van on the corner and you're comin
through the side
door

1.. 2.. 3.. thousand problems
(I got problems, we got problems)

They get robbed they wanna go
Aand we don't want trouble, I told Lou to move the
chairs
Aiiyo Cheeks, help me take this damn bitch down the
stairs
I come back up for the session
Money still tied the fuck up confessin
I blow some smoke into his eyes, here nigga
take two more puff before you die
Yo, I stood up, about-faced him
And yo Lost Boyz waste him
and yo Queens waste him, and yo Southside waste him

1..2..3.. thousand problems
(Who got problems
Pretty Lou and the whole motherfuckin world
I got problems)

It's 3 o'clock in the morn
Shit is on motherfuckers shit is on
Yeah yeah, I gotta get this nigga Shawn
I'm drivin in a stolen car wit no motherfuckin plates on
I heard Shawn got crazy ends
But before I do this thing I go and pick up my best
friends
A forty ounce and lead feels right
I got to see the boy hillside
Understand now he's in court
I roll all my windows down pull my shit on the corner
but I still bein sneaky
(What's your name?) Cause I'm freaky Taliq, I'm freaky
Taliq
But right now I got beef wit this nigga named Shawn
Shit is on word is bond money is gone
He's wit his bitch in bed (ah ah)

I pull out my .44, and I don't wanna do his head
Cause this shit is too easy (even though)
Even though he can go in one squeeze G, it's it's it's
crazy
Mr.B's L-B's, a people.. 1.. 2.. 3.. 3.. thousand problems
1.. 2.. 3.. thousand problems

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