

The Game

"Think We Got A Problem"

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[Chorus: x2]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 cause 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 cause they remember who I shot

Think we got a problem, I snitched on myself

And I hate rats so I dugg 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

Cause 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, I'm a blast for it
You can't push fast forward, rewind or pause
I'm a beat you till you shittin ya draws, so call the laws
cause

[Chorus]

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