

## J Lethal

### "I'm A Fuckin' Problem"

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I'ma ride 'til I die, blunts to the air so you know I stay high  
Eastside nigga, until the day they bury me  
3-1-3 nigga until six men have to carry me  
Fuck them fuck niggas, on that fuck shit  
Flow stay retarded so you know I gotta spit  
And I shouldn't have to tell you that I'm still that man  
Putting all these trash rappers in a garbage can  
Say the word, and I'm right back at it  
Cooking rhymes in the booth like I'm serving up addicts  
I'm better than good, I'm better than great  
I'm the King of my city and you niggas still late  
Bouncing with the beat like a box-spring mattress  
If good equals ill then my haters need to catch this  
My mixtapes be better than some niggas albums  
I'm high up in this bitch like I took a hit of valium  
Mind too advanced, call me Professor X  
I'm a curse to these niggas, that means I'm a hex  
I'm raw like a dick in the pussy with no rubber  
And I'm still the best b, that's word to my mother  
Even when the beat stop I'ma keep going  
Even when the beat gone I'ma just keep flowing  
I can rock it acapella, niggas love to talk a lot but no  
one else could do it better bitch  
I'ma ride 'til I die, choppa on my lap, pussy niggas  
gonna fry  
Thug life bitch, don't get ya ass kicked  
Then I take ya bitch to my crib and get my dick licked  
I'ma ride 'til I die, blunts to the air so you know I stay  
high  
Rolling up that purple weed that got a nigga feeling  
zooted  
If that bitch ain't trying to fuck then she straight getting  
booted  
Pull up to the scene with that Bruce Wayne money  
Got a couple bad bitches and they love to count it for  
me  
And I wish, I wish, I wish, I wish, I wish a nigga would  
Get dropped to the ground like a pussy nigga should  
Ask about me motherfucka, yeah I got a lot of fucking  
problems

If you think you big and bad then come and try to  
fucking solve 'em  
Number one stunna 'til my motherfucking death  
Still got this game on lock like house arrest  
Bitch I am divine, are you out of your mind  
'Cause ya know I gotta shine, yeah you know I gotta  
grind  
Twenty four seven, three sixty five days a year  
Killing competition, and I shed not a tear  
Killing all these rappers, and no I'm not sorry  
Swanton Bomb to your track, bitch I'm Jeff Hardy  
It's Jay F. Tae invading everybody playlist  
Hopefully remembered as the motherfucking greatest

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