

Problem

"Like Whaaat"

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[Verse 1: Problem]

Who dat, talking bout, who dat
Run up on me, you get your ass beat blue black
Go on get nerve, I'm off the curb
Push mountains of herb, you niggas already heard
The bro Berg, keep a pistol gripped pump on his lap at
all time
Whatever however, cause young niggas stay trying
See them and be like huh, nigga, what?
Huh, give a fuck like whaat
Blow my weed, smash the dash
Hop up in my lane, shit be looking way different
Through these thousand dollars frames
Millionaire mind, fuck the thousand dollars brain
Thousand dollar lame only get loud around his gang
ass nigga, ass nigga
Compton for real, you ain't gotta ask nigga
Floating through the city like I'm on a raft nigga
Mike Vick with the shit, I don't need a pass nigga
Like what that shit do, yeah

[Hook: Problem]

I'm just doing my thang, fingers in the sky
Banging my gang like uh
Go on fall back, cause you don't want no problems like
that
Cause we gonna be like huh, nigga what,
Huh, give a fuck, nigga whaat
Huh, nigga what,
Huh, give a fuck, nigga whaat

[Verse 2: Problem]

Your money funny you a clown
Your bitch hit me up then I'm probably going down
It depends on how much of that shit I just had
Pill cool but I prefer my MDMA by the bag
Heavy hitter right here, all you other nigga's jabs
Big talking bout beef till you serve they ass a slab
Do the math hoes clash, cause I got them yelling
Woo, like Flair
When I'm done they always ask

How you do dat there?
Word to Master P and Young Bleed
I pull your bitch she trying kick it fast as Chun Li
Cause I'm a pimp see, word to Bun B
Underground king, no checker, shout out to the bitch
pressing
Get a weight lift, reppin' Cal like Ripken I'm on fire right
now
P burnin', no Syphilis,
Strap it up, you murder the pussy
Real beef you don't talk, you just murder a pussy
See me?

[Hook]
I'm just doing my thang, fingers in the sky
Banging my game like uh
Go on fall back, cause you don't want no problems like
that
Cause we gonna be like huh, nigga what,
Huh, give a fuck, nigga whaat
A nigga be like huh, nigga what,
Huh, give a fuck, nigga whaat
A nigga be like,

[Verse 3: Bad Lucc]
Who dat
I bet your lady knew that
She said he got a ticket on the molly, mommy do that
Talking with my round diamond lane, I thought you
knew that
Pound half-Raider, hunned sixes is where we grew that
See me on the 10 with my squad we so trill
Or uptown with them foolies niggas, trapping by the
mill
I do it for my bros of the Locke
Them hoes on stop
I used to wear Pirellis back when Nelly was on top
Now it's 442 my pack a bang rewinding,
My bitch is red as a Honda throw back on them
Yokohamas
I'ma slam the scraper,
You touch the paper it's go, me I'm just granted for
show
These hoes thanking it's snow
I get it going my nig, I blow the horn and she ready
Disrespectful? Nigga please, IÂ'm the one with the fetti
I'm going out with a bang, it's Lane on the chain
I just show Â'em with diamonds nigga, cause Lane is
the gang!

