

Ernst Mosch

"Issues"

Visit "[Issues](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[VERSE 1: Yukmouth]

I think it was Friday night, I met her at the club
Apple Martini-ed up, smokin bud with my thugs
Then yo yo, there she was, trÃ¢s bon booty (*French*)
Like BeyoncÃ© no fiancÃ©, let's keep in touch
I wanted to beat it up, cause she was a superbad
I mean with all that ass, same night hit it that fast
We at her mega pad, still diggin like a sav'
We poppin x tabs, the head was extra lav'
But this her baby dad and he don't live with her
And at his grandma's pad they left the kids with her
So that explains the pictures I see of this nigga
She says she's low on scrilla, she wanted gifts for her
So she can get her nails done and get her weave fixed
And I can't stand no nappy hair bitch
And so I break off bread, nothin but pocket change
She blew my socks again and then I hopped in the
Range
And then she kept on askin for bread, like everyday
"My children need some aspirine, I got some bills to
day"
Now what am I to say, cause Yuk, he love the kids
Puffy sell millions, but Yuk, he love the kids
So I broke off bread, I did it for the kids
Never trust a bitch, never think Yuk a trick
I got the slut dismissed, she got the dismissal
I ain't fuckin with you, bitch, you got too many issues

[CHORUS: Devin the Dude]

You got too many issues
Here, let me get you some tissue
No, I don't mean to diss you
But you want me to give you some money, quit actin
funny
Baby girl

[VERSE 2: KB]

Time after time, rhyme after rhyme
I look around, some hoe after mine
But I'm just steady on the low, steady 'bout my flow
Why try to keep a hoe steady when they be steady

wantin mo'?

I don't want no hoe all on my back, all up in my sack

Before I burn one, at every corner that I turn on

Hoe, get a life (?) boppin all night like you a nigga

Need to be at home with yo damn children

Like that shit was cool, well ain't shit cool

About your children missin school

Because you done cut a fool at the club last night

And you ain't (?) six

Ran into a couple of ballers cappin like you broke them
tricks

But them tricks make cheese, they pop bottles for fun

And you'll fuck one just to say you fucked one

How dumb can one get, didn't even break bread to get
with you

And walkin round like you the fuckin shit, bitch, you got
too many issues

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Numskull]

Bitch, you get rotated through every crew like a tire
from BF Goodridge

Cause you 21 now, what, you actin like a good bitch?

I'm tryin to get my nigga sucked cause he from outta
town

You just suck his dick while I weigh out the pounds and
then you out

What you mean you don't know, don't you need a little
bread?

You can feed a starvin child for just a little bit of head

You suck a broke nigga dick but won't suck a rich nigga

He a white boy, little man, limp dick nigga

Three minutes and you gone, then I hit you at your
home

Give you a little for your pocket, now your weekend is
on

I don't understand, huh? Then why the fuck I'm talkin?

Matter fact I'm wastin time, huh, bitch, get to walkin

You try to help a rat bitch, she'll diss you on some wack
shit

You weigh 125, how you still lookin fat, bitch?

Save them cheap (?) yeah, I'm tryin to diss you

You a broke-ass, think-you-bad bitch and you got too
many issues

[CHORUS]

[uncredited woman]

Nigga, fuck yo broke ass

You ain't got no muthafuckin money anyway, nigga

Don't come over here talkin about I got issues
You got issues
Nigga, you rollin on stop
So don't even try to come over here
Either you pay me or don't pay me no muthafuckin
attention
So ehm that's all this about over here
When you look my way I already know you gots to pay
All this issue shit, you can take that shit to the next
bitch
I ain't the one, nigga
Please
Please believe it
Fuck that
Pay me
Yeah I got issues, so what?
I'm tryin to get fly, youknowmsayin
I'm tryin to go to the Century Club
I need \$100 on my hair
I need uh 50 to go the nail shop
I need 200 for that new Iceberg make-up
So uh, what you workin with?
Shit, I'm a real bitch
Yeah
And I need to get my car washed
As a matter of fact, I'm tryin to roll yo shit
Don't you got a Jag or somethin?
Yeah, I'm tryin to roll yo shit, nigga
On the real, me and all my muthafuckin homegirls
We comin to the party...

Visit [Ernst Mosch](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.