

# F\*ck Me Too

## Problem

Wait to hold up, I'm bout to turn this bitch up (aye)

Like the county, all I see is all blues  
She love the Crips, but she big SuWoo  
I got that dick that make her do what it do  
If I was you, I'd probably fuck me too  
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Baby always struck me as a smart chick  
Now get up here and hop all on this boss dick  
Countin' money all day, I'm exhausted  
Fucked baby twice, then I tossed it (let her go)  
Countin' money all day, I'm exhausted  
Nigga drippin' like a fucked up faucet  
Damn!  
Boy I'm with the business like an office  
Damn, Damn, Damn, Damn!  
That cutie with the booty tryna do something to me  
Tell these rap niggas stop woofin' before I do some  
My niggas like Steph with the range, have him hoppin' out the rain  
Got a hundred in these drums, they ain't even gotta aim  
Just let it go

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If I was you, I'd probably fuck me too  
If I was you, I'd probably fuck me too  
Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me too

I'm from the Big Apple  
You could be a grown ass man, I'll still kidnap you  
Gat to your back like- "Get in the whip, nigga"  
I'm a Blood, and I fuck with Crip niggas that'll hit niggas  
Til the clip done  
It's a million ways to die, nigga you should pick one  
Ridin' in that hoopty and that shit got high mileage  
Bouncin' up and down cause that bitch got hydraulics  
You would think I'm in the West, but I'm ridin' by Ragamuffin  
Strap on my lap, mufucka, ain't hiding nothin'  
I don't really want to, but you niggas forced me  
Yeah I'm in the Porsche, if I crash it's gon cost me  
They see a nigga on, now these niggas wanna hawk me  
Saw me with Wyclef, it was killin' niggas softly

Problem

If you niggas want a problem, just get a greenlight, I'll red dot 'em

Ahead of my time, tryna stop my shine

Every chance I get I'm reppin' every time

Now she on my line, cause she see me poppin'

Problem know if it's a problem, call up Sav' and I'ma solve it

Ain't no pocket rocket, P89 Ruger, do ya

She ain't got no cash for the gas, bitch Uber

Know a nigga nothin' in this hood, but a goober

Baby I'm a joint, he a loser

Lose 'em, I do this

Watch my do my dance like Shooter

Watch me fuck it up like Shooter

I make it look easy

But I promise it's a real meaning to these therapeutic verses I be speaking

Lookin' at your team and my team, and I was thinking

Your squad full of clowns, but you probably the weakest

I was with the [?], got a little booty call from Niqua

She talkin' bout she pregnant, finna keep it

Nigga that's on Jesus

I ain't goin' for it, bitch beat it

Blue notes singing like Anita

Flex for no reason

Let the wrong nigga get some baggage, you can tell I never had it, I be extr  
a and dramatic nigga