

Problems

Shy Glizzy

Geraldo Live on the track
Yeah
Young Jefe holmes
GG
Forever
Oh-oh

Who is this? This Geraldo
What you smokin'? Oh, gelato
I got bitches and they model
Your bitch swallow, she need goggles
Goddamn, look at my pockets
Look like I just hit the lotto
Pull up valet, let 'em park it
Baby I can pay your car note
Yeah Yeezys, bad hills
I serve her problems, pain pills
I'm being real, girl I'm just trill
Now baby tell me how you feel
I got hitters and they kill
Know I still be in the field
Know I be with them gorillas
Tote banana clips for real
Got back up, I took a fall
Lil' nigga, my money tall
I'm that nigga in DC and bitch I ball like John Wall
Look at me, I'm livin' large
Remember them nights, was trappin' hard
Remember them nights I had to rob
Yeah remember them nights I used to starve
Remember that night I sat at jail
Then the feds came, ran in my house
Remember ain't nobody believe in me
'Til I showed 'em what I'm 'bout
Remember I used to pour that lean up 'til I fuckin' black out
This for lil' homie in the traphouse with them fuckin' racks out

I'm ballin' harder than water, I'm feelin' like Coach Carter
They say the life that I'm livin', I might not see tomorrow
I had to go out and get it 'cause I ain't had no father
I know I gotta stay committed, that's gon' take me farther
Y'all know this lean what I'm sippin', my PO think this vodka
Upgraded from a revolver, hollows fillin' my chopper
I'm tryna face all my problems, I need to see a doctor
I'm tryna face all my problems, I need to see a doctor

Chicago streets late night, tryna catch
Every time I boot up, I need a good batch
Don't wanna hit, then slide in that cat
There can't be peace 'cause you know it's that
You ain't in the streets and I notice that
She left my side when I was under arrest
You left my side when I was under stress
You turned your back so I know you ain't shit
How you gon' lie and go along with the bitch?
Promise he red but I know he a crip
Come to my crib, you can't come with a bitch

Draco shells, it come with a kick
We know you told and that lil' shit stick
You the one know I had a gun in the whip
You the one know I had a gun on my hip
I slept on floors
Shootouts where I'm from, when I grew up I couldn't ignore it
Some nights I was gettin' too mad at myself 'cause I couldn't record
And I couldn't make it to your funeral, I sent my regards
Hangin' out the roof with my two fingers, fuck the law (Fuck 'em)

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