

## Problem

Young Thug

Okay okay, so, YSL  
We're YSL aka private fly gang you know  
Yeah, we're the private fly gang you know... join in bitch

Bitches in love with these slimers, how many now?  
Lil nigga money long as a Greyhound  
Smokin' that shit out the pound  
We never lost it, it ain't nothin' to be found  
These bitches come and go round and go round  
I took the booty, nailed her like a mount  
These bitches gon' cover me, I call them gowns  
Boy that's your problem  
I might fuck up a boy that's your problem  
Gettin' distorted lil boy, that's your problem  
No need for abortions, I'll nut on your momma  
Send him up to God with no problem  
Got icin' on icin' on boogers on boogers lil bitch that's my problem  
Boy check out that Rollie it shine like a motherfuckin' problem

In a Bentley burnin' loud and I'm gassin'  
I got hundreds sittin' on hundreds, that blue cheese, I'm not ranchin'  
I done took off on a boot now I'm Paris Hilton dancing'  
And I feel like Marilyn Manson and I want a fucking Grammy  
Pass me that mud, please just pass me that mud  
Sticky white birds, call 'em doves  
Implants up under my girls  
Please no-no fallin' in love  
I'm runnin' round with a bitch, mine bout thick as a cup  
Meanwhile they hatin', I done spent me some dubs  
And I'ma lie to that ho like a rug  
Gettin' money of course  
Blat! Cookin' white like the Porsches  
Shout out to Nelly Air Forces  
Hop in that 'ghini ran right on your porch  
Hop out like motherfuck the doors  
Yeah, I'ma go ahead and free Offset, yeah he a Migo  
(Free Offset nigga)

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Damn, we gon' try you in these streets  
We gon' G her with no sheets  
How long ago? Bout a week  
All my attires are neat

All of her friends are unique  
I wanna fuck at least three  
Can I? (Yeah, sheesh)  
He playin'? I pop him like pop tarts  
I'ma demon, only see when dark  
I look like I got a Visa card  
Private fly gang, yeah agree with us  
Dinosaur B's and some C's with us  
I like that cat bald like an eagle bruh  
Since I ran up my racks ain't no tamin' us  
Damn it's Friday, I need angel dust  
I fuck that bitch if she starin'  
Pull up and hop out Mclarens  
Don't say I won't cause that's darin'  
I'll shoot him with a bow and arrow  
Yeah, my bitch is a motherfuckin' horse with no saddle  
Yeah, shoot that bitch one time with a double barrel

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Yaaaaa, yeah  
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