

I Got a Question (feat. Lil Wayne)

YG

I got a question...I got a question
When the police gon' stop pressing me?
When my bitch gon' stop stressing me, second guessing me?
Will the truth really set you free?
I got a question
When them boys gon' stop pressing me?
When my girls gon' stop stressing me, second guessing me?
Will the truth really set you free?
I got a question
Look, when them boys gonna stop pressing me?
Can't they tell I'm 'bout my business
I'm G Hova, you my witness
See me making shit like uh for my motherfuckin' children
Gotta pay out all commissions, gotta get it, obtain the vision
Homies switching, shit getting different
I'm making executive decisions
To a broke boy I never listen
Fuck your permission
And 4 Hunnid niggas in the building now
Oh Lord, oh Lord, oh Lord, oh, oh, oh Lord
Bitch we go hard, go hard, go hard
To all my niggas above the law
Cause we don't really fuck with 'em
Nah, my niggas really from the streets
You know they like to blast on blacks
And act like they badge was given from God
That's why I gotta stay with my heat
I got a question
When the police gon' stop pressing me?
When my bitch gon' stop stressing me, second guessing me?
Will the truth really set you free?
I got a question
When them boys gon' stop pressing me?
When my girls gon' stop stressing me, second guessing me?
Will the truth really set you free?
I got a question
Like, when my bitch gon' stop pressing me?
Okay i didn't mean to fuck her, I just had to get my nut off
She was trucking, I was drunk
(She was a bad motherfucker)
That shouldn't even count though
Cause I told you I caught that body, that's trust
You shouldn't count those

See me on my bumper 'bout me, barely checking in
I be on my business making sure them checks is in
She thinks things is changing, she notice we barely fucking
I come and go, when I, when I want, I'm steady hustling
Get the dough, young nigga get the dough
Young nigga, young nigga get the dough
Uh, she tell me "Work with me"
I tell her "Bitch I work the night shift"
She tell me "Don't fight the feeling"
Bitch I'd rather fight
She like, "this ain't love, how you do me is fucked up
Even when I'm fucked up" Damn I got a question
When the police gon' stop pressing me?
When my bitch gon' stop stressing me, second guessing me?
Will the truth really set you free?
I got a question
Woah
When them boys gon' stop pressing me?
When my girls gon' stop stressing me, second guessing me?
Will the truth really set you free?
I got a question What's my name hoe?
I got a few questions, I'mma pick your brain ho
I'm bulletproof flexing, I'mma switch the lingo
I'm Piru flexing, all my niggas bang though (Suwoo)
That's right, no question nigga
Shoot first, ask questions second nigga
Got seventeen answers if you test me nigga
Got a question, why the fuck you yapping nigga
Don't talk too much mind your business nigga
Hoes talk too much, tryna quiz a nigga
Singing cream, getting money like RZA nigga
Got a question, who the fuck is these niggas?
We don't talk, we don't fuss like, we don't bark or argue
Got that point forward like LaMarcus Aldridge
Top back as I ride in the RR
Got a question, what car I'mma drive tomorrow?
Lord, blah, Tunechi Damn I got a question
Yeah
When the police gon' stop pressing me?
YG, fuck with me
When my bitch gon' stop stressing me, second guessing me?
Will the truth really set you free?
I got a question
I got a question
When them boys gon' stop pressing me?
When my girls gon' stop stressing me, second guessing me?
Will the truth really set you free?
I got a question

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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