

Think We Got a Problem (feat. Bun B & The Game)

Sheek Louch

[Chorus: x2]

I think we got a problem, got a got a problem

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Think we got a problem, think we got a problem[Sheek Louch:]

Think we got a problem, mask on, show you how to rob em

 Revolver, show you how to solve'm

 Drivin down Harlem, the Aston a problem

 No tint fishball it ain't hard to spot him

 Think we got a problem, weed got too much

 Only thing damn I'm down to my last dutch

 Think we got a problem, but really it ain't dough

There's one of me, and these bitches I count about three four

 Think we got a problem, the homey just all talk

 He ain't gon pop a balloon with a pitch fork

 Think we got a problem in the club with this dogg

 Rude boy, starks, ladies, everybody

[Chorus][The Game:]

Think we got a problem, Game in Manhattan

 Black on black Aston the 21 strapped in

 Dominican chick ridin shotty all strapped in

 Customize the dash on my shotgun strapped in

 Cops on the shoulder gotta pull a Hova

 Time to fade to black cause I ain't pullin ova

The engine is a problem, that ain't no questionPop the trunk see the speakers kickin' like
 Beckham

 Think we got a problem, Sheek know I'm hot

 Kiss and Styles should make me a member of the Lox

 I take all the beats I remember how to box

 If I ever get knocked out, I remember how to pop

 Remember how to load everything inside my glock

Ask the niggas in the hood cause they remember who I shot

 Think we got a problem, I snitched on myself

 And I hate rats so I dug a ditch for myself what

[Chorus][Bun B:]

Well it's the king of the trill Bun B'der you know the name

 And the streets is like the NBA, I love this game

 Keep a bottle of Henessey, a blunt and that purp

 With my hand up on my heater, and my killaz on churp

You see me one deep in the spot, think I'm slippin', try ya luck

Cause I got sixteen homeys with me, that stay ready to buck
You can duck dodge or dive, but it won't do diddly skwat
But leave ya with a leaky liver and both ya kidneys shot
But you may not pimpin' I ain't fin to ask for it
My money, my hood or my respect, I'm a blast for it
You can't push fast forward, rewind or pause
I'm a beat you till you shittin ya draws, so call the laws cause[Chorus]

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