

# Beyoncé, America Has A Problem

America, American has a problem

Heard you got that deep for me  
Pray your love is deep for me  
I'ma make you go weak for me  
Make you wait a whole week for me (For me)  
I see you watching, feel it  
I know you want it, scream it  
I know you need it, trouble on ya  
You want it on you, don't I know?

Give me your love, I need some too  
Do you want this? Like it want you  
Know that booty gon' do what it want to  
Can't hit it one time, how to go?  
I know you see these red, red racks on me  
Now come and get ho-ho-ho-ho-hot  
Twenty four eighty at the trap, hit it with the rap  
Put it on the map, hit me right back  
Call me when you wanna get ho-ho-ho-ho-hot  
Twenty man turn out with the racks  
I'll be D on that bag, double G's on the dash  
Nigga I'm bad, I'm bad  
Call me when you wanna get ho-ho-ho-ho-hot

Boy, you can't get higher than this, no  
'Cause love don't get no higher than this, no  
No

Grind (Grind), boy, you know I grind (Grind)  
When I pull up then change your mind (When I pull up then change your mind)  
You're mine, when I step on the scene they  
Can't wait to bag it up, your ex still I do, but it ain't right enough  
I'm supplying my man, I'm in your lane, soon as I land  
Just know I roll with them goons, in case you start acting familiar  
This kind of love, dipped in this, whole slap, I care for

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