

# B.G., Problems

B.G.

Checkmate

Problems

Hook: i've got problems

In my fucking house

Bitch would you please

Get the fuck out

[verse 1]

Trust these hoes, they all slick

I found out, they ain't shit

Almost was played by my main bitch

Over, she tried to pull 1 on quick

I'm paperchasing, trying to get rich

On a 68 tour with my clique

She hit me while i'm on the floor and was like

Ain't shit bad cause moms finna unite

I say bad, when its cool

But now, check what this hoe do

Slickly moving mamma in my house

Cause picture the whole wild she put out

Now dat ain't even the half of it

Wit moms come 2 neices, 2 nephews, 2 cousins

Baby got comfortable in my shit

Showing off dust and trailings after they piss

Bitches, wild kids, jumping and playing

Break lamps, wasting food and leaving stains

Mom laying in my lazy boy

Kids jamming tapes in my vcr

Flipping my tv like a light switch

God can only stop me from killing this bitch

I'm on the way back to my crib

I pull up, &quot;this can't be how i live&quot;

I jump out ready, to start fucking

I'm pissed off, mad and disgusted

Bitch tryna give me a excuse

It ain't nothing you can say or do

You ask the mind state, to do the bad

You ain't said nothing bout cha whole fam

Look at my shit, it's fucked up

At least smell like a project cut

You ain't had the decency to clean up

You, ya ma, and children, can pack up

Please hurry before i go raw

And mess around in here and catch a charge

You don showed me, you ain't shit

You showed me, a bitch gon be a bitch

Look what you don caused in my house

Before you get pissed (the whip) get out

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[verse 2]

Here's another fucked up episode

My cousin came to visit from chicago

I ain't saying since we was young bucks

I turned thug, and he wannabe with the bustas

So why he down visiting, he staying wit me

I put him under surveilence longer than a week

He don't put 100% in his hygenes

He lied and stopped bout what he doing be in the streetz

He eating, he shitting, he sleeping, all for free  
He ain't cleaning behind his self, he think it's the double tree  
I'm almost to the point to ask him  
Whats happening? but i know, he get smart, i'ma slap him  
Now i gotta leave him by his self for the weekend  
I gotta fly to handle business in cleaveland  
I jet and this nigga go through my phone numbers  
Call em', tell him i got him a surprise party, come over  
So happen that i'm finished a day early  
And decide to fly back home and check on this bitch  
I get down, fucked up my shit packed like a nightclub  
Sofa's ripped, tape is broke and it's full of weed smokers  
Nigga got it coming, every tooth in his mouth  
I'ma knock-out, i can't believe what he did to my house

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