

# Luniz, Issues

(feat. Devin the Dude, KB)

[VERSE 1: Yukmouth]

I think it was Friday night, I met her at the club  
Apple Martini-ed up, smokin bud with my thugs  
Then yo yo, there she was, trs bon booty ( \*French\* )  
Like Beyonc no fianc, let's keep in touch  
I wanted to beat it up, cause she was a superb  
I mean with all that ass, same night hit it that fast  
We at her mega pad, still diggin like a sav'  
We poppin x tabs, the head was extra lav'  
But this her baby dad and he don't live with her  
And at his grandma's pad they left the kids with her  
So that explains the pictures I see of this nigga  
She says she's low on scrilla, she wanted gifts for her  
So she can get her nails done and get her weave fixed  
And I can't stand no nappy hair bitch  
And so I break off bread, nothin but pocket change  
She blew my socks again and then I hopped in the Range  
And then she kept on askin for bread, like everyday  
"My children need some aspirine, I got some bills to day"  
Now what am I to say, cause Yuk, he love the kids  
Puffy sell millions, but Yuk, he love the kids  
So I broke off bread, I did it for the kids  
Never trust a bitch, never think Yuk a trick  
I got the slut dismissed, she got the dismissal  
I ain't fuckin with you, bitch, you got too many issues

[CHORUS: Devin the Dude]

You got too many issues  
Here, let me get you some tissue  
No, I don't mean to diss you  
But you want me to give you some money, quit actin funny  
Baby girl

[VERSE 2: KB]

Time after time, rhyme after rhyme  
I look around, some hoe after mine  
But I'm just steady on the low, steady 'bout my flow  
Why try to keep a hoe steady when they be steady wantin mo'?  
I don't want no hoe all on my back, all up in my sack  
Before I burn one, at every corner that I turn on  
Hoe, get a life ( ? ) boppin all night like you a nigga  
Need to be at home with yo damn children  
Like that shit was cool, well ain't shit cool  
About your children missin school  
Because you done cut a fool at the club last night  
And you ain't ( ? ) six  
Ran into a couple of ballers cappin like you broke them tricks  
But them tricks make cheese, they pop bottles for fun  
And you'll fuck one just to say you fucked one  
How dumb can one get, didn't even break bread to get with you  
And walkin round like you the fuckin shit, bitch, you got too many issues

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Numskull]

Bitch, you get rotated through every crew like a tire from BF Goodridge  
Cause you 21 now, what, you actin like a good bitch?  
I'm tryin to get my nigga sucked cause he from outta town  
You just suck his dick while I weigh out the pounds and then you out  
What you mean you don't know, don't you need a little bread?  
You can feed a starvin child for just a little bit of head  
You suck a broke nigga dick but won't suck a rich nigga

He a white boy, little man, limp dick nigga  
Three minutes and you gone, then I hit you at your home  
Give you a little for your pocket, now your weekend is on  
I don't understand, huh? Then why the fuck I'm talkin?  
Matter fact I'm wastin time, huh, bitch, get to walkin  
You try to help a rat bitch, she'll diss you on some wack shit  
You weigh 125, how you still lookin fat, bitch?  
Save them cheap ( ? ) yeah, I'm tryin to diss you  
You a broke-ass, think-you-bad bitch and you got too many issues

[CHORUS]

[uncredited woman]  
Nigga, fuck yo broke ass  
You ain't got no muthafuckin money anyway, nigga  
Don't come over here talkin about I got issues  
You got issues  
Nigga, you rollin on stop  
So don't even try to come over here  
Either you pay me or don't pay me no muthafuckin attention  
So ehm that's all this about over here  
When you look my way I already know you gots to pay  
All this issue shit, you can take that shit to the next bitch  
I ain't the one, nigga  
Please  
Please believe it  
Fuck that  
Pay me  
Yeah I got issues, so what?  
I'm tryin to get fly, youknowmsayin  
I'm tryin to go to the Century Club  
I need \$100 on my hair  
I need uh 50 to go the nail shop  
I need 200 for that new Iceberg make-up  
So uh, what you workin with?  
Shit, I'm a real bitch  
Yeah  
And I need to get my car washed  
As a matter of fact, I'm tryin to roll yo shit  
Don't you got a Jag or somethin?  
Yeah, I'm tryin to roll yo shit, nigga  
On the real, me and all my muthafuckin homegirls  
We comin to the party...