

Slim Thug, Problematic

(Verse - Slim Thug)

Late night see me post up, Boss Hogg soldier
Glock in my holsta ready to fucking smoke something
In the big Bentley Sedan, no chauffeur
Riding on spinners and they rolling like a coaster
Young and successful, I belong on Oprah
I sell that shit to step with the cobra
Hustling and thugging till my life is over
Houston, we have a problem..

(Chorus - Pharrell Williams) (4x)

Problematic nigga, problematic nigga
Problematic nigga, problematic nigga

(Verse - Slim Thug)

Houston we have a problem by the name of Slim
And yeah we had a few problems but none like him
I saw some come, but none got the job done like him
I know some hustlers but I ain't seen one like him
Start static, watch how quick I click the automatic
Ratta-tat-tatted till you haters been haded
I started out above average, class mates get your grades up
I can't be stopped, you're in my spot, you got to raise up
I'm getting blazed up, with the flows or .44's
I'm here to win case closed, which ever weapon you chose
Niggaz don't want a piece of me, I do this shit so easily
Hell y'all done let Pharrell bring out the beast in me
It's bout to get ugly, first nigga mug me
I'm a hit 'em wit some slugs, have 'em looking bloody
If you scared call the motherfucking laws!
You niggaz don't want it wit me and my Hoggs
We got a problem!

(Chorus)

(Verse - Slim Thug)

What you boys gon do, when them Blue Boyz come through
And them blue toys for you, pointing them toys at you
When the noise is through, they'll be no more hating
I send haters to Satan, they can't shake what I'm baking
They can't take what I'm making, the po po get to quaking
Ain't no mistaking, I make these haters meet they make and
I'm here to seize the nation, waving our guns and badge
So get down on the floor and up your drugs and cash
Ladies pass your bags, gon pass your stash
Move fast, all good samaritans get blast
First smart ass try to inform 911
First class on a nonstop flight to heaven
Twenty four / seven, three sixty-five
I'm on my job like the mob till the day I die
If you scared call the motherfucking laws!
You niggaz don't want it wit me and my Hoggs
We got a problem!

(Chorus)

(Verse - Slim Thug)

I'm problematic cause nigga I gotta have it
I'm a Hogg so I'm taking every shot I got at it
These streets is mine, we can beef, that's fine
Better respect my mind, get out line ya dying
I'm a soldier, I told ya, don't make a nigga fold ya
Roll ya like a roller, blow you like some doja
Don't want problems, but I'm quick to solve em

Five deep but an ounce'll have somebody revolve em
Niggaz got it fucked up, bout to get bucked up
Make me pull that truck up, have you niggaz stuck up
I been here for years, I ain't just up in luck up
Nigga I'm a hustler, I been putting bucks up
I drive a car that'll make ya put your trucks up
We some G's, we ain't fucking wit no suckas
We untouchable, these niggaz can't touch us
Houston, we have a problem..

(Chorus)