

# Tela, Mo Problems

Hungh ah ungh.....  
Told em'  
Rap-A-Lot  
You ain't mad hungh  
Rap-A-Lot  
Mafia lot  
Mafia lot  
Hoodlumz J Prince  
Y'all know how we do it

[Verse 1:]

We switch it up like wings  
Watch it blow up  
Hoes show up  
Have the club Sho'Nuff  
Mista Baller  
Good Times like Jimmie Walker  
And i'mma talk shit cause i'mma shit talker  
And if you come cross the  
Its gon' cost ya  
And if you ain't short ya  
It ain't my fault-cha'  
Probably just caught you a 5 to 10  
That's 15 from the mob blowin' hard on ya' chin  
Hold on lil' bitch here think she grown  
I'm in the back of the club with the Chrys alone  
And I tell ya' these hoes wont leave me alone  
Bounce through it ??????????  
She saw the vacations, play stations  
Sippin' on cases  
Eatin' on steaks and  
Ask for God to show me a sign  
To show that the game is mine  
He Showed Me!!!!!!

[Chorus: Repeat 1]

(It's like no bitch will a slow this  
And a slow bitch is a no bitch  
and a pro bitch broke bitch  
and a broke bitch is mo' problems mo' shit  
It's like no bitch will a slow this  
And a slow bitch is a no bitch  
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and a broke bitch is mo' problems mo' shit

[Verse 2:]

I do this the hard way  
I love to play  
Shit come between me and Jay  
Unh unh no way  
This is a private flight only ballers stay  
And if you leave ya' key we'll rip the cheese out cha' case  
See ya'll some middle weights  
Wanna stop the Ace  
Sabotage my sell thats a bad mistake  
Whole Deuce Deuce need to be put in place  
Now step to the side the cake fly in my face  
And if ain't got ties with you  
Ain't gon' ride with you  
Ain't gon' ride with you, ain't gon' die with you  
Silly motherfuckas ain't hard to find  
Say you lookin' for me just look behind

Cuz we be so deep at the compound lounge  
And the shit that you did it ain't slip my mind  
Now if it be the first, the second, the third time  
Motherfuckas gon' have to mind

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

9-9, us now bust down the whole brick  
Is ya'll niggas loosing respect mind playing tricks  
Be broke doing shows aint' dat bout' a bitch  
This is Rap-A-Lot baby we ain't hurtin' for shit  
When I'm tryin' to figure out what to jump out and in  
And you tryin' to figure out what yo budget to spend  
It ain't hard to see that you some gay village men  
And thats why yo ass be fading in the wind  
When I flip the scene  
Change the beam  
Niggas got bread went from red to green  
Editors patronizing me and my team  
So I shit on Mic Checks and pist on ya' magazines  
Come through clean  
Slow like lean  
Car with a bar 24 inch screen  
Freshed out drapes  
Roll like skates  
Surprise open eyes ain't no stopping the great  
(No Way)

[Chorus x3]

You broken bitch  
Now fix ya' self