

Problems (feat. Quando Rondo & Lil Durk)

Shy Glizzy

[Intro: Shy Glizzy]

Geraldo Live on the track

Yeah

Young Jefe holmes

GG

Forever

Oh-oh[Verse 1: Shy Glizzy]

Who is this? This Geraldo

What you smokin'? Oh, gelato

I got bitches and they model

Your bitch swallow, she need goggles

Goddamn, look at my pockets

Look like I just hit the lotto

Pull up valet, let 'em park it

Baby I can pay your car note

Yeah, Yeezys, buy her heels

I solve her problems, pay her bills

I'm being real, girl I'm too trill

Now baby tell me how you feel

I got hitters and they kill

Know I still be in the field

Know I be with them gorillas

Tote banana clips for real

Got back up, I took a fall

Lil' nigga, my money tall

I'm that nigga in DC and bitch I ball like John Wall

Look at me, I'm livin' large

Remember them nights, was trappin' hard

Remember them nights I had to rob

Yeah remember them nights I used to starve

Remember that night I serve that tail

Then the feds came into my house

Remember ain't nobody believe in me

'til I showed 'em what I'm 'bout

Remember I used to pour that lean up 'til I fuckin' black out

This for lil' homie in the traphouse with them fuckin' racks out

[Chorus: Quando Rondo]

I'm ballin' harder than water, I'm feelin' like Coach Carter

They say the life that I'm livin', I might not see tomorrow

I had to go out and get it 'cause I ain't had no father

I know I gotta stay committed, that's gon' take me farther

Y'all know this lean what I'm sippin', my PO think this vodka

Upgraded from a revolver, hollows fillin' my chopper
I'm tryna face all my problems, I need to see a doctor
I'm tryna face all my problems, I need to see a doctor[Verse 2: Lil Durk]

Chicago streets late night, tryna catch
Every time I boot up, I need a good batch
Don't wanna hit, then slide in that cat
There can't be peace 'cause you know it's that
You ain't in the streets and I notice that
You left my side when I was under arrest
You left my side when I was under stress
You turned your back so I know you ain't shit
How you gon' lie and go along with the bitch?
Promise he red but I know he a crip
Come to my crib, you can't come with a bitch
Draco shells, it come with a kick
We know you told and that lil' shit stick
You the one know I had a gun in the whip
You the one know I had a gun on my hip
I slept on floors

Shootouts where I'm from, when I grew up I couldn't ignore it
Some nights I was gettin' too mad at myself 'cause I couldn't record
And I couldn't make it to your funeral, I sent my regards
Hangin' out the roof with my two fingers, fuck the law (Fuck 'em)

[Chorus: Quando Rondo]

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