

# Margiela Problems (feat. Blood Orange)

## MadeinTYO

Yeah, flex up  
What up Troop?  
(Ooh, you so Down2Earth)  
Yeah, oohI got a Margiela problem (Ooh)  
Gucci, it slide across marble, uh  
Louis duffle with the cargo, uh  
Sorry, I'll fuck you tomorrow, uh (Skrrt)  
I got a bag to pick up, uh (Skrrt)  
Haters be mad, so what? (Yeah)  
He want the smoke, pull up, uh (Okay)  
All of my shit be tough, ayy (Skrrt)  
I got a Margiela problem, uh  
Gucci, it slide across marble, uh  
Louis duffle with the cargo, uh (Ooh)  
Sorry, I'll fuck you tomorrow, uh (Skrrt, skrrt)  
I got a bag to pick up, uh (Skrrt, skrrt)  
Haters be mad, so what? Uh  
He want the smoke, pull up, uh (Ooh)  
All of my shit be tough, yeah  
TYO dragon, my niggas (Yeah, yeah)  
Never turn back on my niggas (No)  
I should just cap on you niggas (No)  
Throwing them racks on my niggas (What?)  
Throwing them racks on them strippers (Yeah)  
St. Laurent purse for my bitch (Yeah)  
If I jump on it, it hit, uh (Okay)  
Wave Runners on, shit, uh (Yeah)Green, yeah, green, yeah  
Like I'm on Yoda, man  
Green, yeah, green, yeah  
Like on the Yoda man  
Green, yeah, green, yeah  
Like on the Yoda man  
Green, yeah, green, yeah  
Green, yeah, green, yeah  
I got a Margiela problem (Ooh)  
Gucci, it slide across marble, uh  
Louis duffle with the cargo, uh  
Sorry, I'll fuck you tomorrow, uh (Skrrt)  
I got a bag to pick up, uh (Skrrt)  
Haters be mad, so what? (Yeah)  
He want the smoke, pull up, uh (Okay)  
All of my shit be tough, ayy (Skrrt)

I got a Margiela problem, uh  
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Sorry, I'll fuck you tomorrow, uh (Skrrt, skrrt)  
I got a bag to pick up, uh (Skrrt, skrrt)  
Haters be mad, so what? Uh  
He want the smoke, pull up, uh (Ooh)  
All of my shit be tough, yeah I just wanna try (Ayy, ayy)  
Said she can vibe on my dime  
Ayy, switchblade, they changed  
Tryna decide if I want the name change  
Ayy, ayy  
She was the one told me to go away  
I think that it's just enough of gameplay  
Diamonds is shinin' and I think I'm safe  
Clinks the case of who relates to fame  
And so that no one gives a fuck about a state of mind  
Your rendering in of is so complete  
You go and get so hellhole  
Smoke bowls, a-holes will bring you down I got a Margiela problem (Ooh)  
Gucci, it slide across marble, uh  
Louis duffle with the cargo, uh  
Sorry, I'll fuck you tomorrow, uh (Skrrt)  
I got a bag to pick up, uh (Skrrt)  
Haters be mad, so what? (Yeah)  
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I got a bag to pick up, uh (Skrrt, skrrt)  
Haters be mad, so what? Uh  
He want the smoke, pull up, uh (Ooh)  
All of my shit be tough

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>