

It Ain't a Problem (Featuring Carol City Cartel)

[Rick Ross](#)

It ain't a problem 'til I say it is
Handle my problem, that's the way it is
Always talkin' like a bitch but that's the way he is
After the ride, nobody'll know where he is, Triple C! When you serve a cat a couple of times
Knowin' he serve in a couple of towns
Polaco, Pensacola, down to Duval
It put you in the midn of a pimp like Too \$hort
Classy nigga walkin' 'round with stacks
But I'm gettin' word that he talkin' behind my back
Now is the time to listen, you gotta pay attention
He may pay a henchman, put him up on where you livin'
Tell him all your cars, makes and models
Tell him how you on steaks and bottles
Opium Sunday, Oxygen Tuesday
How you go to the boxing gym tryin' to lose weight
He done told a nigga all your routes
And now you got a lowlife tryin' to figure you out
Catch you in the driveway, trigger you out
That's what killers about, that's what niggaz allow remember Nigga please! You ain't a cap peeler
Save that for your bathroom mirror
No platoon dealer; you niggaz baboons
Half gorilla, a camp of scrollers
Triple C stamp the trillest
I got B's I'ma spend it, I don't care what the bill is
Them hoes stay at the billets
And when they ask what year I tell 'em two thousand two million
A rider without a motor, you got it right I'm a solider
Long as it's loaded I'ma tote it
I told ya, flow so cold, below frozen
like ice water over the Pro Tools
But that's old news, update the topic
What makes the prophet cut cake in projects
I'ma show him how cupcake his squad is
Duct tape embalmers for makin' them comments Nigga I'm fresh out
Beef it really ain't a problem, one call, half of your boys X'd out
Jail ain't rehabilitate shit!
Killers and dealers all I affiliate with
Retaliate and I squeeze mags, you hit you went stiff
and we ain't playin' freeze tag, you better dip

Chop soundin' like a speed bag, that's it, set a date money I'm hungry
So I'm robbin' moms for that wake money
It's Torch, you get a bomb from me, you wan' play?
I survived more athletes than Barry Bonds trainin'
Name 'em, ain't a problem 'til I say it is
Miss a payment I'll be waitin' there, takin' all your favorite shit
Earrings, rings, watches, bracelets
Chains and the flat screen, shawty that 'llac mean
Meanin' it's comin' too, nigga what you wanna do?
I send G to kill you, lay your daddy down in front of you nigga

Songwriters

ROBERTS, WILLIAM / MORALES, RICHARD / BELNAVIS, KEVINPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>