

No Problem (feat. Lil Wayne, 2 Chainz)

Chance the Rapper

You don't want zero problems, big fella!
Yep! If one more label try to stop me
It's gon' be some dread head niggas in ya lobby
You don't want no problems, want no problems with me, bih!
You don't want no problems, want no problems with me
Just another day, had to pick up all the mail
There go Chano ridin' through the streets, they be like, "There he go!"
You don't want no problems, want no problems with me, bih!
You don't want no problems, want no problems with me
Just another day, had to pick up all the mail
There go Chano ridin' through the streets, they be like, "There he go!" Ooh, I be comin', put the hinges in their
hands
Countin' Benjis while we meetin', make 'em shake my other hand
Milly rockin', scoopin' all the blessings on my lap
Bitch I know you tried to cheat, you shoulda never took a nap
Fuck wrong with you? What you was thinkin'?
Fuck you thought it was?
You talk that talk, that nigga lame, that nigga fall in love
Not me, though, bitch you can keep those
Boy I'm at your head like Craig did Deebo
Don't tweak, bro, it's never sweet, ho
My shooters come for free, so If one more label try to stop me
It's gon' be some dreadhead niggas in ya lobby You don't want no problems, want no problems with me
Yep, yep!
Pull up, they be like, "There he go!"
You don't want no problems, want no problems with me
They be like, "There he go!" Petey Pablo, take your shirt off
Wave 'round your head like a helicopter
I ain't put enough weed in the blunt
All you do is smoke tobacco
Where the hell you get them from?
Yeezus said he ain't make them
My niggas chasin' bounty hunters
And gettin' chased by their baby mommas
My first tat was on my stomach
Got a pocket full of money
And a mind full of ideas
Some of this shit may sound weird
Inside of the Maybach

Look like it came out of Ikea

Run shit like diarrhea

Big yacht, no pies there

Aye, aye, captain

I'm high, captain

I'm so high

Me and God dappin'

This is my blessin'

This is my passion

School of hard knocks

I took night classes You don't want no problems, want no problems with me

Pull up, they be like, "There he go!" I got problems bigger than these boys

My deposits, they be on steroids

Lord, free the Carter, niggas need the Carter

Sacrificin' everything, I feel like Jesus Carter

Hold up, I got this sewed up, my soda poured up

My woes up, I'm flippin' those bucks, they've been with toe tucks

I rolled up and let the smoke puff

I lay down, told yah

Hold up, get too choked up and I think of old stuff

Move on, put my goons on, they kidnap newborns

In the streets my face a coupon

Her pussy too warm

All these bitches come to do harm

Just bought a new charm

Fuck the watch, I buy a new arm, you lukewarm

I'm Uncle Luke with the hoes

Pretty bitches, centerfolds

Tippy toes around my crib in their robes, just their robes

Half a milli' in the safe, another in the pillowcase

Codeine got me movin' slower than a caterpillar race

Fuck is wrong with you? What you thinkin'?

What you thought it was?

I just popped 5 percocets and only caught a buzz

And if that label try to stop me

There gon' be some crazy Weezy fans waitin' in the lobby

Mula, baby You don't want no problems, want no problems with me

Just another day, had to pick up all the mail

There go Chano ridin' through the streets, they be like, "There he go!"

You don't want no problems, want no problems with me, bih!

You don't want no problems, want no problems with me

Just another day, had to pick up all the mail

There go Chano ridin' through the streets, they be like, "There he go!" You don't want no problems, want no problems with me

Say so, got problems, say so

They be like, "There he go!"

Songwriters

CHANCELOR BENNETT, DWAYNE CARTER, TAUHEED EPPSPublished by
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