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, soIf one more label try to stop me
It's gon' be some dreadhead niggas in ya lobbyYou 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 classesYou 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, babyYou 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
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