

No Problem

Young Thug

I been balling so long but I don't want no problems
Keep that FN in reach, but I don't want no problems
Hundred thousand worth of crosses, I don't want no problems
I know every lock on Slauson, but I don't want no problems
Pullin' up in YSL, these young niggas got problems
They can't beat me with that wooly, they gon swear it's a problem
I'm gon slide down your hood when you and your girl having problems
OG bag 'pose to be in, what the world is the problem?Imma wrap my money up it look like Oprah Winfrey
Imma sell one of my mansions, everything new but the kitchen
Ain't no cypher, nor no wrestler, but a rapping invention
Plus I mastered selling them P's, now my money no limit
I got my bread up, I shed up, don't let up, no police, I'm fed up
They cannot forget us, I got your schedule, I fuck up your schedule
I shoot at your head, your dreads, they dye us
You bitches just know it's too hard to get by us
I'm not advertising but boy you can try us
I sang to your bitch and she call me Mariah
I see and read everything round me but bibles
Bugatti I swear, I'm not gonna hurt anybody
I swear I'm not gonna tell anybody
Just take this here molly and stand right beside me
I got racks from a long way
You know every day a long day
You know I'm not Kanye, but I been rocking since the first dayI been balling so long but I don't want no problems
Keep that FN in reach, but I don't want no problems
Hundred thousand worth of crosses, I don't want no problems
I know every lock on Slauson, but I don't want no problems
Pullin' up in YSL, these young niggas got problems
They can't beat me with that wooly, they gon swear it's a problem
I'm gon slide down your hood when you and your girl having problems
OG bag 'pose to be in, what the world is the problem?Pull up in that new coupe then drop the roof
Take your boo and then attend to her like a boo
She love my dirty drawers even though I'm a crook
I love her even though I know lil' mama's swoo
Cop a Rollie then I Kawasaki ride a bike
Keep a pint, I'mma throw you my bro he white, he white
You not on my level, cuzo, I done got my straddles up
Woke up with a nice, bad bitch inside my bed like fuck

Aye I'mma trip across and stick 'em up, don't play

Songwriters

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