

# 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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