

Problems

Ziggy Marley & The Melody Makers

Y'knowwhat I'm saying
Get with this tape, my shits the bomb
Ahahaha 1 time
Ohohahahoh, ohohaohoh
Yeah Zee[Verse:]
From the dick I bust your whole spit prick
I got the weed, let's listen to all the hardcore shit
Put the guns down, meet me at a show
Zee get open, you can let that go
Chill, keep it real, you been had your deal
I'm still gonna be the first one to reach a mil
Best do the drop kick, skills loop the trumpet
My tape going platinum and be on some dumb shit
Many crews stepped up to get hurt
With blood from they mouth on my Polo shirt
We got cases and don't need new beef
But a nigga pop shit and get a quick two piece
So tell who souped you, no brain get crucial
Do the unusual that y'all not used to
Put the Rock in the Box and my crew gets the job done
Believe me, you don't want no problems
[Chorus:]
You don't want no problems [x8]
Now, you don't want no problems with my click
You don't want no problems with Young Zee
You don't want no problems b
"Put your name on the obituary column sheet"[Verse:]
When it's lovely I float like a butterfly
Make you wanna bob your head while you shut your eye
Now tell me can you feel it
It's coming to your ear long range
It hurts like demanja, no brain is strange
Get on the folklift, inhale the chocolate
Dropping dog shit, cause Zee's raps is awkawrd
It's in your appetite, kid you have to bite
But you better rap it right or get mac'd tonight
I'm the freshest on two feet to ever walk the street
You can't run the track meet, with the weird athlete
Boy you too butt, talking about who you stuck

Barely got loot to hook your hooptie, hoop up
If their was no gangs and gats and shit
Would your wake be on the roof on the rapping tip
NO, I think not, you ain't got the heart
To make it hot with your jammy, kid you don't scare me
I got jumped and was forced to box
One caught the mox, I'm unorthodox
I don't need no gun, cause I'm lifted
I'll shoot the fair one, and spank all the kids in your district
Now you see I get the job done
Kid when I say this, believe me, you don't want no problems

[Chorus:]

You don't want no problems [x8]
Now, you don't want no problems with my click
You don't want no problems with Young Zee
You don't want no problems b
"Put your name on the obituary column sheet" You don't want no problems with the teammates
You don't want no problems with DOOOOOhhhhh
You don't want no problems b
"Put your name in the obituary column sheet" Yeah yeah, you don't want no problems with Rah Digga
You don't want no problems with Harriet
You don't want no problems b
"Get your name in the obituary column sheet" [scratching to end]
"You don't want no problems"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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