

# No Problems

Gucci Mane

Shooter holding my pistol as I switch lanes in that Audi  
Tennis shoes my choices ain't shit changed but my bottom  
I ain't shit lame without my partners  
Your bitch came to my house to get fucked by my roster  
My team homie, Peewee put me on it, yeah  
These niggas don't want no problems, yeah  
I can see it in their eyes, the feeling's in my heart  
Got me thinkin' through my mind  
And I can't hide the feeling inside  
I don't know how I feel like this but shit just got real like this

Rich Homie, this feeling, man it on vibe  
And can't no suckers get in my ride  
So I slowly let them Forgis glide  
Now let that marinate while your bitch get in my ride  
She can't believe her eyes, the ghost came suicide  
I'm trapping in Guiseppe, gotta make a play, bae let's ride  
In traffic with goons behind me

And if you got a problem, my god I'm 'fraid I'm drunk  
Rich Homie where they do, it's your boy Longway  
I count a lot of cash, my homies hold AKs  
And if you try to pass, make sure you saying grace  
My homies at your ass, aiming at your face

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Yeah I don't put sixes, she should put fours on  
I told her [?] just so I could fuck her with her clothes on  
50 bitches hit my line in jail on my cellphone

Niggas say he got the sticky icky purp velcro  
Say he got a truck load, tell me what I don't know  
Niggas that I run with are all [?]  
Clip got a gun in every pocket of my cargo  
Half a million dollar worth of bails in my condo  
Frisco, oreo, [?]  
I'm in molly world, light a herb with my girl  
Snuck up in the club with a pint in her elbow

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