

# No Problem

Marc E. Bassy

Against the backdrop of a perfect winter day  
It's twenty in NY, eighty in LA  
The old me, in the past, got a new bay  
When you got a broken heart you got to medicate  
I got a-I got a regiment for gettin' over  
It includes never sober, always looking over shoulder  
It includes never growing up  
And turning up in the back house doing coke off a strippers butt  
Where you done went baby?  
You was the only thing tying me down to this earth  
Bought you a wedding ring in my mind  
A thousand times over  
I never pulled the trigger though  
I hope you know the  
Grudge I'm holding, that's pushing me to get it in  
Think about these hoes, make me wanna hit the gym  
Thinkin' bout you that's when I go and grab a pen

Don't make me take back all the things all the I said  
Girl make me stand by what I believe

You know you right from top-to-bottom  
I don't ever see no problems for you and me

Can't say we making love cause I never been  
Bad luck with these girls I could never win  
It's my complacency or my negligence  
But you a blessing girl, you something Heaven sent  
Only faithful as my options, I'm a New York resident  
But having feelings that I never get  
Kiss you on your lips and they tasted like peppermint  
We're too young to be hesitant  
Trying to get you out your element  
Saint Barths every winter, spring South Beach residence  
Well-read, Charles Bukowski on the coffee table  
Some E. Cummings, Ralph Waldo Emerson  
Cruise the Hamptons with the top of, it seems prevalent  
Cause every broken heart needs medicine  
Not saying that you perfect cause that don't exist  
But I think you even better so I wrote you this

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I don't ever see no problems for you and me