

No Problem, Fam

Shakka

Huhh, no problem, fam, I'm down
She's on it, fam, I'm down
Good times, yeah, yeah
Good times, yeah, yeah

B-b-birthday suit and some Coronas (Na na)
C-C-Coldplay singalongs at my house (Na na)
O-o-only you knew the way to my heart (Ooh na na)
Boy, that honeymoon period got me gassed up (Yeah-ah)
Lady treating my flat like hotel (Oh-oh-oh)
Lady tell me she allergic to her phone bills (Oh-oh-oh)
No-one gave me a sign to say she ain't my soul mate
All I hear are the lads yelling in the backseat like

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P-p-peng ting snaking like a python
S-s-so much back I see it from the front
She's a fan of Fresh Prince, I almost bought the ring
Till she mixed up Ashley and Hilary
She be taking selfies every hour
And just before she go sleep she wear make-up
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