

No Problems (feat. Rico Love)

Fat Joe

New York ain't been the same since I paralyzed the city
(Slow down son, you killin' 'em) courtesy of Diddy
Courtesy of niggas that's packin the mac millies
And weezy on the island where a day feel like a milli
And you can just imagine his commissary's like a billi
Enough to have a skinhead blastin' Public Enemy
Arm & Hammer mixed with white powder
Stretch the money long that's why I call it white power
You see the whips out front they all ours
Got women in em they wheelin' and all wildin'
I rock G arms and so joe smiling
Seen T-Mac with Dion like he was in coney island
Madison square is the new fresh fest
Niggas try to stunt try to terminate the X
Push me in the corner where I perform the best
Joe crack move packs that's the key to success (haa)
Catch me in the streets ain't a damn thing sweet
It's the belly of the beast ain't nobody safe
Run up on you with the heat, my baby's gotta eat
And killas don't sleep
Nigga show me where the safe
Trust me you want them problems
Pull up on you with the treble and bass
And mop the whole place
It ain't safe round these parts
Way before I sold you an LP
I was a giant in the hood passin rocks to LT
I watched fiends get a taste of the sample
The bass send em straight to Planet Rock, Luther Campbell
Light em up blow em out like candles
They scramblin' backwards Cunningham Randall
I flipped the pie to an enterprise
So you stompers were hittin' zippers so you could stash the dope inside
Five sixty my niggas yeah I did that
And never ever show a bitch where your crib's at
The next day we at your door, "where your kids at? "
And if they don't out the raw, nigga click clack
And this is so Darkside
I swear a nigga get way more hate than apartheid
Just give me death row we can part ties
Apocalypto flow pull your heart live

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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>