

JamWayne - No Problems

{verse 1}

**Okay, i ain't even gon' flex it's sunday
I ain't even up next but one day
You gon' put this tape in - hit the replay
Gon' vibe when you ride
Chill to the music
Feelin' what i'm puttin' inside
Dealin' with your vulnerable side
This go hard and i ain't even try**

**Close your eyes, just vibe with me
Do or die for life, really
When i ridin', he drivin' with me
Great spirit, it's my siri
Navigate through the ways of the land
Demonstrate when to kneel, understand
Give me gracĐµ when i don't understand
Which way is the bĐµst? no, god's got a plan**

**Throughout my life my hands stayed dirty
Down to ride when it's necessary
Walk a line, i got no worries
Take my time, i'm in no hurry
Brothers die, so my eyes blurry
Another ride to the cemetery
Live your life, you know death comin'
But of faith, and we gone, homie**

{chorus}

**You don't really want no problem (want no problem)
You don't really want no problem (want no problem)
You don't really want no problem (want no problem)**

You don't really want, you, you don't really want no problem (want no problem)

{verse 2}

All until i see that 'til i drop down six feet deep in the casket

Take my last breath and i breathe that

Stand on the front line, called in to ask

She keep mine free, no relapse

Try and stay clean, but the mud gon' stick

Suds in the fifth, duds on the whip

One, two, five, six, so i curl in the silk, with a pearl on the hip

Hair trigger flicker on big, peace with the wood on the grip

Black in a bed, 'bout to be incurred when i slip out, put the hellcat on drill, smokin' a spliff

Get thrown rap on the seat, you gon' see it with a pack on your step

Been through hell, and i'll be damned if i climb down just so i can jump back in

Back tires spin when i mash out, lookin' for the cash out, red zone, go for the win

Ride for my friends, most of them gone so long in the grave, but they locked in a pen

Smoke in the wind, raise up a toast to the ones that be locked down due in a bed, know the world ain't shit

Lord heard every pray you left up down there in cell block six

As the world on tilt, everybody leeroy left had to put the south on drip, 'bout this here, yeah

Bobbin' with the head nod, mobbin' in the streets out there

Let me make this clear - we some third-breds in the country

Blue contract and true, and if it comes down to it

Then you cross that line in a red, white, and blue

Boy, you better salute

{chorus}

You don't really want no problem (want no problem)

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