

DJ Kayslay, No Problems

(feat. Jaheim, Left Gunz, Nature, N.O.R.E)

[Intro: Jaheim]

Believe me when I tell ya
You don't want the drama

[Verse 1: N.O.R.E.]

A yo, for years I been buyin' my coke from the same cat
Dominican nigga who look black (that's right)
This summer I heard that (ha!)
I see me always swerve wit a (give it up!) where the bird at (yeah)
Apocalyptic, I pop biscuits (apocalypse), my bitch is topless
Not too excited I skeet skeet my own boxes
Drama King got the drama goods (bluh, bluh, bluh!)
Same place as the Domin' Osama Hood
Shoot up the thug and still puttin' the dame on it
The pimps had to give me a cup wit my name on it
I was "Gordito";
I'm still Gordo or "Gito";
Still know how to get the raw dough for cheap-o (cheap)
I'm lastin' all palm wit the connect of a "perico"; (parakeet)
N.O.R.E. got no manners (no manners!)
I take a picture of ya "culo"; wit the phone cameras
Go into ya own banners (ha!), they say my ballin' so hot like lone candles
And port or part of Santiago wit my own hammers (oh!)

[Chorus: Jaheim, Left Gunz]

[Left Gunz] Believe me when I say (oh!)

[Jaheim] You don't want no drama

[Left Gunz] It's ghetto die hood, thugged out all day (what?!)

[Jaheim] You don't want no problems (oh ohh!)

[Left Gunz] Shit is real killer, you could ask KaySlay

[Jaheim] Believe me when I tell ya!

[Left Gunz] We drama kings nigga we don't play

[Jaheim] You don't want the drama

[Verse 2: Nature]

Nature, alright, the year 2000 and 4 the War Report (port)
Niggaz make it out the hood, it's a small reward (ward)
We all fucked up and mauled cause that's all we saw (alright)
Tryin' to rob from the the rich and let the poor get poor (poor)
Or rob the poor cause niggaz be the hungriest (my niggaz)
I'm on the Internet - catch me on your Buddy List (I'll be in trouble, ha!)
Catch me where the money is, megas and millions (megas)
And the barrel got the kick of 11 guerillas (shout!)
Seen niggaz get hit and lose a whole lot of blood (what?)
When a nigga legit, a nigga knowin' how to stunt (stunt)
Uptown, Downtown, go wherever he at (wherever he at)
Nigga make it implication, shit better be fat (shit better)
Nigga small talk, it's all talk - let it be that (let it be that)
I get pussy from my friends (pussy!) give my enemies clap (ha ha!)
You don't want me on ya block (you don't want me) niggaz better be strapped
So relax nigga

[Chorus: Jaheim, Left Gunz]

[Verse 3: Left Gunz]

My name ring from the Clippers to the Nets (yeah)
You could look and see I'm Dirty Jerz down to the zippers on my sweats (oh)
Far from the type of cat that pay a bitch's rent
I got a +Fox+ like +Vivica+ and never gave her +50 Cent+ (ha ha!)
And I bet you ain't ready for war yet (uh)
My niggaz got stripes, who walk around like the Barbershop Quartet? (ooh!)

It's no way to harm this nigga
I don't need no bitch to pump eye until my arms get bigger
Still a problem in this the rap game, problem in the street
Yo Slay, they havin' problems, we can solve em wit the heat
I show em what the drama is
That's when ya whole shit splattered all across the front porch in momma crib
And wit a couple hot slugs get behind ya ribs (ooh!)
You really mean it when ya screamin' , "I'm just tryin' to live!"
The game is over now
Y'all niggaz slept long enough, time to come up out that coma now, uh

[Chorus: Jaheim, Left Gunz]

[Verse 4: Jaheim]

Yo, straight off the bat
You don't want the drama nigga Left Gunz gon' clap
When I'm comin' try to run and catch one in ya back
Ooh! You don't really want the problems
Got a whole lot of family out in Spanish Harlem
Pop goes the weasel, out comes the Mack
And nothin' to gain but pimpin' the game