

You Don't Want These Problems

DJ Khaled

You haters can't stop me, I'm a franchise
You're now rockin' with the best, put your hands high

Do it, do it, I'mma fuckin' do it
These niggas try to hold me back, I swear I've been through it
Middle finger to 'em all, I'mma make 'em pay
PSA for any nigga standin' in the way
You don't want these problems, you don't, you don't want these problems
You don't want these problems, nigga you don't want these problems

Oh God! I tell 'em you don't want these problems
You don't, you don't want these problems, you don't want these problems

Out in Vegas like Lamar, third floor Tropicana
Fascinated with the cars, smokin' dope in the Phantom
Teflon's on the rise, I despise propaganda
Camouflage Mac-11, I should set an example
Never baptized, as I walk through the fires
The pain and the flame never match my desires
Crucified cause I'm rich, in the coupe, take a pic
On the phone at the light, Kelly Rowland's a friend
Catfish in the Benz, Manti Teo's a sucker
Plaques on the wall, hustler so I can say "fuck 'em"
Bel Air for the hoes, Ciroc in the pool
My bitch is a stripper, her name is April's A Fool

I said "haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaan!" That's what the title say
Cause I'm rich, homie, it's why you feel some kind of way
She threw the pussy and I caught it, presidential by 40
That drop hit from Europe, that coupe got deported
I turn coke boy to that corporate money, big choppa, I'm walkin' funny
Money talk but you ain't talkin' money, you ain't even got no corporate mone
y
Haaaaaaaan! Whip game proper, I'mma make it work
Versace, nigga know who did it first

We the best, Khaled tried to told yah
TRUUUU! You just second best, Kelly Rowland (I'm just playin' babe)
Renegade like Em and Jay
VIP section, started out from section 8
Arm and Hammer, I be armed with the hammer
If it was a slumber party, I'd be fresh in pajamas
Silence the shawty, I'm killin' them softly
They slept on me, I stopped sellin' work and started sellin' them coffee, TR
UUU!

Jumpin' out that thing ho, I swear that's word to my momma
I took risks with that 'caine, ho and I sold work for my momma
These niggas don't want no drama, these niggas don't want no problems
These niggas don't want no beef, have 'em walkin' out with that choppa
These norm niggas don't play that, they murk somethin', I'll tell you that
200 change for this Mulsanne and the wheel's a fortune, Pat Sajak
We catch cases, don't say jack, don't talk work cause they tape that
Don't sell the work where we lay at, and don't spend the bread you can't mak
e back, no

Rest in peace, murderin', bodyin' beats

Ain't no defeatin' the eye of the beast and I'm laughin' at people who try t
o compete
Name any rapper that's fuckin' with me, I'm who these niggas pretendin' to b
e
Claimin' you wantin' these problems, tell momma get flowers and plannin' you
r funeral speech
My sanctuary's that cemetery, my choppa, named it "Obituary"
Act up, Tyler Perry, boy you sweeter than February
Real nigga, I define that, you don't even need no dictionary
You ain't even 'bout that life, so these shooters with me ain't necessary

You don't want these problems
You don't want these problems
You don't want these problems
You ain't know

You don't want these problems, you don't, you don't want these problems
You don't want these problems, nigga you don't want these problems
Oh God! I tell 'em you don't want these problems
You don't, you don't want these problems, you don't want these problems