

DMX

"They Don't Won't No Problems"

Visit "[They Don't Won't No Problems](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

{Mysonne} (DMX)

{Mysonne, Mysonne the problem child DMX Ruff
Ryders}

(Wanna flow wanna problem)

{Problem Children, y'all niggaz got problems}

(Wanna flow wanna problem)

[Chorus]

{But they don't want no problems} (Nah baby)

{But they don't want no problems} (Wanna flow wanna
problem)

{But they don't want no problems nah nah they don't
want no problems}

(Wanna flow wanna problem)

{But they don't want no problems}

{But they don't want no problems} (Wanna flow wanna
problem)

{But they don't want no problems nah nah they don't
want no problems}

(No problems I'm telling you baby)

[Mysonne]

Yo, yo I told niggaz to pack they bags or grab they
guns

Before I come it's tolate y'all had your fun

It's all over now, I don't wanna talk to niggaz

Popping shots like corks in niggaz, sticking forks in
niggaz

Cause they done, only reason y'all still breathing is
cause y'all run

When we bust shots, my nigga clutch glocks

Right in front of preents fuck cops

niggaz want pops then they die for them

Kiss the barrel, cry for them

Spirt leave your body touch the sky for them

Fuck voltron see what me and mines form

In the nine storm, death times gone

I'm that cat that y'all niggaz got your eyes on

Go to papi broke trying to get your pies on

The day that I'm gone I'm real fuck stardom

niggaz wanna talk but they don't want no problems

[Chorus]

[DMX]

All y'all niggaz want is your heart back dog you pussy
Acting like you really wanna bark back don't push me
Only room enough for one dog to hold the shit down
You cowards know it now i'ma hold it down

When I'm done close it down
It's my shit here, FUCK that nigga just say try shit where
Come on cupcake y'all cats ain't even built like that
I been seen through they bullshit I'm real like that
I know how to walk the dog, I know how to chase the cat
I know how to get a bone, I know how to bring it back
I know how to flip on a nigga split him with the bat
I know how to train a pup to make sure they scratch
You motherfuckers don't want no problems cause my
revolver is solving them
One by one until it's all of them
Let that be a lesson to your mans and shit
Keep your fucking mouth shut if your mans want spit,
nigga

[Chorus]

[Drag-On]

Well it's the kid that a
Crush your head into a cake batter
Y'all know that cake mix but y'all don't wanna taste this
shit
Guns I should've been arrested for
Y'all gone make my bullets expand like a lesspee jaw
Don't you test me boy
Don't fuck with X or Drag to the dash
Cause once you dump in these bags you drag to the
trash
Dumpster among the rest of them fags
My poker got your skin looking like acupuncture
Keep a silence on the tip can't afford the noise
My banger got a jagged edge like them four boys
If your hot i'll super soak you, won't be able to dry it off
Just relax take you last breath and die it off
Nothing but love I spread
But if you take advantage the weight that's lead will
rush your head
You sweat'll die your hair red, like my bitch Eve
And no I'm not a faggot but I make niggaz striptease in
front of me
It's fun to me, nitches

[Chorus]

Visit [DMX](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.