

## J. Rocwell

### "No Problem"

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One stack, two stack, three stack, milli, the boy got swag u could swear he was from philly, like one nut, two nut, three nut, quickly, aw shit babygirl go pop a pill, on the hoe's yard im the king of the hilly, forget me motto cuz ya boy feelin nippy, so many drugs, you would think i was a hippy, and i love my ching ching but I aint talkin bout missy, like who dat nigga be that go way back like ultraviva's, who dat nigga be that bang ya aunt and ya mamma, im swimmin in the money thats laundered, that means ya boy holds a lotta commerce, my ? cousins say them niggas be bombers, oh i mean bammamas, word to the mansion, ya boys so handsome, yall niggas pussy like tampons, ya dig!!

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