

Mr. Capone-E f/ Elite 1, Lucky Luciano

"No Problem"

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[L.O.B.] "This is a L.O.B. Production" Chorus: Nitty I can get you what you need (Right...) It's no problem All I want is the green, in about a half an hour I'm like (I'm like) It's no problem It's no problem I can get you what you need If that's what you want With some good quality, got them prices on the low I'm like It's no problem It's no problem [Verse 1: Mr. Capone-E] I be slanging shit, bitch, like Every single day Pounds of coke Pounds of dope Pounds of motherfuckin' haze Rap CD's But ese I'm never hands on I'm a go-getter, bitch, and always get my bang on 2K9, and I'm now teaching a new Generation How to double up and profit In any occupation A kingpin, the diary The feel of the apprentice The murder of the hustler The fucking delinquent The caps Nicknamed me after the famous Al The most hated, most loved, and watch my Money pile I'm a tycoon affiliated with Young soldiers Spreading the surside from the valley Of California Money over bitches That's M.O.B. And I'm still real and give you What you need You want rhymes, you want dimes, you wants gats, you want cash And levas, out for my southsiders and Nitty's on the map Repeat Chorus [Verse 2: Elite 1] Let me know what you want Let me know what you need cause I got it Roll with the baddest, roll with the phattest Roll with the dopest fuckin' prider This not that shit that'll take some time, this not that shit that'll make you cough This shit right here (This shit right here) This shit right here fin to set it off Gotta get my money and I gotta get my stack, I'm on my grind hustlin' I'm on the block, on my own to shot, and I'm ready to get me somethin' Ready to get them dollars, workin' that grind for so many hours Workin' for years, blood, sweat, and tears, ready to get it, the game is ours Get it down, flip it, and I'll make it back Hustle game, I'm with 'em on the track Gotta put on, for my people in my city, and I gotta let 'em know, we on the map What's up, homie, let me know the deal Tryin' to make a lot of these dollar bills Smoke mary jane right to the brain, gotta love it, cause the way she make a player feel Whatever you need, I got it Just let me know and I bring it back Give me the money, and

then half an hour, I'll hit a lick and we makin' a stack
You know that's how we go down Never be telling no lie
Elite 1, Hi Power, if you need it, then we'll supply
(Supply...) Repeat Chorus [Verse 3: Lucky Luciano] Ain't
money on my damn mind, it's Lucky, yep, I'm 'bout to
shine Now watch how I go get mine, and put it down for
H-Town What you need, what you want Got CDs all in
my trunk I get cocaine that I'll rock up No weak car,
straight (???) That bling blind, that green weed, with no
seed, by the O-Z I stay far, from police, me and that
boy Capone-E Breaking bread, shakin' FEDs, leavin'
haters for dead See my chains sunny, with pocket full
of honey Yeah It's Lucky, I'm on the go for my platinum
plaques Stackin' cash, stackin' bad, swangin' in my
Cadillac All about dinero Foot down on the pedal Ain't
nobody liver, I'm a star up in the ghetto Hook: Lucky
Luciano World star Mexican, with diamonds in his
necklace Mixin' up this legal dope, from Cali to Texas
World star Mexican, with diamonds on his necklace
Mixin' up this legal dope, from Cali to Texas Repeat
Chorus [Mr. Capone-E] Yeah I told y'all, I put you on
That's right, spreadin' that love worldwide, southsider
rider here, Mr. Capone-E Ha ha It's no problem, homie
Let's get at it, G No problem Let the motherfuckin' caps
know

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