Accurate Math

Sole'

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Go bananas if you lickin' my split with the lavender six
Sexier than calendar chicks my voice is orgasm to mix
Have my money accurate
I don't want my cats to flip they clap and shitReal nails, no tips, lips you love to kiss
And for Amereda sour get my thugs to crisp
Front row cheering the Knicks illegal pit
Stack my arithmetic, ridiculousI like hard and stiff can you handle it?
Sole' burn tracks like candle wit
Independent woman, so you don't have to trip
Baby, we can go dutch half pay for itWe can do anything that you wanna do
Go any place that you wanna go
I ain't no money, hungry hoe
Sole' don't need ya dough, no, noYo we number one for months, you tryin' to catch up like hunch
Yo we up front and personal, I heard ya label jerkin' you
Feel like hurtin' who, Lord have mercy on you
Only female out the crew5' 6" and petite rockin' baby blue and the navy two times two
With twenties on it, get up on it
You want it but they ain't no how, Bitch Brigade, I'm fittin' Cal
Have you hoes feel trapped when faced with hot tracksI take my hails off, you takin' dirt naps, I heard that
Make you work pass ATL home of the lats
Bringing real hip hop back now who can top that
Need to stop that we top cats where my niggas atWe can do anything that you wanna do
Go any place that you wanna go
I ain't no money, hungry hoe
Sole' don't need ya dough, no, noWe can do anything that you wanna do
Go any place that you wanna go
I ain't no money, hungry hoe
Sole' don't need ya dough, no, noYou don't really wanna face me
I had to smack a bitch in the dressing room of Macy's
You don't wanna make me put my hands up
Get yo man what?You know we buck misery, pull the truck up
He ran like a duck, now it's me and you boo

And you shit out of luck, open up and meet these nuts
Now you lumped up for whatTalkin' out ya lip, now the next thing you kiss is peroxide Miss
Rappin' ain't yo style you need to switch
Read your top ten list Sole' on top of this
What what yo yo and you know that I'm the soloist
I'm rollin' dice make 'em clap to thisWe can do anything that you wanna do
Go any place that you wanna go
I ain't no money, hungry hoe
Sole' don't need ya dough, no, noWe can do anything that you wanna do
Go any place that you wanna go
I ain't no money, hungry hoe
Sole' don't need ya dough, no, noWe can do anything that you wanna do
Go any place that you wanna go
I ain't no money, hungry hoe
Sole' don't need ya dough, no, noWe can do anything that you wanna do
Go any place that you wanna go
I ain't no money, hungry hoe
Sole' don't need ya dough, no, noMake 'em clap to this, make 'em
Make 'em, make 'em clap to thisMake 'em clap to this, make 'em
Make 'em, make 'em clap to thisMake 'em clap to this, make 'em
Make 'em, make 'em clap to this
...

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/