Mathematics

Benjamin Clementine

Every time I get my hands on
I try to make you dub with my chips wouldn't stack
Than man, I wouldn't hustle
I'm legal dog, I got the same Desert Eagle, dog
When birds fly out of my hands
And to my people, dog, ya understand?
The white-man can't fuck with me
I, Hoo-Bangang in the streets, Hoo, my company
Papered up, beyond motherfucker's belief
A millionaire patrolling the city streets
See the flames burning in my eyes motherfucker
'Cause if you sleep on it you get these dreams, motherfucker
I ain't the one like I said, I want it all
And like my comrads, time to wake up and ball
Call shots, have it ready, soft and rocked
Let all my neighborhood, fiends
Come to scrap all the pots
Let my little B.G.'s run the hood spots
And if it's funked than my killers
Come to shut down the block
If I throw a chicken up and that bitch, start flipping
Nigga, that's mathematics
Over here we bloodin' and crippin, Hoo banging and dippin'
Nigga, that's mathematics
I got legal money in my account and dirty money under my mattress
Nigga, that's mathematics
With my super-bad bitch and my house on the hill
I can add it up for real, all because of mathematics
I work for mines, let my work, work for me
I make my ends, my friends buy their work from me
Money is me, that folding on those switches is me
Went out on the seat and out with all those bitches is me
I make money, while I'm sleeping
'Cause money don't sleep
Money is up, seven days of the week
Three-sixty-five, if you grind than it pays
I don't mind as long as your one-o, is straight
Put some bread on this plate, plus a little rate
That I give mines, with a tape how to grind

I'ma leave my dent in the game like ripples
As a kid, even tried to make my lunch my triples
Stack it up, how do you think I bought that first double up?
{Unverified} and that other shit I hustled up, mathematics
That's just how I look at it
With enough carrots to feed a whole hood of rabbits
If I throw a chicken up and that bitch, start flipping
Nigga, that's mathematics
Over here we bloodin' and crippin, Hoo banging and dippin'
Nigga, that's mathematics
I got legal money in my account and dirty money under my mattress
Nigga, that's mathematics
With my super-bad bitch and my house on the hill
I can add it up for real, all because of mathematics
Everything is to the good, now I'm living how I wanna
I got dope around the world and got some, still on the corner
If you broke, come and see me, I got shit for you to do
I got a class on how to make one bird turn in two
I'm a connected shot caller, pure bread baller
All I do is try to make my money, flip like quota-quarters
If money is the root to all evil than I'm {Unverified}
And money is a race on mind, so I'm cheating
I don't want shit subtracted, everything added
I didn't look back for shit, since I hit bird status
And now I pack clips like Glaydis with no tips
Just a whole bunch of bloods and a whole bunch of crips
And a whole bunch of bitches, when I rock the microphone
And my key to success is thirty-six hard zones
With my mind on a dub, re-up and stack cabbage
And I'm a walking proof of the signs of mathematics
If I throw a chicken up and that bitch, start flipping
Nigga, that's mathematics
Over here we bloodin' and crippin, Hoo-Banging and dippin'
Nigga, that's mathematics
I got legal money in my account and dirty money under my mattress
Nigga, that's mathematics
With my super-bad bitch and my house on the hill
I can add it up for real, all because of mathematics
Yeah, nigga this CMR and Hoo-Bangin' for life
Nigga, don't get it fucked up and its straight nothing
But mathematics around here and in case you didn't know
Nigga, that's money, all this mother fucking ice and chrome
Wheels everywhere and if you ain't bout' that then
Fuck you in your ass you, hating ass, nigga
Hey Fresh, let this shit bump, homie

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/