

Formula

Quadeca

Aye,

When I walk up in the scene I hear a orchestra
Now everybody telling me I don't perform enough
My math teacher told me that I'd never be shit
And now I'm searched more than the quadratic formula

Aye, I got the formula

I got the formula
You got the sauce

But goddamn I got the formula (I got the formula aye)
People always asking Ben why you record so much? (Why?)
I gotta fry up all these rappers quick like order up

Formula like I'm Mr. Krabs

I change and transform it up, you stuck in the past
I wear Supreme goggles to my science lab
Yeah it hurts to write this song cause I don't like to brag
And now I've tied myself up like a Nike mag
People love to criticize me for the life I've had
They make it 'bout white and black like I'm Micheal Jack
I make these haters look confused like it's Dora asking where Swipper at?

Aye aye aye

Yeah I'm Supreme cause I got it on me
Now they copy that like a walkie talkie
And I'm feeling like they really wanna stop me
Trying to fold my paper like it's origami
Wanna justify the hate they call me cocky
And I am,
Cause your girl call me papi
Trying to take her shot like it's the paparazzi
I'm a fax machine up in a lot of copies

Aye

Still saying who would've thought like who would've guessed it
Haven't lifted weights in two years but somehow I'm always flexing yeah
If you really wanna find the answer to your question here is where you should look

Want the secret to the sauce motherfucker better go and find a cook book (yeah)

When I walk up to the scene I hear a orchestra
Now everybody telling me I don't perform enough
My math teacher told me that I'd never be shit
And now I'm searched more than the quadratic formula (aye)

Aye, I got the formula
I got the formula
You got the sauce
But goddamn I got the formula (I got the formula)
People always asking Ben why you record so much?
I gotta fry up all these rappers quick like order up

Lyrics Submitted by Carlos Cano

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