Formula

Quadeca

Aye,
When I walk up in the scene I hear a orchestra
Now everybody telling me I donâ€™t perform enough
My math teacher told me that Iâ€™d never be shit
And now Iâ€™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 Iâ€™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 donâ€™t like to brag
And now Iâ€™ve tied myself up like a Nike mag
People love to criticize me for the life Iâ€™ve had
They make it â€˜bout white and black like Iâ€™m Micheal Jack
I make these haters look confused like itâ€™s Dora asking where Swipper at?

Aye aye aye

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

Aye

Still saying who wouldâ€™ve thought like who wouldâ€™ve guessed it
Havenâ€™t lifted weights in two years but somehow Iâ€™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 donâ€™t perform enough
My math teacher told me that Iâ€™d never be shit
And now Iâ€™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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