Mathematics

Mack 10

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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, dogWhen 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 companyPapered 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, motherfuckerI 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, fiendsCome 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 mathematicsI 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 meI 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 paysI 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 triplesStack 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 rabbitsIf 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 mathematicsI 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 mathematicsEverything 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 twoI'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 cripsAnd 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 mathematicsIf 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 mathematicsI 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/