Multiply

The Nexion-Project

I've been this way and I can't stop, ah
Hands on the ball and I won't drop, no
Half-assed rhymes that you can't watch, no
It ain't 'cause I want to it's 'cause I gotta
Get it crip while the gettin' is good
Before the game is 10 percent skill and 90 percent Hollywood
I don't need that, I don't believe that
Everybody gon' get hurt, if I do dirt
I flirt with the idea of quittin' the game
Nah! I'ma evolve continue to change
It take brains, balls and backbones to get it on
And keep it on, we keepin' it movin', to each his own
So I spit about it, whatever I feel about it
I'm just bein' real about it, X get hot nigga forget about it
Speech don't fail me now
Dedicated to the enemies and friends that hold me down
We back on line, we came to ride
We deal, we stack, we multiply
We stay on the grind until we die
And back for mo', 'cause we can't get enough
Above the rest, accept no less
Go ahead, check the game, be my guest
Somethin' brand new and heavy to get off my chest
Win time after time 'til there ain't none left
Hardhat, punch the clock, back to work
I'm bigger, stronger, faster, built to hurt
Everybody and anybody who come to my party
Like they ready to get rowdy and touch somebody
Who's that nigga y'all came to see? X
Often imitated, but cannot be, X
What's next, collect respect like paychecks
Straight to the bank with my bitch and have safe sex
What do you believe in? I believe in
Seizin' the moment, livin' and dyin' to spit with a vengeance
Here for redemption been around forever
Y'all cats were just too blind to listen
We back on line, we came to ride
We deal, we stack, we multiply
We stay on the grind until we die

And back for mo', 'cause we can't get enough
It ain't my fault, we keep droppin' hits
And you can't spit like this, so I'm takin' yo' bitch
It ain't shit changed, we gon' bang like this
And I'm drinkin' this fifth, we still don't take no shit
I got a sixth sense, that tells me you ain't worth six cents
I'm sick with my sixth sense
Whattup Doc? I'm gettin' down to business
Crooked ass the cops to the Rampart district
Loose yourself in the music, move it or lose it
Abuse it, let's booze it, please don't confuse it with the
Next man, it's the X-Man rollin'
Stand firm, solid as the ground I'm holdin'
Make mine golden, permanent state issue
Stacked with the wealth that you can't take witchu
Long range missile, if we got issues
I'ma squeeze this shit and nobody gon' miss you
I'ma keep swingin' 'til the medics come get you
We busy, stay off my line, you can't get through
Peep the design from the mastermind
Yo Dre, bring that shit back one more time!
We back on line, we came to ride
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We stay on the grind until we die
And back for mo', 'cause we can't get enough
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