

# Multiply

## A Father and a Son

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  
We deal, we stack, we multiply  
We stay on the grind until we die  
And back for mo', 'cause we can't get enough  
We back on line, we came to ride  
We deal, we stack, we multiply  
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