

## Mathematics

### "Gun Talk"

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feat. Buddah Bless, StreetLife

[StreetLife]

This is it, back in the mix and shit

Verbal gymnast, watch how we flip the script

Doors we split, money ain't rebuild the click

Check the real shit

Niggaz die for pose in they whips

Now we rich and some niggaz smelling they piss

I still murder anyone of y'all fucking with this

We convicts, time served with no jail visits

I'm out now and if you ain't rolling with this

It's no love, it's no hugs, I ain't friends with ya

And you can catch a slug if the Clan say 'Get Ya'

Street Life do anything to get richer

I'll murder you just to put my face in your picture

Why it's like that? I don't play with rap

I got dough to stack, a whole bowl of cracks

In the blocks, it's slowing, I ain't going back

So I'm fucking with Wu when I'm bringing my gats

[multiple gun shots]

[Hook: Buddah Bless]

What's up?

Is this nigga spitting off with the rules?

What's going down?

Absolut till the eighty is proof

What it look like?

The thug 'bout to get in a fight

What it is?

Yo it's just the club, man it's jumping tonight

[Buddah Bless]

This is it, go 'head nigga, start them shit

I'ma beef on the streets with a monster click

You put crills on your blills and I sponsored it

Now mix a lil bit of 'dro with the choco stick

Crack the Dutch, roll it up nigga, spark that shit

I'm bringing flame to the game, I'm an arsonist

And why these cops trying to catch me?

I'ma get gold on ice like Wayne Gretzky  
Snipe like Wesley, flows I hawk and spit  
I ain't talking shit-it, walking with it  
Long forbid it, get lost, forget it  
I paid the cost and did

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