

## Mathematics f/ Allah Real, Angie Neil, Buddah Bless, "Two Shots of Henny"

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[Chorus: Eyeslow (Angie Neil)]

One cup of Henny's, got me feeling good  
Two cup of Henny's, got the dick on wood  
Three cup of Henny's, got me stumblin', whoadee  
Four cups, yeah, now it's a party  
Work your body, jerk your body  
But please don't hurt nobody  
Work your body, jerk your body  
(But please don't hurt nobody)

[Eyeslow]

I crack an L, when I roll it up, I puff inhale  
Exhale, while I hold my nuts  
I count the knot, while I fold it up  
I put Queens on the spot, yeah, now watch me blow it  
up  
I used to be a little nigga, now I'm growin' up  
I'm buck, plus in the whip, yo, I throw the clutch  
Gettin' nice on the bike, yo, I throws it up  
Livin' in the fast lane, I'm a soldier, what?  
I got the ice with the colder cut, got the dice to the point  
That every time that I roll, it's bucks  
I got the mic to the point, that every time  
That I flow, is nuts  
I'm livin' life, like blow a butt  
Four-five cigars keep niggaz rollin' up  
Four-five cars deep, when we rollin' up  
Four-five in the jeep, leave you foldin' up  
Four-five-six, freaks on these swollen nuts  
Come here, bitch, let me hold your bust  
Turn around, bend down, yeah, now let me mold ya  
butt  
It ain't nuthin' but a g-string, baby  
Two big butt cheeks going crazy  
I got that leak with the colder cut  
Anytime you smell the stink in the air, man, you know  
it's us  
We get the drink and the head, man, you know we  
drunk

[Chorus]

[Buddah Bless]

I'm all that, and a bag of chips  
I'm all that, and a four-five mag of clips  
On the strength, it'll hit you from a block away  
Got a cousin that'll rip you out in Rockaway  
Got a brother that's locked away, ya'll niggaz was hot  
Yesterday, but you're not today  
Had rocks yesterday, you don't got today  
Had the block yesterday, where the block today?  
I'mma stop smoking and drinking, but not today

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Panama P.I.]

Pimp left, pimp right, pimp left, pimp right  
Left, it's going down, right, pimp left, pimp right

[Hot Flames]

You can catch Flames at the bar, where the drinks  
And the chicks at, Don P, walk by, you know I gotta get  
that  
Throw a few lines, maybe later I can hit that  
Fuck 'em low cups, bartender, where the pimp at?  
Hen' on the rocks, got me tipsy  
Old flame sayin' she missed me, tried to kiss me  
I get that, Dutchies being rolled up, dog, let me hit that  
Before the bounce, we smell it and then we gotta clip  
that  
Open mic got up on the stage, and I ripped that  
Now I'm in the bathroom, chicks lickin' where my dick at  
Haters wanna kill me, all they do is grill me  
Niggaz that step up, get beat down quickly  
Play the wall, only if a chick there with me  
Beat her in the head, til the chick feel silly  
Throwin' lines, like 'ma, I don't want you to blow  
And I know you got a man, we crush on the low, you  
know?'

[Chorus]

[Panama P.I.]

Bitches get pierced like belly buttons  
All my peeps and my fam in the telly fuckin'  
And the d's and the feds can't tell us nothing  
So if you rollin' with the God, let's do something  
Come on, with an L in my hand, I write a hell of a jam  
We may have a knife, but we better than fam  
Every time you see the Gods, they like where's the  
charm?  
If you knock 'em out the park, like Barry Bonds

I got a, scary pops and a scary moms  
And I fuck with the hood, til we carry arms  
Started personal, and I can't stand these dudes  
Just for speaking man-to-man, they starting family  
feuds

[Chorus]

[Hook 2X: Allah Real]

Step into the club  
Where there's sex and lot of drugs  
And the thugs, they love, to, bust slugs, ohhh

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