

# Mathematics f/ Buddah Bless, Eyeslow, Ghostface Killah, Hot Flames, "U.S.A"

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[Ghostface Killah]

Walked up in the party like Riz', Ghost, Meth  
Allah's on the wheels, Chef on the left  
Fifty rep chin ups, the Wu rims up  
Put down the Heine' for a sec, tie my Timb's up  
Cake the Benz up, Starks ole'  
Got the summer house crib, beats spun, murder you,  
than lay  
Ric Flair cabbage and carrots, big exotic boat trips  
The honey motion, wind up in Paris

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]

Had a bad dream and it came to me  
That I died and went to heaven, ain't have no weed  
God said "Son, let me see your ID"  
(Buddah Bless) gotta be right behind me  
Which reminds me..

[Buddah Bless]

B, I'm just a thug  
After hip hop, money, sex and drugs  
After chicks that got money and tech's with slugs  
You see the head to toe, yo, the way I dress is love  
Plus them nine bang quick  
And the hand game speak for itself  
Like sign language, you lost and shook  
Like the fish that got away, man, I'm off the hook  
When these niggaz gotta pay, get it off the books

[Masta Killa]

Yo, knocked on a humble, slid through the system  
Bag me a C-Wall, on the bench of the bullpen  
My speaker for the pillow, my locked down presidents  
Conflictors, for the robbers and jukkers  
The buck fifty stitch zippers, if you wit us  
From my Chi-Town thugs to my Killa Cali gangstas  
Minnesota Wolves, Philly Six shooters  
We ain't chuck potent, we off money throw up

[T-Slugz]

It don't mean nothing to me  
Ya'll can't get nothing from me, stop frontin' from me  
and  
Ya'll ain't got nothing for me  
I take you where you want it to be, I'm who you wanted  
to see  
And I'm that same dude, that came through  
Runnin' with the same crew, still here, reppin' all the  
same rules  
CD's easy to move, honey say I'm easy to choose, that  
ain't easy to you  
And I stand out, big time, y'all easy to lose  
Niggaz face all screwed, I'm just breakin' the news  
And we do this for the cash, still keep a stash in a  
brown paper bag  
Me and my nigga Mad, light skinned, dark skinned, we  
lovin', what an ass  
Slow that thing down, ma, you movin' too fast

[Panama P.I.]

Yo, you movin' to fast  
Watch P.I., throw the shit on smash  
This game is high risk, player  
Strictly for brick breakers and brick layers, spit razors  
Jewel gem star, ball with the players, who grab the rim  
hard  
Walk on dot, and it's the P on hard  
When it's off season, I bring the pain til your balls  
bleeding  
Quick as a Porsche speed, my niggaz floss frequent  
Catch us up in court reading, with a  
Couple of sons, that's used to hustlin' drums  
I guess that's the only way we double our funds  
Everything hardcore, when we slide in the door  
Wait til we go back on tour  
New exclusive joint, two thousand and - and

[Chorus]

[Eyeslow]

I walk with crooks, love guns, married to gats  
That cali' detach, your back from that battery pack  
My salary stack, chain make these other niggaz hurl  
Yeah it's O and G, I'm O and P in other nigga's girl  
I ain't lovin' nigga's girl, I'm just training, just banging  
Just hanging, smokin' while my other nigga's twirl  
(It's a gutter nigga's world) I'm all about the cheddar,  
man  
Any problems you want, speak to my beretta, man

[Hot Flames]

I was taught from young, that, live is what you making  
it

Stuck on the crooked road, but I was taught to  
straighten it

Every track flamin' it, every gat, aimin' it

Before I start sprayin' it, and then I start banging it

Strong arm, I'm claimin' it, if I bring a chick to the crib

And she ain't my wifey, then we clangin' it

Spit hard, probably cuz I'm missing my fam

If it's beef, y'all niggaz better 'dip' like Cam

[Todd]

Son, you get mine, get knocked, and then I just get  
time

But I'mma hit the boy hard, just like you was a  
punchline

You spit, oh shit, call this here, lunch time

I'mma throw hot sauce all over that lunch rhyme

Rap for days, that'll blow like grenades

Flow so hot, it'll make 'em run for shade

Nowadays, the D's gettin' niggaz, picked up

So I hustle and sit up and let God big up

Fag, they call me Betty, cuz I got that ready rock

For any nigga that's ready to go inside the baker shop

Money mean a lot so I keeps mine in the wall

You the type that get a dollar and go and run to the  
store

Not me, each dollar I get, I make a copy

To let y'all know, for the love of this, I was the body

Looks are deceiving, so I'm askin' y'all to try me

Man was the one, who made hand guns a hobby

[Chorus 2X]

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