

Mathematics f/ Buddah Bless, Eyeslow, Ghostface Killah, Raekwon

"Real Nillaz"

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[Intro: sample (Ghostface Killah)]

"I'm two blind to -- see the light"

"A fool can't -- see the light"

(Yeah... uh-huh)

"A fool can't -- see the light"

(Yo.... yo....)

[Ghostface Killah]

Portable DATs, Sony headphones

El Dorado's, thousand dollar bottles, get blown

Dippin' at Willie's, Millie Jackson chicks

Dusted out Blondie, slide me, we wrote the bowl, we
take the magnets

Man handling the mics, wool scarves, Evil Knievel bikes

I like eggs in my rice, circus money, read the Staten
Island funnies

Eighty seven, Shallah rock, lotto's and the gumby

Tri-boro, fly negro, rap for Glaciers

Do it for cee-lo games, chasers

Battle for bitches, million dollar cribs

Grandfather gamble those wit ribs

Yes he did, life is wonderful, fly living rooms

Brass brooms, catch me in the city of wasps

Dusted out with Doc Doom, slide you in

Thirty six to the hip, you need Neo

Sock it to me G.O., the block we spot V.O

Live at the handball session, white Wimbledon's

Send them, my throat is the top session for men

Rap graduate, seen through the needles that was used
by great

Fuck around and get rocked for three notes

And fuck your bitch ass alligators

When I see you on stage, throw out the gauge

My man's dough made it ---

[Chorus 2X: Buddah Bless]

Real nillaz do real things

Gold me'dal with the real bling

Ghetto child with the real sling

Throw the blaow, with the real aim

Hold it down for your nillaz, keep it real man

Lean back one time as you feel the liquor
Light a match, one time, inhale the ciga'
Blow the mack one time, when you kill a nigga
Real always gonna recognize real, my nilla

[Eyeslow]

I hold it down with vets, make threats and take like
chess
Blow cess to sets, break life sweats
Rep from the home of chrome, in eight flight steps
Town houses, white grams, brown ounces
After school drug deal courses, pound counslers
Round thousands, rubberband, black accountants
We them hood prowlers, live pushers
Try to hook the stripper, before they wipin' out they eye
boogers
Stampede, nailed him, Sonny, Bronx Tale
Them locked the doors, he's home, now you can't leave
OD'ing in the Kennedy suite
Too hot to think, move for my enemy streets
I don't sleep cause the drama might catch you on the
beauty nap
It's doobie rap, feds want you with a boobie trap

[Chorus]

[Interlude: sample]

"Ooh I'm too blind -- I see the light"
"A fool can't -- see the light"
"A fool can't -- see the light"
"But a fool -- a fool - can't see the light"
"Ooh I'm too blind -- I see the light"
"Ooh I'm too blind -- I see the light"
"But a fool -- a fool - can't see the light"
"A fool can't -- see the light"

[Raekwon]

Aiyo, elephant guns, mad ounces
Colorful whips, slapped up bouncers
Vouche, crawling like a unit
Fly fragrance, faceless, rarely out of spaceships
Many fakes got lynched, see all up on the graphic
Taylor made mortals, leanin' on suede walls, leather's
on
Ballers, maybe Benz lensers, sprayin' out of sixes
Christmas money, vicious consolidated drama rip
bitches
The rich version of back, side scraper paper
Wu belt makers, show & prove that all my shit match
Tri-colored diamond, foreign color five, all kinds of
iron

Swiss cheese, yo, big boy, we giants

[Hook 2X: Eyeslow]

Aiyo, my niggaz get dramatic

Pump shots, nine glocks, semi-automatic

Blat, take that, from this lyrical fanatic

We can go to war, or just peep the diplomatic

For paper, I'm an addict

[Chorus]

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