

## Mathematics f/ Drama, M-Speed, Streetlife

### "Eggs, Hash & Grits"

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[Intro: Streetlife]

This goes out, to all the girls I fucked before...

[M-Speed]

Yeah, I smoke weed like rastas in the heat of the night  
Getting head under the sheet, shorty blowing me right  
You know the science God, bitch deepthroating the mic  
Getting head for about an hour though, fucking in the  
shower though

Been jail to once, never lost my man power though  
Moon a nasty nigga, ask your bird how I knocked it  
down

Slung the cock around, had the bitch screaming 'stop it  
now'

Sex is a law when the doors is closed, dick arose  
I'm like Snoop Doggy Dogg, I don't love these hoes  
I stick and move like a criminal, taking your cash  
If a bitch got her period, I fuck in the ass  
Booty's better than the pussy, got me nuttin' as fast,  
what the deal nigga?  
Is it real nigga?

[Chorus 2X: Streetlife]

We don't like classy chicks, we like a bitch that suck a  
ashy dick

And when she done, don't ask for shit  
Big ass and tits, new tricks, handcuffs and whips  
In the morning, eggs, hash and grits

[Drama]

Yo, I used to be vexed and shit, hate bitches  
Niggas I know, thugged out, but straight digging  
Niggas like me, jigged out, but ain't getting  
Then I said 'alright, ok', the way he's tricking  
Then they put me on to the game, ain't straight  
pimping  
Bodies, hoes, licks and shit, they start stripping  
Only face fuck them hoes, no fish licking  
Only do you kiss them, where you know where their lips  
been  
Never tell them you love 'em, never tell 'em you miss

'em

Have 'em in the kitchen, scrubbing drawers and dishes  
Never be too nice to hoes, they won't listen  
This what happens when you nice to hoes, pay attention  
Had a bad chick, fly like fuck  
Quick to brag about her, quick to big her up  
When chilling at her house, niggas grilling me for what  
Just to throw it in they face, I stay feeling on her butt  
Slob the chick down, start holding hands and stuff  
So my man Street put me on, "Yo, Drama, yo what up?"  
I know you think she wifey, but you dealing with a slut  
Them niggas that was grilling you, was feeling her with  
nut  
Fuck a bitch, nigga... nigga, fuck a bitch, nigga... what?

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Drama (girl)]

Aiyo, come over here ma, what's the deal? (What,  
nigga, what?)  
Come on, ma, you know you got love for me (I ain't  
fucking with you, nigga  
I ain't fucking with ya broke niggas) You crazy bitch?  
You get a fucking new skirt, don't know how to act  
(What, my skirt is fly, I'm a classy bitch)  
What? Who lying in ya face (fuck you nigga, fuck you)  
Ma, your weave is not even that tight  
(Fuck you, I got a man, nigga, I got a man, fuck you,  
see I'm a classy bitch  
Tell one of them broke ass... nigga fuck you, I'm a  
classy bitch)  
Stop lying to yourself, ma  
(I'm classy) Yo come over here, man, stop playing, your  
punk ass...  
I'm as broke as your lint in your pockets  
(Whatever, fuck you, nigga, I'm a classy bitch)  
Just because you pay rent yourself... hehehe...

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