

## Mathematics f/ Ghostface Killah, Method Man, Raekwon, U-God "Clap 2010"

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[Intro: Raekwon] We gon', we gon', we gon', we gon'  
We gon' what? Collect collect, nigga, and network  
That's the part of the game, that's the part of the  
game, that niggas never understood About what the  
fuck we stand for, you know what I mean? I got your  
babies, nigga, I got I got I got everything, nigga You  
know what time it is, nigga, teach the deadly darts, you  
hear me, you hear me? [Raekwon] Aiyo, call it the  
Hollow Bone syndrome line Select sweet nine, face  
this, watch his whole face lift Bracelets, murder  
niggas, luxurious, banks I was drapped Caked out, half  
a million dollars in coats Flows is genetic, the Corleone  
connection in all Selection, stock brokers with coats on  
Make coke suggestion, all twin glizzies Fireman, gucci  
boots on, sideways action, murder niggas fear me yo  
Cash that he did Clinton, rentin his mother crib out We  
send organize the Bill of Rights get lid Drugs that  
Hendrix was on, convesatin like the Dutch Richie  
Conaway, Goodfellas who honor Rae Flows that blow  
thru your roll and Holand Everybody now, trip up  
niggas, in clicks we posin rhyme black Half the year,  
half my niggas sittin upstairs Takin pictures of ya  
niggas wack gear Nikes that leap up in trees, big guns  
and big V's In front of your mother building, all knees,  
yo Spread mercy on 'em, get to moving like, big Percy  
on 'em Coming (thunder, get around that) [Ghostface  
Killah] Porcealin floors with a dog named Ginger Bottle  
cap niggas that rhyme, we the winners Then slide thru  
your hood in hoods Me, Cliff, Patrick, Gary Grice and  
my man C. Woods Holdin up gorilla, two niggas got a  
hold that shit One shot and ya mans on it The little kids  
watch from down the block Jury box, murder hop, six  
stash botch, fit hit the ran spots Spit at the statue with  
cash and throw dough at it Fuck bitches raw, why? cuz  
I'm a pro at it Big birds danglin, cameras snatch, flash  
and pop from every angle and 2000 Mark Damian  
[Method Man] I drink till I'm drunk, smoke skunk with  
my stinkin ass, smell the funk Eekin out the pours, cum  
stain, shitty drawers Pissin down ya elevators shaft, no  
class, writin graf' on ya walls It be us, fuck ya law,  
niggas my cause is "because" No yin to my yang, it's a

black thing Used to be in chains, now we snatch chains  
Took the crack game applied it to the rap game, y'all  
Pop quiz, now, what artist hits the hardest? Ya down  
with the syndrome: retarded I think it was them  
swordsmen, place them chess pieces on the boards  
and Take it to square, this ain't no Yacub affair Or a  
New World Disorder, got us, fuckin the coal miner  
daughter That y'all, but not us [Chorus: Ghostface  
Killah (U-God)] (Big shit, thunder) Get around that

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