

## Mathematics f/ Hell Razah, Lord Superb, Shyheim, Squigg Trust "Masked Avengers"

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[Intro: (sample) Lord Superb]

(You late again, you late one more time I'mma kick yo  
ass

"Ain't nobody gon' kick my ass!" Shit... right on, blood)

Y'all niggaz ready or what?

(Come on, now, give me five! Now go on in there!)

Go after it, Lord Superb

My nigga Shyheim, 27, where you at?

[Lord Superb]

Superb's the next nigga, respect for those before me

In these last days, I'm bringin rap glory

In the streets they hear it, some will remember the  
lyrics

In my demise, some will remember me in spirit

And I ain't tryin to die like 'Pac and BIG

And lose my talent to a cultured thug life

I'm a man, see a man stay around his

It takes years fear, like fuck y'all plans!

Tell the truth, son, you stole my dream

When I slept you schemed, you was deemed to see me  
fail

Your frail movements, almost got you killed

And the pressure you felt was what made you tell

If you could do the crime, how 'bout the time in jail?

I shall survive, we shall prevail!

I'ma keep it field while others keep it real

And get a real long time in jail

Tell the truth, son, you want my life

I studied for years, got years and did years

Niggaz in my PJ's got knocked in pairs

Locked, or stared, some got needles in chairs

[Squigg Trust]

It's the drugs, turnin' cowards into thugs

Burnin' slugs that had them wishin' they never was

in this position, up to goods, had eyes my proposition

Execution style, .45 brown starts the rippin'

My mind, body and soul got me stuck in the zone

Fuck a stay, I want the globe, take control with the  
chrome

Through sickness and health, poverty or wealth  
Love or animos', we as one not for 'self!  
Stay true to the, code of the grain  
Keep out, certian types, let nothin' come between  
what we had for years, growin', others staired  
Survived the minor set backs, mock it anywhere  
It's the heavy or major and your wiz be tryin' to play us  
Cause your friends to take it, straight an assassin

[Shyheim]

Get 'em hot what? We get 'em hot what?  
I give a kidney or a lung to my co-D. if he needed one  
Cuz that's my dunn-dunn, I give him my only gun if he  
needed it  
Oh that bitch, we both beatin' it  
I could tell him a secret, he ain't repeatin' it  
Cuz that's my dog, second grade to the mall  
And when I get locked up, that's who the fuck I call  
Got the cheddy ready to play the clerk to get me out  
the dirt  
Put it in my Aunt's name because she works  
We don't jerk one another or try to blow each other's  
cover  
My mother's like his mother, his mother's like my  
mother  
But no one on one's, I'm jumpin' in, fuck that!  
We blazin' at the club with our guns back to back  
Chicago Bulls style, The Rugged Child  
Ain't nothin' sweet on the streets  
or if I hit the penal, you know my style  
You know my M.O., steal 60 on the vote on the Staten  
ferry boat

[Hell Razah]

For my niggaz I grew up with, got drunk, threw up with  
Smoked mad weed and kept guns to shoot up shit  
Some sold crack, lookin' up to niggaz with stacks  
Got locked up, left back, outside of the rack  
Aiyo we drink what we been drinkin', think what we  
been thinkin'  
Really free the slaves, not like Abraham Lincoln  
Catch me in Cali sinkin' in Black Lincolns  
Your brothers backstab you for the Benjamin Franklins  
Whoa, say that we got no guns guns?  
Who dare say that we got no guns?  
From Jerusalem, fuck what you write or who producin'  
'em  
I come to the youth and 'em to drop jewels in 'em  
We the lost sheeps, lift you off feet, we gon' eat  
My .4-5th'll break off ya wrist, we off the cliff  
Bungee jump, Mathematics beats make ya speakers

pump

Fuck what you needin', son, this is what you want!

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