

Every time I get my hands on  
I try to make you dub with my chips wouldn't stack  
Than man, I wouldn't hustle  
I'm legal dog, I got the same Desert Eagle, dog

When birds fly out of my hands  
And to my people, dog, ya understand?  
The white-man can't fuck with me  
I, Hoo-Bangang in the streets, Hoo, my company

Papered up, beyond motherfucker's belief  
A millionaire patrolling the city streets  
See the flames burning in my eyes motherfucker  
'Cause if you sleep on it you get these dreams, motherfucker

I ain't the one like I said, I want it all  
And like my comrads, time to wake up and ball  
Call shots, have it ready, soft and rocked  
Let all my neighborhood, fiends

Come to scrap all the pots  
Let my little B.G.'s run the hood spots  
And if it's funky than my killers  
Come to shut down the block

If I throw a chicken up and that bitch, start flipping  
Nigga, that's mathematics  
Over here we bloodin' and cripin, Hoo banging and dippin'  
Nigga, that's mathematics

I got legal money in my account and dirty money under my mattress  
Nigga, that's mathematics  
With my super-bad bitch and my house on the hill  
I can add it up for real, all because of mathematics

I work for mines, let my work, work for me  
I make my ends, my friends buy their work from me  
Money is me, that folding on those switches is me  
Went out on the seat and out with all those bitches is me

I make money, while I'm sleeping  
'Cause money don't sleep  
Money is up, seven days of the week  
Three-sixty-five, if you grind than it pays

I don't mind as long as your one-o, is straight  
Put some bread on this plate, plus a little rate  
That I give mines, with a tape how to grind  
I'ma leave my dent in the game like ripples  
As a kid, even tried to make my lunch my triples

Stack it up, how do you think I bought that first double up?  
{Unverified} and that other shit I hustled up, mathematics  
That's just how I look at it  
With enough carrots to feed a whole hood of rabbits

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Everything is to the good, now I'm living how I wanna  
I got dope around the world and got some, still on the corner  
If you broke, come and see me, I got shit for you to do  
I got a class on how to make one bird turn in two

I'm a connected shot caller, pure bread baller  
All I do is try to make my money, flip like quota-quarters  
If money is the root to all evil than I'm {Unverified}  
And money is a race on mind, so I'm cheating

I don't want shit subtracted, everything added  
I didn't look back for shit, since I hit bird status  
And now I pack clips like Glaydis with no tips  
Just a whole bunch of bloods and a whole bunch of crips

And a whole bunch of bitches, when I rock the microphone  
And my key to success is thirty-six hard zones  
With my mind on a dub, re-up and stack cabbage  
And I'm a walking proof of the signs of mathematics

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Yeah, nigga this CMR and Hoo-Bangin' for life  
Nigga, don't get it fucked up and its straight nothing  
But mathematics around here and in case you didn't know  
Nigga, that's money, all this mother fucking ice and chrome  
Wheels everywhere and if you ain't bout' that then  
Fuck you in your ass you, hating ass, nigga  
Hey Fresh, let this shit bump, homie