

## Simple Math

Lil B

05 f\*ck Em, man, this Lil B season man  
I'm turnin' up the game, you feel me?  
Yeah, I'm goin' platinum and all that shit, you know what I'm sayin'  
Ay, f\*ck these niggas man

Go hard on these niggas  
Black 4-5, guess what that's a nine  
I know my math, I stay tucked all the time  
You see my calculator, them bullets just fly  
Them numbers add up, you dudes sweet as pie  
I'm a just divide, choppers make 'em fly  
Choppers say, my choppers say you a liar  
Understand, I'm just a business man  
And I'm the business man  
Stop takin' chances, I hit 'em with the K  
Make 'em say "aye", I'm justin' seein' O's  
I just push P's mind's on the E  
ABC's, different color coupes, next summer they turn green  
p\*ssy ass niggas get hit with the beam  
You never use a gun, you're like Bruce Lee  
When I come up, it's somethin' like a dream  
The bitches f\*ck sweet, my swag in the dreams  
All a nigga know, hustle hard 'til I pop

I'm a f\*ck the bitches and I'm a celebrate  
Niggas gon' hate cause I'm pushin' Maybach  
Chopper in the basket, cause jackers gon' watch me  
Niggas get caught up cause niggas act sloppy  
I used to be sloppy, now I toned it down  
Lost a lot of weight cause I smoke and I push  
Bitches got problems, I got emotions  
My stuff important, 05 f\*ck Em  
At the top of the penthouse, stupid bitch cash out  
Niggas hate me cause your ho wanna cash out  
I need any ho, I want the fast route  
Rich nigga and I'm thuggin' too  
Shout out to the Bay, California what it do?  
I'm knockin' niggas out they shoes  
I wear that fake shit cause I'm not rich like you, bitch

I'm still doin' it  
And I'm a keep doin' it, you feel me  
You gotta get real rich in it, I'm just tryin' to get real wealthy  
You understand, that's all, Based God nigga  
2014, we f\*ckin' 'em bad, let's go