

# Numbers Don't Lie

Styles P

Nobody can eat, nobody can sleep  
It's money on the creep when you f\*cking with the streets  
But the goons pull up on you, start popping in your Jeep  
'Cause they heard you profit ends and they see you looking sleek  
Nobody should run, nobody should hide  
Nobody should kill, nobody should die  
Nobody's nobody, somebody rise  
The streets is like grease so somebody get fried  
I'm yelling at the lord but I really need to sigh  
And take a deep breath, I'm on the defence  
I'm on the offense, you can see the paw prints  
You f\*cking with a wolf, is this making more sense?  
Don't you get me all tense, I will leave you all drenched  
I hit the starting five then I get the call bench  
You f\*cking with the loc's and I'm f\*cking with my ghost  
And you could ask the streets who they f\*cking with the most

Men lie, women lie, numbers don't  
Men die, women die, numbers don't  
What you think I'm tryna hit my number for?  
I said what you think I'm tryna hit my number for?  
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You can pray for me don't know if the prayer count  
I don't even give a f\*ck just light up a spare ounce  
You wanna help me out then get on the spare count  
But you can't see the list of the people I gotta get  
I gotta ask myself how evil I gotta get  
If I want a B, how much diesel I gotta get  
I'd rather flip fruit and spit on a sick lute  
Chuck the deuce, getting high while I fly in a six coupe

It's the tune of survival  
Tryna preach peace but wicked is the saliva  
Light got bright but I didn't put down the visor  
Got real swamped and focused on getting wiser  
Looking at the sky 'cause god is the advisor  
Need the peace plug and god is the supplier  
I'm a warrior and buyer  
Tryna stay cool 'cause I'm baptised in the fire

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If you wanna die maybe you die to be born again  
I can see the angels and the demons, yeah all of them  
I was on the corners but I wasn't getting cornered in  
I was thinking business even standing there and loitering

I was thinking enterprise, car rental, Enterprise  
Hima in it, big bag of smoke and a dinner pie  
Call me ghost, really not the one to identify  
I'm about peace, pull this nine though, ten'll fly

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