

Multiply

Problem

Yo
You know the posse's all together, see how it go
(What?)
Watch
Yo
Come on

Shit be crazy when we slide
Heaven is a ghetto, keep a angel by my side
My tombstone gon' read, "Fuckin' Legend" when I die
Buncha liquor, buncha weed, even the reverend gettin' high, yeah
Yeah, yes
And tell my babies not to cry (Yeah!)
Just give 'em each a hundred racks, then look 'em in they eye
Say, "If you anything like your pops, you gon' make it multiply"
Get it

Yeah
Pain, baby, stranded in the rain, baby
Who are you to judge me? Say a prayer if you love me
Hangin' with the rodents, gotta carry all they luggage
Preliminary hearin' fuckin' up a nigga stomach
Free the fellas, possession of a yeeky by a validated felon
Heavy metal, we just copped it out the ghetto
Grab a shovel, dig up a quarter to pay your lawyers
Gotta feed the killas and treat 'em like they important
I show these little niggas that Neiman's better than Nordstrom's
Slithered to Sac, spent, blew a stack on the fit
Blazin' to Mozzy and doubled-back in the Benz
Invested over fifty, we double that just to spend
Ballin' above the rim, got my gym, been raw
Runnin' up the duffle bag on 'em all year long

Shit be crazy when we slide
Heaven is a ghetto, keep a angel by my side
My tombstone gon' read, "Fuckin' Legend" when I die
Buncha liquor, buncha weed, even the reverend gettin' high, yeah
Yeah, yes
And tell my babies not to cry (Yeah!)
Just give 'em each a hundred racks, then look 'em in they eye
Say, "If you anything like your pops, you gon' make it multiply"
Get it (What?)

Say you bout that street talk? (Boy)
Oh yeah bitch, better be, 'cause them streets talk
Better be or get that fleet sparked
Your soul will turn into street chalk (Boom!)
On my mama's, nigga
T-shirts and floral gardens
Bread loss, so the homegirls is throwin' car washes (Damn)
GoFundMe, it's all on Instagram
Comment-searchin', niggas typin' what they shouldn't be typin'
Ene-migas over-hypin', leadin' them O.G. sirens
Mama tryna mourn in private, family won't allow it
Just sent her baby boy to the store for washin' powder
The store is right up the block, he been for gone like a hour
Put six shots right in his top, dead and gone for like a hour

Lady down over a room about some stolen powder, yeah
Wasn't a hundred it was him, the opps sure did him sour (Damn)
Said it wasn't about the dope, was more about the power
And bro was fuckin' on his bitch, so he owed the coward
F- it, nines is to the dicks, givin' niggas golden showers
1 o'clock, broad day is his chosen hour
Cold shit like frozen bowels

Shit be crazy when we slide
Heaven is a ghetto, keep a angel by my side
My tombstone gon' read, "Fuckin' Legend" when I die
Buncha liquor, buncha weed, even the reverend gettin' high, yeah
Yeah, yes
And tell my babies not to cry (Boy)
Just give 'em each a hundred racks, then look 'em in they eye
Say, "If you anything like your pops, you gon' make it multiply"
Get it
Whoa
Diamond!

Cypress

Uh, uh
All these fake ass niggas on this industry shit
Bein' real is one way to gain enemies quick
Changed up overnight, my epiphany hit
Bought my bitch some new jewelry, had Tiffany's lit
I need a separation, stayin' down, I'm forever patient
Put the game in a chokehold, no hesitation
I know I'm on the right path for my destination
I'll be here for a while, niggas never fadin'
I gotta separate the real from the fake
It be the niggas that you feed puttin' meals on they plate
And the women that you need, someone steals them away
Had a real rough start, but we still in the race
And I'm winnin' this marathon, so nigga carry on
Sippin' Dom Perignon, money strong, Barry Bonds
Well, that's in the future at least
'Cause I'ma need my fuckin' pockets super obese
My own brothers hatin' on me, that's confusin' to me
Got the beast all hype like a shoe to release
And so I'm goin' better, get sus, you just choosin' defeat
Punchline's goin' crazy, I'm abusin' the beat, nigga

Nigga, what up? Get at me