

Arithmetic

Bass Santana

To Bass Be the Glory

I just seen the pack touch down I'm trying to hit the shit
She done left me for a broke-ass nigga she a silly bitch
I can turn your lights off it ain't hard to flip the switch
I could make the plays add up it's arithmetic

I could line my licks up, we got business
I was getting my dick sucked she ain't innocent
Started getting rich last year I'm trying to finish it
You can't make the shooters calm down they too ignorant

Heard she want a best friend, with the benefits
88 my right hand he gon' handle it
I was sipping green last night, a lil' medicine
Mix it like etcetera, give it time to settle in

I could never stress over money 'cause I make enough
When I take a L, it's like you cappin' I just make it up
I been getting to the bands way before this what you take me for?
Y'all niggas like, "Man, I swear to God," but y'all just play too much

I just seen the pack touch down I'm trying to break it up
Went back to the trap because this rap shit just not paying up
Broke niggas should never get no pussy why you laying up?
Niggas got more bitches than dollars thinking they saying something

My momma know I'm lost in the darkness that's why she praying for me
I seen a lot of shit made me heartless, but it's still weighing on me
I know the reaper made me his target that nigga waiting on me
I make it out whatever, regardless that's why they hating on me

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Don't play me like a hypocrite
Shout I'm on the same block that ain't no coincidence
Beefing with the same opps call a nigga ignorant
Fuckin' on the same thots still keep it militant

Know a nigga certified still finna spin some shit
Pack touch down and the shit say delivered
All this money pour in make a bitch reconsider
She know that I'm that nigga I might pay her bills

She eat the dick up after dinner
I don't chill with losers I only eat with winners
You probably got some motion, but you a whole pretender
Niggas will take your life it ain't no sacrifice

If you gon' roll the dice, you better shoot it right

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