

# 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

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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

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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 separatation, 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 rought 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