

# The Formula

Rittz

Yeah

Nobody fucking with us

Rittz up in this bitch, when I spit I'm a warrior

Still got that Crown Royal in my cup, 'bout to pour it up

Best independent in the game, if you lames ain't know it yet

Every time I get with Tech on a track it's historical

You better warn these hoes, I said...

Watch out for your spot if I come, I'm warning ya

They said that I'm not ready, I was just warming up

Haters wanna see me flop, I'm out-performing 'em

Everywhere we go people point at us

They wanna join us cause we making noise

We was born with the formula

Strange Music got the formula

Tech Nina got the formula

White Jesus got the formula

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From Atlanta to the MO

From the second that I connected with Tech I set the precedents

Killing the beat for Seven's effortless.

Rappers stressing us, so what's or who it do

You know who coming neck to neck with us

Nobody - I'm just resurrecting Keith Sweat for the heck of it

Sometimes I hate my aggression it gets the best of me

Like I was possessed. I need a exorcist.

'Till they hear me I keep rushing up the field like Emmitt Smith.

Cocky like a boxing champ.

Do excuse me cause my mind is kinda like a lava lamp

Savage like I'm Macho Man

Go induce a level on the side of my Versace lens

Swinging like I should be singing in a Mariachi band

Hola, qué pasa wey?

You should really watch the way you stepping to me

Fuck around and now you lost a leg

And now you look like Drake in his Deglassi days

Crippled, lame as fuck, and it ain't tough for me to spot a rotting egg

Had to SWAT you, homie I'm a dragon I'm colossal

You a cartoon drama, fucker I'm Picasso

I just need a Xannie bar, couple shots inside my nostril

When I'm Michael coming harder than Amar inside a brothel

Fuck a rapper, I would rather be compared to Aristotle, where the bottle?

Simply miss another Caribou, where the Lou

Pussy fronting with a gun they scared of you, scared of who

Somebody better go and let them know that what they better do is

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Pop pop pop pop pop pop, off at the mouth  
How I do it so fluid spewing never soft as a mouse  
Sick as sewage, I grew it too, it's coolest talk at the house  
Missou is the truest, you is foolish, flossin' about  
Bickin' it back and I'm bein' a better one, somethin' better was never done  
If you wanna win this cheddarrun you really better go get a gun  
Yes I'm packin' the potion that's never lackin' promotion  
Have you stackin' and toastin' cause now you rappin' and grossin'  
People set in they sin, 'bout the bread I'm makin'  
That I made and never gave it yo where the heck is they been?  
Said the label ain't charitable, gonna be checkin' they chin  
The second they grin you really want it step and say when  
But I'm in Monaco, on a boat, puffin that chronicle  
Dishonorable when they hate the snake and bat logo upon the coat  
So if they wanna mope and leave us you can bet I'm a vote  
Gassin' like conoco and killin' 'em off is comical  
You should probably think about it for you get up and you doubt it 'bout the  
pen game, definitely insane  
I will become the in thing, music will then change  
Take your family and friends brain, now they within Strange  
Got the formula  
Rittz got it to a T that's why we gettin' the sound spread around now  
With Tecca N9na right beside 'em you know it be goin' down diggy-down diggy-  
down-down!

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Yes sir  
Kali put the rocket in the pocket and the feet upon the dresser  
At first, although she wanna off the God, I'm guessin' I'm a blesser  
With get money, no Illuminati  
We show at the party, you feel like it anybody  
How did he, how did he make killa commodity?  
Finally had half of the vicinity so part of me  
I feel like I'm digging on other rappers and labels  
They ain't sitting at the table with us, with us  
Maybe they devisionless cause they lacking in paper and we pay bills  
What happened to some cray deals  
Snake and a bat we be gauge strapped  
Say it whack and ain't about nothing', they be frontin' frontin'  
Taking 'em back to putting paper in people's hands  
So [?], I'm making all the people dance  
hand grabbing 'em, man battling  
Even if they pants saggin' they be damn faggots  
I'm a stay in crease khakis with a tan jacket  
They can stand back and say I'm going ham sandwich  
Bringing the same same mainstream game to the Strange team game cause the pe  
ople really boring 'em  
And the Choppers be kinda hard to understand when they speaking like a forei  
gner, maybe it's the formula

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