

## The Science

Sauce Walka

Oo-wee, finally I'm back in the studio with a professional microphone  
I've been recording in the trenches for these past two weeks  
I ran up a twenty, 'bout a good thirty ball, though haha, uh, oo-wee

Six on ya' with the shoulder strap  
Pop, pop, pop in a nigga hands, make [?] clap  
Snitches got a new way to tell, they wearin' shoulder taps  
Shoot him in his collar, his bone pop out his shoulder cap  
Rappers tellin' bald headed lies, lil' nigga hold your cap  
You bullshittin', you a cat like a lil' kitten  
We send chopper shells over fences, like badminton  
If a nigga steps his shoes on my Bapes, that's an ass kickin'  
I grew up in a house where for dinner was cold biscuits  
And a Playstation 2 for Christmas was bold wishes  
What the fuck can a shark do in water with no fishes  
But starve after swimming for hours, and drown senseless  
It's funny how they jump in the comments and talk vicious  
But in real life they clock in they job and wash dishes  
My bitches take pictures for money and drive business  
Your bitches drink beer with her friends and fry chicken  
Now grab a gun and shoot if you aim with your eyes twitchin'  
I never fuck with snakes, all you niggas gon' die switchin'  
The Maybach black and it's wide, like the S.W.A.T. built it  
Beat the case for every check that I merked, like a cop killed it

Whats good, oo-wee  
Son, haha  
Ayo, the fuckin' science nigga  
Fuck outta' here, oo-wee