

Mathematics

Mos Def

(Mos Def)

Booka-booka-booka-booka-booka-booka

Ha hah

You know the deal

It's just me yo

Beats by Su-Primo for all of my peoples, negroes and latinos
and even the gringos

Yo, check it one for Charlie Hustle, two for Steady Rock

Three for the fourth comin live, future shock

It's five dimensions, six senses

Seven firmaments of heaven to hell, 8 Million Stories to tell

Nine planets faithfully keep in orbit

with the probable tenth, the universe expands length

The body of my text possess extra strength

Power-liftin powerless up, out of this, towerin inferno

My ink so hot it burn through the journal

I'm blacker than midnight on Broadway and Myrtle

Hip-Hop past all your tall social hurdles

like the nationwide projects, prison-industry complex

Broken glass wall better keep your alarm set

Streets too loud to ever hear freedom ring

Say evacuate your sleep, it's dangerous to dream

but you chain cats get they CHA-POW, who dead now

Killin fields need blood to graze the cash cow

It's a number game, but shit don't add up somehow

Like I got, sixteen to thirty-two bars to rock it

but only 15% of profits, ever see my pockets like

sixty-nine billion in the last twenty years

spent on national defense but folks still live in fear like

nearly half of America's largest cities is one-quarter black

That's why they gave Ricky Ross all the crack

Sixteen ounces to a pound, twenty more to a ki

A five minute sentence hearing and you no longer free

40% of Americans own a cell phone

so they can hear, everything that you say when you ain't home

I guess, Michael Jackson was right, "You Are Not Alone"

Rock your hardhat black cause you in the Terrordome

full of hard niggaz, large niggaz, dice tumblers

Young teens and prison greens facin life numbers

Crack mothers, crack babies and AIDS patients

Young bloods can't spell but they could rock you in PlayStation

This new math is whippin motherfuckers ass

You wanna know how to rhyme you better learn how to add
 It's mathematics
 Chorus: scratched by DJ Premier (repeat 2X) "The Mighty Mos Def."
 "It's simple mathematics" -> Fat Joe
 "Check it out!"
 "I revolve around science."
 "What are we talking about here?". "Do your math" -> Erykah Badu (2X) .
 . "One. t-t-two. three, four" -> James Brown .
 . "What are we talking about here?" .(Mos Def)
 Yo, it's one universal law but two sides to every story
 Three strikes and you be in for life, mandatory
 Four MC's murdered in the last four years
 I ain't tryin to be the fifth one, the millenium is here
 Yo it's 6 Million Ways to Die, from the seven deadly thrills
 Eight-year olds gettin found with 9 mill's
 It's 10 P.M., where your seeds at? What's the deal
 He on the hill puffin krill to keep they belly filled
 Light in the ass with heavy steel, sights on the pretty shit in life
 Young soldiers tryin to earn they next stripe
 When the average minimum wage is \$5.15
 You best believe you gotta find a new grind to get cream
 The white unemployment rate, is nearly more than triple for black
 so frontliners got they gun in your back
 Bubblin crack, jewel theft and robbery to combat poverty
 and end up in the global jail economy
 Stiffer stipulations attached to each sentence
 Budget cutbacks but increased police presence
 And even if you get out of prison still livin
 join the other five million under state supervision
 This is business, no faces just lines and statistics
 from your phone, your zip code, to S-S-I digits
 The system break man child and women into figures
 Two columns for who is, and who ain't niggaz
 Numbers is hardly real and they never have feelings
 but you push too hard, even numbers got limits
 Why did one straw break the camel's back? Here's the secret:
 the million other straws underneath it - it's all mathematics
 Chorus{closing scratch}
 "Mathematics."

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>