

# Mos Def, Mathematics

[Mos Def]

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 sing  
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 x2: scratched by DJ Premier]

"The Mighty Mos Def.."

[Fat Joe] "It's simple mathematics"

"Check it out!"

"I revolve around science.."

"What are we talking about here?"

[Erykah Badu x2] "Do your math"

[James Brown] "One.. t-t-two.. three, four"

"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 ground 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.."