

# Calculator (feat. Chill Will)

[Brodinski](#)

I'mma tell you know Chill Will all business  
Smoked so many blunts now I'm short winded  
Served so many niggas like a bartender  
Can't stop now, I'm too busy gettin' it  
This a trap house, can't sleep in it  
No penny pinching, just big business  
No long talk, just quick business  
Now tell them to stay the fuck up outta my business  
I walk up in this bitch like I own it  
She looking at my hard like she want it  
I just made six figures this morning  
I tell you now, money make me horny  
Now this the type of shit dope boys like  
This the type of shit bad hoes like  
This the type of shit the rich niggas like  
This the type of shit the bad bitches like  
I can do this shit with no problem  
Old broke ass nigga he ain't no problem  
I pull the strap out, do we have a problem?  
All I'm trying to solve is a math problem  
I'm a bad guy, yeah the Green Goblin  
Tell her suck my dick, yeah keep gobblin'  
Yeah I got em' 'Oohs' and I got em' swallowin'  
When I go to job in, bodies dropping  
I'm about to go to Vegas with some trick dice  
I'll have your uncle smoking out of crack pipes  
I'll have your sister sneaking out at midnight  
Cause Chill Will street nigga real life  
Now this the type of shit dope boys like  
This the type of shit bad hoes like  
This the type of shit the rich niggas like  
This the type of shit the bad bitches like

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>