Rich The Kid, Numbers

Blizzy, what you cookin' up? (Cash)
Bomb man' bomb man' yeah' that's me (Big Bron)
(Fuck a nigga, huh?)
(Ayy, let my nuts hang)
Everything is chrome in the future

I be with my three like a number (Three)
Ready to put somethin' under (Yeah)
You know we swing like the jungle (Swing)
You move' you get hit with that thunder (Yeah)
I see a thot-thot, won't touch her (Uh-uh)
A bitch 'bout her bread, I bust her (Yeah)
I tell her I love her' don't trust her (Uh-uh)
'Cause mama ain't raisin' no sucka
I be with my three like a number (Three)
Ready to put somethin' under (Yeah)
You know we swing like the jungle (Swing)
You move, you get hit with that thunder (Yeah)
I see a thot-thot, won't touch her (Uh-uh)
A bitch 'bout her bread, I bust her (Yeah)
I tell her I love her, don't trust her (Uh-uh)
'Cause mama ain't raisin' no sucka (N-N-North Carolina)

You niggas soft, fruit Gushers (They sweet)
No cap, know Sosa'll touch 'em
Pipe man, new Glock, new plumber
Bitch, you know we hot like the oven
Yeah, your homie got it, it's fuck him
Wanna act like a killer, you busta
See, I shoot this bitch up in public
You know we on that dumb shit
I'm pourin' lean in my stomach
She want me up in her stomach (Goddamn)
I know she gon' eat like a luncheon (Eat it up)
I told her be quiet, get to fuckin'
Shoot a nigga, no tustlin'
Bring back the Act', fuck the 'Tussin
These niggas trap, we hustlin'
We loaded up, brought the bus in

I be with my three like a number (Three)
Ready to put somethin' under (Yeah)
You know we swing like the jungle (Swing)
You move, you get hit with that thunder (Yeah)
I see a thot-thot, won't touch her (Uh-uh)
A bitch 'bout her bread, I bust her (Yeah)
I tell her I love her, don't trust her (Uh-uh)
'Cause mama ain't raisin' no sucka
I be with my three like a number (Big 3)
Ready to put somethin' under (Yeah)
You know we swing like the jungle (Swing)
You move, you get hit with that thunder (Yeah)
I see a thot-thot, won't touch her (Uh-uh)
A bitch 'bout her bread, I bust her (Yeah)
I tell her I love her, don't trust her (Uh-uh)
'Cause mama ain't raisin' no sucka

Thuggin' it, OKC with that thunder
C3, I put a hole in his back like he Russian
You know me, Big 3, and I stand on that three
So he diss on that three, I'ma bust him
If a bitch cute to me, I'ma fuck her
I guess I hit your lil' ho with a rubber
Me, Tresh, YBT ridin' 'round with the pokers

If we catch an opp, we gon' slump 'em
In my city, they treat me like 2Pac
By myself, bitch, I'm ridin' with two Glocks
They tell me don't go to the hood 'cause I'm too hot
Bitch, I'm in love with them 'jects, I can't stop
They tell me stop spendin' and billin', I can't stop
We just upped the score so I'm smokin' a new opp
Judge tell me I can't tote no guns 'til my case dropped
This a whole lot of smoke, bitch, I rde with that stick out

(Y'all know what the fuck goin' on, boss, ayy)
I just got a brand new chopper
Like I'm lookin' for a brand new problem (Come here)
Catch an opp, we ain't doin' no talkin'
All these bodies, we gettin' exhausted
All I got for a opp is a coffin
Put that bread on his top and they bought it
Now put that chop his top and then toss it
He tell 'em go get it, they ran and caught it
Ayy, whole lotta shots in here
Whole lotta Glocks in here
Bitch, don't get shot in here
Runnin' with the opps in here
Plus, we got a whole lotta mops in here
So don't know why the cops are here
Bitch, you bound to get dropped in here
Nah, bitch, you bound to get rocked in here
Ayy, I just got a brand new K
Lookin' for a brand new opp
We just got a brand new stolo
Tryna ride on a brand new block
We just got a brand new handgun
'Cause we just came off with the Glock
In the city, we gotta lay low
'Cause the score just went up on an opp

I be with my three like a number (Three)
Ready to put somethin' under (Yeah)
You know we swing like the jungle (Swing)
You move, you get hit with that thunder (Yeah)
If she a thot-thot, won't touch her (Uh-uh)
A bitch 'bout her bread, I bust her (Yeah)
I tell her I love her, don't trust her (Uh-uh)
'Cause mama ain't raisin' no sucka
I be with my three like a number (Big 3)
Ready to put somethin' under (Yeah)
You know we swing like the jungle (Swing)
You move, you get hit with that thunder (Yeah)
If she a thot-thot, won't touch her (Uh-uh)
A bitch 'bout her bread, I bust her (Yeah)
I tell her I love her, don't trust her (Uh-uh)
'Cause mama ain't raisin' no sucka

3 talk
Yeah, fuck goin' on, bitch
Movie gang