

Num8ers

Belly

OG all in my blunt, twenty cars all in the front
Fifty G's I made this week, hundred hoes all wanna f-ck
Too faded, f-ck control
Five pills, I f-cking roll

One dysfunctional family, nah we wasn't no Huxtables
Eight years that pops got, that shit killed my f-cking soul
I swear that day they took my heart, felt like I died real f-cking slow
So I got high, out my mind, a thousand times when shit got low
We was married to the game til that bitch got old
Expensive ass ho, let it be
Now you know why the bitch ain't never free
She going in for the kill, let her eat
I'm in here doing drugs, chemistry
So dope, amphetamine
She make it all okay, ketamine
Anyone ever loved her, enemy
I'm getting gum, tryna make new memories

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We ain't invited, we just invaded
Suede seats, she's been persuaded
OG, she's been sedated
Huh, this bitch is faded
Look, they say they ain't scared but I know they shook
When I say love in the air I'm probably talking bout the kush
Okay now let's start, less talk
How the f-ck they shooting blanks at this Kevlar
It's okay they slept on me, they'll be awake for the best part
And I'm on the loudest shit, you probably couldn't even get an ounce of it
And I just went through a pound of it
You ain't got kush, that's counterfeit bitch
I'm the right guy for that wrong love
Adderalls and them long blunts
Popping M's in my penthouse
Taking slow sips out that tall cup
Pour it up til we breathe slow
Yeah bitch I'm just getting warmed up
And bet she wanna tell me to stop but she like it more when I'm on drugs