

Numb

Boogie

Shit

Okay you got me to the point where I don't give a fuck

Yeah

I know I was slippin' for a minute

But it's funny cause you trippin' up

And I don't care if niggas gettin' up

You got me to the point where I don't give a fuck

You could even call my phone but I ain't pickin' up

Cause I remember I was riding

Til' a nigga caught them flats

Ain't nobody had my back

Where's all my bitches at

Man, they got me to the point where I don't give a fuck

Shit

Man how it feel to be numb

What, that sound crazy nigga

Numb is no feelings

I'm so willing to steer these dudes the right way, you know

Spread my darkness in a bright way

Lookin' for a wife, hey

Sike how I'm tryna find a wife

When every bitch I like seem to be livin' for them likes

Girl its more than just your Insta

Let's see the bigger picture

Speakin' of Insta, Finna gram with my niggas

Makin' plans with my niggas

Left my bitch and now its no stress

I get to poppin', now she watchin' That's my role-ex

It's no rest when you tryna get your name out

Niggas come from nooses, stupid, I ain't tryna hang out

Especially with lame niggas

I paint the picture

Dip the brush up in my pain nigga

Whoo (oh my God I don't care)

Yeah, bars to you niggas

Strip you of your pride

I'm like stars to you niggas

Ain't no secret on a Sunday

All these bitches get to twerkin'

And niggas get to searchin'

But now we call that thirstin' (thirsty)

Man I swear Twitter turned lying into talent

Until then imma try and find balance

Shit if I was ever slippin, know I got up

And niggas keep puttin' them shots up

But they gon' keep breakin

And we gon' keep laughin'

Cause they gon' keep trippin'

And we gon' sneak past 'em

Ah fuck em though, it go

Cuss at pussy niggas or you is one

Stingy what the fuck

Bruh you know I ain't finna give none

I said you know ain't finna give none

Give a fuck

I don't give no fucks
Give no fucks, I give no fucks
I give no fucks
I don't give no fucks, fucks
Give no fucks
No, no fucks

Woah, smokin' and drinkin' that's the way that I'm feelin'
I break it down and mix it up with my feelings
And I been chillin'
Catch me on a late night, I'm staring up at the ceiling
I take a shot and say how I'm finna kill 'em
But they don't hear me though
Jesus, why my generation paraplegic
You see we hungry for knowledge why can't you feed us
Need some food for thought
Shit it can't hurt me
They done cursed me with the gift of bein' thirsty
Uh, no, huh, yeah, uh
Shit you got me to the point where I don't give a fuck
Cause honestly I feel like you ain't give enough
I'm givin' up, nah