

Numbers

Danny Brown

One, two, three, four, five
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten
Eleven, twelve

Put a one on it, threw the testers out at noon
One o'clock friends coming back like, "Nigga, give me two"
PlayStation 3 serving knocks at the Dough friends
Know I got Nick Steady coming up with both
Five, four, T, five, seven, five jeans
In the spot serving rocks thinking bout a six speed
Groose a seven up with a 7-mile slug
Coney off a 8-mile steel hungry ass fuck
Nine on my waist banging past a knife preset
Niggas on that weak shit, so I keep a weapon
You fuck with Danny Brown, turn this bitch 9-11
Riding on the east side heater on the seat
Linwood nigga got love for 12th street
Nigga fuck the hook, never closing up shop
Drill three school zone, schoolhouse rock
Make you kiss the heater, fuck what you heard
If it ain't about numbers, then it ain't about words
Let's go!
One, two, three, four, five
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten
Eleven, twelve

If one nigga trip, two of ya'll getting knocked out
Last nigga flip got three of his teeth knocked out
Baby mama screaming like, "What you fighting for?"
Introduce the five fingers when his ass met the floor
Six million ways to die, two-seven
Eight in a revolver nine steps from heaven
Ten on three watch it foward to 11
12s banging in a cutty, hustle like a Mexican
Heart like a crack baby, fresh out the cross the house
He the cock looking for the one that turned his mama out
What a thug about 38 snub boat
Get locked, don't snitch, child hog rub 'bout
We had bitched blowing by the boat
One bag rats on your head like Rambo
One nigga make the four-four blow
This is it Luchini like Camp Low

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