

Numb To The Pain

Money Man

I got numb to the pain, ain't no more feeling left inside me
Seen a nigga get slain, the streets, they shiesty and they grimy
Better make sure you on point, 'cause if you ain't, you might get bodied
Yeah

I got a motherfuckin' family to feed
Was a juvenile just like 400 Degreez
We was servin' and scammin', ain't got no degree
We ain't got no diplomas, but we got some P's
All that hatin' a sickness, that shit a disease
I'ma ride for the next shit, ain't talkin' 'bout Z
She the perfect creation, I hit it and flee
I own cattle, so you know I ain't duckin' no beef
This heart in me ain't even real no more
Gotta get it and go
I'ma grab me a pole 'fore I walk out the door
I'ma up it and blow and turn him to a Ghost
I'ma up it and blow and smoke him like a Pope
I should live on a farm 'cause I feel like a G.O.A.T.
I should get the C8, you'd be stupid to race
Oh, he think that he hard? I must lack any taste
Secret Service, reservin' that federal hate
All the niggas that traded, they dead to me now
Told her come here and please give some head to me now
Gettin' rich from these boxes, I'm sendin' 'em out
I got shooters around, I be sendin' 'em out
If it's pussies around, I be fishin' 'em out
Sweats be killin' her, I'm really feelin' her, I'm really diggin' her
Chill out, lil' nigga, your pockets ain't big enough
Chill out, lil' nigga, you know you ain't rich as us
I just want loyalty, I just be needin' trust
I don't want nothin' else, I just wan' make her bust
Niggas be talkin' shit, then they go tell on us
I'm not a barber, but I'ma go'n line 'em up
We ain't gotta ask no more, we never dryin' up
Hold him for ransom, we finna go tie him up
I'm not a lamp, but I'm finna go light 'em up

Yeah, yeah
Tried to give you my heart, but really you ain't even deserve it
Every time I'm on shrooms, I think 'bout knowledge and my purpose
Even though she got flaws, in my eyes, lil' shawty perfect, yeah

I tried to show you a better way, you just a featherweight, I gotta sit back
and medicate
Hit him with bullets, I hope he got Medicaid
I been legit since a jit in the second grade
Lyrical, but I'm not talkin' 'bout Lemonade
I gotta traffic this work on the interstate
My girl is purdy and curvy and smart
Bruises on me from the jungle with scars
He tryna drive away way with the car
But it won't make it far, we gon' make his shit stop
I love the way that she make that shit pop
And I'm lovin' the way that she make that shit drop
I made a hundred from Shiba, done made me a hundred from ADA, I know a hundred
ed ways

Stick hit his ass and I bet he disintegrate
We finna pull up and seek and eliminate

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