

Numbers

Prof

One in the bag. One In the bank
One in the trunk. One in the face
Two in the whip. Pleading the fifth
Run up a fade. Do what it take

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How I'm living, we don't tell. Without getting into too much
I can simply tell you that I'm eating well. All my women ESL
Ima turn up on the ale. I think Ima need some bail
I could never catch a feel. Ima get drunk and grab the wheel!

Hiawatha pop off talking. Man I think I lost control
I lost conscience, driving my Datsun, talk about rock and roll
My drip is contagious. I'm flipping through faces
It's called big dick energy pussy
I'm dirty and rotten, considered a scoundrel
Player 2 has entered the movie

I'll say the shit that all of y'all just wanna say
I got one crib, two whips, three bitch, focus. I'm on my way
Ay, real talk, this year I 100% paid off all my motherfucking debt
And also I forgot to deposit a \$25, 000 check

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(Messiah) Ima do what it take. Move it or lose it or move out the way
Ain't no escape. Do what I say, or get punched in the face
That ain't a threat. That is a promise. I promise you that
Stick up the pharmacy tech with a Tek. Run up a bag, run up a check

Run in your crib, wearing a bib
Fuck around, eat everything in your fridge
Clean out your cabinets. Hide in the attic
Jump out and scare the shit out of your bitch

Kidnap your dog, show up at your job
Smacking the shit out of you and your boss
They wanna build walls, neanderthals
But we got a ladder to get us across

The coupe got dual exhaust. With two Glocks in my drawers
On the rooftop of the Loft. Looking like 2Pac on the cross
I lick two shots at the law. Bulletproof watch got it popping off
Brains looking like goulash. 40 in the toolbox
Had to bury homie in the boondocks. Oh my God!

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(Takeover heeey!) Got a dub in the tuck. Spent 10 on my chain
Two pocket rockets when I'm in these lanes
Niggas be hating, but niggas be lame
Bitches know Taylor and you ain't the same

Three bitches calling me, what is they name?
Five minutes in, they giving me brain
In the back of the six 'til 7 or 8
I keep me a 9, my money too straight

That's profit with Prof. I went through it all
Some problems meant for the money to solve
Some niggas meant to be haters not boss
Murderap finally linked with the Paul

We crazy on stage, they throwing their bras
You throw me a front Ima run through it all
I need something done, I just make me a call
And now you just food for my dogs

Still remember the days I was broke down and bitter
Couldn't figure nothing out, I'm like I'll probably never get up
But in my mind, I'm like if I grind, I know I'll get it
I gotta shine, I gotta get mine. Fuck it I'm with it

Bought a new Benz. Feeling like a new nigga
No new friends, mine went to school with me
Now we all good, nigga might spend the 250
What they gonna do with me? Takeover

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