

Numb My Legs

UnoTheActivist

What? What? What? What?
(One-hundred percent Juice)
What? What? What? What? Ooh
(Uno, I killed it)

Ooh, walk in the club with the Uzi, that bitch gonna spit like a llama, you dig? Woah
I put a rack on his head, I can't beef with that little nigga 'cause he dead , yeah (You dig?)
Swear I won't talk to no little nigga that's gon' talk to the feds, yeah
Baby, ride on top of the dick until you hurt your legs (Ride), yeah
Yeah, I'm gonna hit from the back until I numb my legs, yeah
Racks in my pocket look similar to football pads (Racks), yeah
Baby, bust on that dick because you know you a little nasty, ooh
Coppin' the swag, you know I hit you with that lil' tax fee

She wanna ride on the top, on the dick like some muhfuckin' pegs (Like a Mon goose)
Stop all that mockin', you know that we thuggin', get hit with the lead (Hit with the, baow)
I cannot speak on that nigga 'cause he cannot hear shit, he dead
I put my dick in her mouth and I told her to fuck what she said (Suck it)
Don't hang with no lil' niggas, I think that these niggas really some fags
I'm eatin' at Bossanova with some bosses
Pour my oil like I been drinkin' some coffee (Woo)
Now it's back to the muhfuckin' pesos
Roll a fat Backwood and motherfuckin' face it
Then slap my dick in her mouth, let her taste it

Ooh, walk in the club with the Uzi, that bitch gonna spit like a llama, you dig? Woah
I put a rack on his head, I can't beef with that little nigga 'cause he dead , yeah (You dig?)
Swear I won't talk to no little nigga that's gon' talk to the feds, yeah
Baby, ride on top of the dick until you hurt your legs (Ride), yeah
Yeah, I'm gonna hit from the back until I numb my legs, yeah
Racks in my pocket look similar to football pads (Racks), yeah
Baby, bust on that dick because you know you a little nasty, ooh
Coppin' the swag, you know I hit you with that lil' tax fee

All my bitches paid like they weigh
That's the reason why I like my old stick
Raf Simons on from last year
And my Cuban link worth three bricks
Sixty thousand off two licks
I can get that out of one bitch
But I always get three or better
House full of foreigners like a Quinceañera
Sauce got it, I'm a young gangster, got mob ties like the Goodfellas
Nigga diss me, I'ma make it rain on him all year, fuck a umbrella
I'ma smash anything, 'bout my respect 'cause that's how I get the cheddar
Flava made it, nigga, rich forever, bitch hit for fifties, takes a love letter

Ooh, walk in the club with the Uzi (Ooh-wee), that bitch gonna spit like a llama, you dig? Woah (Drip)
I put a rack on his head, I can't beef with that little nigga 'cause he dead

, yeah (You dig? Hey)

Swear I won't talk to no little nigga that's gon' talk to the feds, yeah (Oo h-wee)

Baby, ride on top of the dick until you hurt your legs (Ride), yeah

Yeah, I'm gonna hit from the back until I numb my legs (Spankin' that), yeah

Racks in my pocket look similar to football pads, yeah

Baby, bust on that dick because you know you a little nasty, ooh

Coppin' the swag, you know I hit you with that lil' tax fee