

Numb

Wiki

I was just trying to fill up my pockets
But just ended up back where I started, begun
'Cause I spent all of the profits that had come in
No, Lord, this is it, am I done?
I was consistent, I wouldn't budge 'til I budged
I bugged out when I came back on it
I just feel dumb, it's a dub
Thought couldn't be stopped 'cause I couldn't until I could
Where is the love? Fuck love
This ain't willing, I'm more Lord Infamous, where is the bun?
Roll a spliff with all types of lit in it
Mixed in crack, and we're hating, descriptive enough?
The process is a gauntlet, needs to be constant
Up and down, fall and get back up
I was tryna heal from little something
But didn't know what it was
Now I just feel numb

Gold in my mouth
Accounts frozen, can't afford all these foreign trips
There has to be more to it
But can't take more days in the ones I'm on tour and I spit
Other than that, I'm back to the crib
The impact, that's what it is, yeah, that's what it is
Can't get enough cash for the gig
Had to order sauce that I give
It's awfully distasteful, you clearly ain't grateful for him
Show after show, hardly had paper to spend
Staying in inns, at least we was staying by friends
But mostly just stayed by myself
It's safe to say I ain't safe for myself
I never was saved by the bell
I was saved by what I made when it sell
Got too much shit I'm sitting on
It might all stay on the shelf, ain't dropping
I play it to get to myself
Ain't gon' say it again, I'm the CEO, what he say go, if it
Blow or fall on my face at the show
It's all the same to me, can't complain, I'm a pro
Even if they trade him from home
Old fans burning the number name that he wore
Busted up knee in the game, but his teeth ain't the same
Same old keys and the chain he had on when he came
With the little bit of 'preme that they gave him
But the cadence I came with, athlete mentality, back training
Thought he'd fade away and he did but D'wayne Wayne'd it
I ain't paying for rings anymore
Ain't gon' rob him when I'm on the hardwood floor
Want him, my chips I want 'em with the guap
With the onion chopped, the garlic and all
Tomato, the jalapeno, peppers, cilantro and salt
Even squeeze the lime in it
I'm leaving with my winnings with seven fine women
Dining on seven kind of fishes
Like it's the night before Christmas
But it ain't no Chris Kringle, Christian Mingle
I ain't sliding down the chimney unless you sliding with me

After I eat the cookie I'm out the door
Like you wilin' Wiki, what's mine's mine's, damn
I wish I could do more
What am I in store for? Why do I even implore?
I'm finally good 'til I ain't good anymore
I already poured out my heart and my soul
And the parts that I lost just starting to show

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