

Intro

Young Scooter

Yeah

Yung Lan on the track

You already know this that motherfuckin' count music

I ain't gon' keep telling' niggas

You hear me, get your calculator

Count music nigga, get your forks, boy

Get your stainless steel pot and a brick, boy

It's time to go back to the basics, niggas snitchin', boy

If you a hustler cook your own dope in that kitchen, boy

I bounced back, cooked crack, got these rappers jealous

These niggas get the big head like they forgot who helped 'em

Dirty money, legal money, don't put it together

Birds called, yeah them birds fly in any weather

Rest in peace to Lo, king of bank head

I'm the Jugg King, I got real bread

Seventeen five, bitch I still got it

I remixed the half and half and I ain't even dry 'em

I got chickens, I got chickens, everyday I fry 'em

How the fuck niggas live and real niggas dyin'

Trump crazy, he just passed a law for dick ridin'

Human calculator, Scooter always multiplyin'

I know so much about the street, nigga

I know like fifty ways to eat, nigga

I'll get you whacked, I ain't gon' beef with ya

Fifty to a hundred bands a week, nigga (Count up!)