Numbers (feat. Yo Gotti)

Belly

[Chorus: Belly] I pull up in four door Bugattis Four wheel Ducatis Got at least two hoes beside me (ten) Threesomes like a hobby Addies made me zero in Two point nine, these five tsunamis Seven boppers in the lobby We the new illuminati All my bitches keep six In case twelve tryna find me Do the math, do the math 45's like the army [Verse 1: Belly] I'm a pipe her like Rowdy Free Max, free Bobby

Get Whoopty on the phone

He'll know what to do with the body (death)

Set Persiles on a little couch, till I put my mama in a real house Pills all in my little pocket, and they got me geeking like a meal house

Too many fake waves

Its a real drought

I feel like eight days, with the AK earn the real clout

Fuck your two cents

You wouldn't even give me two cents when my pennies scuff

Earned it all it was never luck

Millionaire with the semi-tuck

Now you wanna pull a Hemi up

Just so you can come and drink the Henny up

Fake shit, it was never love

And really fuck it if it really was

[Chorus: Belly]

I pull up in four door Bugattis

Four wheel Ducatis

Got at least two hoes beside me (ten)

Threesomes like a hobby

Addies made me zero in

Two point nine, these five tsunamis

Seven boppers in the lobby

We the new illuminati

All my bitches keep six

In case twelve tryna find me

Do the math, do the math 45's like the army[Post Chorus]

Doing numbers, doing numbers (add it up)

Doing numbers, doing numbers (add it up)

Doing numbers, doing numbers (add it up)

Doing numbers, doing numbers (add it up)[Verse 2: Yo Gotti]

I just counted five million dollar cash

All 5s, 10s and 20s

Got to know that thats the dope money

Got to know I got the code, homie

Drink, bring a chopper hit him up, aye

Plank, play dead sit him up, aye

Bricks on bricks, yeah we Billy Love (Billy Love)

Bitches act thirsty so we fill em' up

Ion like the rap game (ion love the rap game)

Ain't none these niggas real as us (ain't none these niggas, none these niggas)

Going back to the trap game (going back to the trap)

Selling bricks out the Bentley truck (cocaine Bentley truck)

Then I'ma hit em' up

I used to be a stick em' up

Black hoodie with the ski mask

When you see me nigga get em' up (you know what it is)

I'm a dopeboy cause I sold dope boy

You ain't no plug cause you owe one boy

You ain't cool with no Mexican, you don't know one boy

If you say you got M's then show one boy

Just bought the Patek the one with no ice

Just knocked that bitch, the one with no lights

And I used to get government assistance, food stamps no lights[Outro: Belly]

Doing numbers, doing numbers (add it up)

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