

Numb (feat. B.o.B & Yo Gotti)

August Alsina

She was already on deck 'fore I ever met her
Young Bob in the building looking like Hugh Hefner on these heffas
Man I swear somebody better tell her
I don't care what's on your mind I just want your cerebellum
Yea but my team stay down through the stormy weather
Back when we was hustling and nobody would help us
Now we poppin bottles man, now we top shelfers
We just knew that we would make it man, nobody could tell us nothing better
Nothing a fortune teller couldn't tell us
As a youngin' I never really cared for Christmas carols
Now when you see my apparel I got several different levels
Look at my wrist, bitch, it's levels to these bezels
This whip is mine but I drive it like I stole it
Flying down the interstate, lighting up a stougin'
Hustle Gang on that mob shit, bring me my canoles
Beating up the bars, call me Oscar De La Hoya
I had one, two, three too many
I'm fucked up, four chicks with me
I'm loud, took about five shots
Six bottles I just copped
Twisted, turnt up, 24/7
That's more bad bitches I'm getting
They know I hit 'em and quit 'em
And go past what they came here for
Baby can I see you make yo ass drop?
I'mma let the Rose bottles pop
I'mma sip this 'Roc, baby don't stopCause yo body on fire, you too hotI can't feel my face
I'm so numb, I'm so wastedSo dumb, I'm shit faced-ed
Just in case I don't make itTake my drink, nigga I'm buzzin'
Take my trees, nigga I'm gone
Take my keys, nigga it's nothin'
One of these chicks is taking me homeThat little red bone said she's taking me home
Fine ass friend said she coming along
Love in the morning, so I'm fuckin' em strong
I'mma beat em to sleep then I'm gone in the morning
Hold up! I tell a bitch roll up
Before I gotta roll out all I do is turn up
Turn down for what, need another drink
Baby go and pour up, money hungoverSo you know I gotta throw up the 'fetti so that they know
that I'm ready
To get em poppin' and droppin' the party never be stoppin'
Cause I be keepin' 'em rockin', you all these bitches be choosin'

Cause now they see that I'm winning like I'm allergic to losing and I Gettin' high off the money,
nigga yeah I made it
Just count a mill, nigga now I'm faded
Number one stunna boy, I feel like Baby
Shout out to the hood - 'cause that's who raised me
Hunnid bands in my pocket boy, that's that kush
And shawty wanna fuck she gave me that look
Hustler of the year know every rule in the book
Pull up in the 'Rari, boy that's all it took That's a white out, it's a night out
Putting money on the bar there just to bring the light out
I just wanna see your fire-works
Fifty bottles, that's slight work
I'm in the club, turn up Nu ah ah ah ah ah umb
Smoke until you go du ah ah ah ah ah umb
Let's drink until you go nu ah ah ah ah ah umb
Smoke until you go du ah ah ah ah ah umb
Drink until you go nu ah ah ah ah ah umb
Smoke until you go du ah ah ah ah ah umb
Let's drink until you go nu ah ah ah ah ah umb
Smoke until you go du ah ah ah ah ah umb
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