Numbers

Yeah Thugger Thugger Got my broadie London in this mothafucker man I'm tell ya this beat, hard, this one hard as fuck, listen bro I go up up and away And I got old hunnids, they wrinkled like a Shar Pei Plus I'm the realest nigga inside the A

And them boys in Atlanta they don't play yah And them boys from Atlanta, tote them K's yeah And them boys from Atlanta got bananas for these monkey niggas I got plenty ammo for your family nigga Ammo for these pussy mothafuckas Run up I swear to God I want tears from your mother Fuck nigga tripping I get prison and fuck your father up I'm a tell em one the time, they ain't going farther I'm doing numbers

I got bands in the bando And I'm beating David Banner And I'm smoking on cabana Leanin movin slow as grandma Motor runnin, spit them commas, now it's thunder Count a hundred want a hunnid more that's hunger Yeah baby, Thugger Thugger hungry, yes I'm hungry Young Thugger got the munchies All my diamonds come in yellow like a Funyon Yeah all my gold made 'em sick and they can vomit Pussy nigga know they can vomit I'm growing green me and chi-chi, no pet I'm chasing dreams, Free Meek Milly

I'm a tell em one time I can read your mind Pop, pop, pop, pop, then start ridin Brand new 24's, bitch on climb You's a busta, mothafucka rhymes No Sticky fingers, no porcupine Genius I'll chase the day Wait, let me pick up his remains Let them gators get their prey Hold up hold up, wait

[Hook]