

Numbers

Young Thug

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]