

# Rich The Kid, Numbers

Blizzy, what you cookin' up? (Cash)  
Bomb man' bomb man' yeah' that's me (Big Bron)  
(Fuck a nigga, huh?)  
(Ayy, let my nuts hang)  
Everything is chrome in the future

I be with my three like a number (Three)  
Ready to put somethin' under (Yeah)  
You know we swing like the jungle (Swing)  
You move' you get hit with that thunder (Yeah)  
I see a thot-thot, won't touch her (Uh-uh)  
A bitch 'bout her bread, I bust her (Yeah)  
I tell her I love her' don't trust her (Uh-uh)  
'Cause mama ain't raisin' no sucka  
I be with my three like a number (Three)  
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'Cause mama ain't raisin' no sucka (N-N-North Carolina)

You niggas soft, fruit Gushers (They sweet)  
No cap, know Sosa'll touch 'em  
Pipe man, new Glock, new plumber  
Bitch, you know we hot like the oven  
Yeah, your homie got it, it's fuck him  
Wanna act like a killer, you busta  
See, I shoot this bitch up in public  
You know we on that dumb shit  
I'm pourin' lean in my stomach  
She want me up in her stomach (Goddamn)  
I know she gon' eat like a luncheon (Eat it up)  
I told her be quiet, get to fuckin'  
Shoot a nigga, no tustlin'  
Bring back the Act', fuck the 'Tussin  
These niggas trap, we hustlin'  
We loaded up, brought the bus in

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'Cause mama ain't raisin' no sucka  
I be with my three like a number (Big 3)  
Ready to put somethin' under (Yeah)  
You know we swing like the jungle (Swing)  
You move, you get hit with that thunder (Yeah)  
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Thuggin' it, OKC with that thunder  
C3, I put a hole in his back like he Russian  
You know me, Big 3, and I stand on that three  
So he diss on that three, I'ma bust him  
If a bitch cute to me, I'ma fuck her  
I guess I hit your lil' ho with a rubber  
Me, Tresh, YBT ridin' 'round with the pokers

If we catch an opp, we gon' slump 'em  
In my city, they treat me like 2Pac  
By myself, bitch, I'm ridin' with two Glocks  
They tell me don't go to the hood 'cause I'm too hot  
Bitch, I'm in love with them 'jects, I can't stop  
They tell me stop spendin' and billin', I can't stop  
We just upped the score so I'm smokin' a new opp  
Judge tell me I can't tote no guns 'til my case dropped  
This a whole lot of smoke, bitch, I rde with that stick out

(Y'all know what the fuck goin' on, boss, ayy)  
I just got a brand new chopper  
Like I'm lookin' for a brand new problem (Come here)  
Catch an opp, we ain't doin' no talkin'  
All these bodies, we gettin' exhausted  
All I got for a opp is a coffin  
Put that bread on his top and they bought it  
Now put that chop his top and then toss it  
He tell 'em go get it, they ran and caught it  
Ayy, whole lotta shots in here  
Whole lotta Glocks in here  
Bitch, don't get shot in here  
Runnin' with the opps in here  
Plus, we got a whole lotta mops in here  
So don't know why the cops are here  
Bitch, you bound to get dropped in here  
Nah, bitch, you bound to get rocked in here  
Ayy, I just got a brand new K  
Lookin' for a brand new opp  
We just got a brand new stolo  
Tryna ride on a brand new block  
We just got a brand new handgun  
'Cause we just came off with the Glock  
In the city, we gotta lay low  
'Cause the score just went up on an opp

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3 talk  
Yeah, fuck goin' on, bitch  
Movie gang