

Juvenile, Numb Numb

[Verse 1: Juvenile]

Ay you wan' score ki, no you wan'score an ounce
I ain't gon' show you shit, make sure you got the right amount
boy I can't front you nuttin but I respect ya G
it could get fatal if I let niggaz get next to me
the junkies like my coke, Doctors, and Lawyers too
they in, and out here all day lookin for the right Peru
I use to do it too but I had to let it go
I can't get loaded I'm lil' wodie that supply the coke
my shit'll have you where you don't even much wanna eat
have you a lack of sleep always out up in them streets
been in rehab for weeks come home and get a bag from me
you gon' relapse indeed, probably want ever leave
don't want no problems I just wanna get this cheddar please
I can't get popped, I've been convicted for two felonies
look I'm just tryna put some clothes on my daughter
I hope they ain't ridin I need to sell this other quarter

[Chorus]

If you score some coke from me
you will be numb, numb, numb, numb, numb
numb, numb, numb, numb, numb, numb, numb, numb
if you don't get it from me you will be
dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb
dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb
you'll be comin back in minutes to get
some, some, some, some, some, some, some, some, some, some, some, some, some, some, some
damn Juvie where you get that
from, from, from, from, from, from, from, from, from, from, from, from, from, from, from

[Verse 2: Juvenile]

They don't work off the hit cause we don't fuck with the foes
they be sellin them soft we had enough of them sold
and we work off the hit cause we don't fuck with the foes
we don't be sellin them soft we had enough of them sold
we didn't bring it in this shit is shipped to me
I never transported nothin peep out my history
my house is sittin plush-my cars is lookin lovely
police men wanna cuff me therefore I'm rollin buckets
not tryna make it public don't wanna be the subject
mama tunin it don't spend ya money boy stay in ya budget
I seen alot of fools goin buyin alot of jewels
they children not in school they gotta lot to prove
I puts my money back up in my flip
some to the side incase them people run up in my shit
chopper up all the time with two taped up clips
and if you come fuckin with mine I'm a use this bitch
they want me for distrubution from New Orleans to Houston
someone been runnin there mouth tellin e'm how much I'm movin
I'm just tryna put some clothes on my daughter
I hope they ain't ridin I need to sell this other quarter

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Juvenile]

I got my first work when I was sixteen
and niggaz still not knowin what happened to brick leans
it's not an easy task might have to beat the last
you gon' get caught up out here tryna save ya people ass
can't have e'm bring it first if you can't pay e'm its worth
you could get murdered for that he just may let it burst
smart high walk to earth, and maybe enemy turf
pray I don't get in they way just let e'm do they dirt
and I know after the cut woah my shit is the bomb

that must be the Saudi-Arabia cause it ain't Hussien
you ain't got that Florida dope, (??) coke
have to spend all ya dough or you want leave fa sho
they come in menthazine no caps on it is
want be that long before ya family know you on that shit
look I'm just tryna put some clothes on my daughter
I hope they ain't ridin I need to sell this other quarter

[Chorus - repeat to end]