

Freeway

"Numbers"

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20 bottles of spade, 10 pin, 10 go,
Ben frankin bank hoe,
Backstroking on new hoes, you know
Dropped the olds and got new clothes
Now check a boy my calla, same thing with my lenses
I like mgm and my benzes, and meek shit my women
She don't speak in no English, and she don't eat pork
My new bitch use chop sticks, she don't eat with a fork
I'm throwing rocks at the wall, so everyday I ball
You understand that language, when you out there
slanging
When you're taking them trips, looking over your
shoulder
I just run back a dub, stash box in the wall, let's work
[Hook]
Numbers low, numbers high,
Ain't nobody fucking got it and you wonder why
Numbers high, numbers low
If the chicken right, then hurry up and get it oh
Lado, blow numbers, mathematician, we know
numbers
We got range rove numbers, spend that get more
numbers
Been here 14 winters, will be here 10 more summers
My watch shine, my piece flooded
My money right, it keep coming
Uno, dos, tres, quatro, ishi, ni, sun, chi, one, two, three
to the fizador
Whole bricks we flip dali, we get numbers in different
languages
It's mac 10's, mac 11's, take 9's my click is dangerous
House shit, no super vision, rock true religions,
Don't fuck with ringlet, let's move piles
Don't fucking play with the same guys
No bow ties, just black guys, with 45's
You dare with them, you fucking lay with them
We are for sure though, y'all haters are counterfeit
Everyday we calculate, yes we doing calculus
Make y'all haters run, just to show y'all deuces who's
house this is
Hustle when we make it count, y'all hustle don't count

for shit
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Let me phone posits, coole site
Where them pennies once them bitches hurt my feet
If the lime from the dime, I might take a week
And I can fill a fucking duffle bag in my sleep
I'm getting it, I'm spending it, purple label shit limited
Dropping 9's, bringing back a dozen
Nigga that's 3 hard extra onions
I take a 7 out, and put the 7 in
I drop the fish scale, and watch you still swimming
Shit backstroking, it's breast stroking
Turn ex smokers to new smokers
The shit raw, fiends smell it, they come soon as that
pack open
I cook it soon as that brick open
They pay me soon as they shift over
I bag it up, drop it off, jump in the whip and I'm back
floating
My younging, clap off, and they stay getting that tax
off
Always, banging, no home training at all
Mid lie, winners lie, but numbers don't so don't act hard
I will have 30 niggas on your front porch, back yard
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