

## The Kingsmen

### "Numb Numb"

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[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  
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  
you'll be comin back in minutes to get  
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

[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  
weigh it and 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 shoes  
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

