

# Numbers

## Hoodie Allen

Good girl, good girl  
Can I get you in my world, my world?  
Wait another minute, let me clean up  
Fresh in my Adidas  
Greet you at the door before we meet up  
Thinking I'mma figure it out  
I'm livin' it now, I'm multiplicatin', I'm playin' it loud  
I take the remainder of everything that we've been doing until you belittle it down  
But fuck it, cause if we end up bein' lonely  
I know I can count on all my homies So we goin' from one, these were the days that we had to  
run  
Tell them to play and they get their gun  
And if they shoot down the sky, they all run and hide  
But I'll be here waitin' for all of my friends who were by my side  
And when it ends it was you and I, why can't we all win together?  
All these lucky numbers, they're never discovered  
Just one in a million  
These lucky numbers show what we're made of  
We're scratching the paper  
No it's never paid off, but my number will come Bad girl, bad girl  
Can I get you in my world, my world?  
Wait another minute let me wake up  
Get some weed to break up  
And I don't even smoke on most occasions  
I been thinking about  
Crushing some pills, taking them down  
Get us some drinks and making the rounds  
Do anything just to get your attention  
I'll even go home and be eating you out  
Fuck it, you know I'm kidding about it mostly  
Only thing I count on is my homies  
So we goin' from one, these were the days that we had to run  
Tell them to play and they get their gun  
And if they shoot down the sky, they all run and hide  
But I'll be here waitin' for all of my friends who were by my side  
And when it ends it was you and I, why can't we all win together? All these lucky numbers,  
they're never discovered  
Just one in a million  
These lucky numbers show what we're made of  
We're scratching the paper  
No it's never paid off, but my number will come And you can be the one for me when the other  
numbers aren't adding up

I've been thinking about you, thinking about you  
And we can be like two digits, cause ain't no one equivalent to you  
Imma hit it like oooh, hit it like ooohAll these lucky numbers, they're never discovered  
Just one in a million  
These lucky numbers show what we're made of  
We're scratching the paper  
No it's never paid off, but my number will come

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>