

Numb Numb Juice

ScHoolboy Q

Two-door coupe, hoppin' out like Jack-in-the-Box, nigga
I'm gon' shoot if this thirty's all that I got, nigga
Time's up
Got my coins up, my bars up, soon we find 'em
We gon' slide 'em, we lined 'em, straight reclined 'em
Pistol grip, I got all kinds of, I'm not your driver
Shot gon' hit him, he won't answer, I'm blowing ganja
So much work, they call me old school, I remind you
That bitch you think you got is not you, where you find her?
She a kickstand, a big fan, I get behind her
Then I slid it in, I win, I win, ayy
I mean that's bitch shit
Faking like you got it in your pockets, yeah, that's bitch shit
Talking to them hoes, you steady gossip, yeah, that's bitch shit
Telling on your mans so you can scam, yeah, that's bitch shit
Pull it out and acting like it jam, yeah, that's bitch shit
Hating on another nigga come-up, yeah, that's bitch shit
Staying in because you know it's summer, yeah that's bitch shit
You a bitch boy, on my mama, uh Okay, let's get it, bitch, let's get it, woo
Got a plan, we gon' kill his man
The gun won't jam, it's on on sight
I might get life, that's on my life
The four-four-five, the go, green light
To build that price, it filled up nice
The god won't die
Okay, let's get it, bitch, let's get it, woo
Seen 'em floss, in my purest form, bitch, I'm greedy, uh
Goyard tags, filled with hella cash, this my gimme bag
Singles add, we don't do no class, nigga, nine subtract, ayy
Two-door coupe, hoppin' out like Jack-in-the-Box, nigga
I'm gon' shoot if this thirty's all that I got, nigga
Y'all on mute, ain't no back-talk on my block, nigga
Numb numb juice to the head, fuck up the opps, nigga
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