

# Numb

## August Alsina

(Verse 1: B.o.B)

She was already on deck fore I ever met er  
Young B.o.B in the building looking like Hugh Hefner on the surface  
Bounce with somebody, better tell er  
I don't care what's on yo mind, I just want yo cerebellum  
Yea but my team stay down through the stormy weather  
Back when we was hustling and nobody would help us  
Now we poppin bottles man, now we top shelfers  
We just knew that we would make it man, nobody could tell us nothing better  
Nothing a fortune teller couldn't tell us  
As a youngin I never really cared for Christmas carols  
Now when you see my apparel I got several different levels  
Look at my wrist, bitch it's levels to these bezels  
This whip is mine but I drive it like I stole it  
Flying down the interstate, lighting up a strong  
Hustle Gang on that mob shit, bring me my canoles  
Beating up the box, call me Oscar de la Hoya

(Verse 2: August Alsina)

I had one, two, three too many  
I'm fucked up, four chicks with me  
I'm loud, took about 5 shots  
6 bottles I just copped  
Twisted, turnt up, 24/7  
Thats more bad bitches I'm getting  
They know I hit em and quit em  
And go past what they came here for  
Baby can I see you make yo ass drop?  
I'mma let the Rose bottles pop  
I'mma sip this Roc, baby don't stop  
Cause yo body on fire, you too hot

(Pre-Hook)

I can't feel my face  
I'm so numb  
I'm so wasted  
So dumb  
I'm shit faced it  
Just in case I don't make it

(Hook x2)

Take my drink, nigga I'm buzzin

Take my trees, nigga I'm gone  
Take my keys, nigga it's nothing  
One of these chicks is taking me home  
(Verse 3: August Alsina)  
That little red bone said she's taking me home  
Fine ass friend said she coming along  
Love in the morning, so I'm fuckin em strong  
I'mma beat em to sleep then I'm gone in the morning  
Hold up! I tell a bitch roll up  
Before I gotta roll out all I do is turn up  
Turn down fuck what, need another drink  
Baby go and pour up, money hungover  
So you know I gotta throw up the fetti  
So that they know that I'm ready  
To get em poppin and droppin the party never be stopping  
Cause I be keepin em rocking, you all these bitches be choosin  
Cause now they see that I'm winning like I'm allergic to losing and I

(Pre-Hook)

I can't feel my face  
I'm so numb  
I'm so wasted  
I'm shit faced it  
Just in case I don't make it

(Hook x2)

Take my drink, nigga I'm buzzin  
Take my trees, nigga I'm gone  
Take my keys, nigga it's nothing  
One of these chicks is taking me home

(Verse 4: Yo Gotti)

Getting high off the money, nigga yea I made it  
Just count a mill, nigga now I'm faded  
You know I'm unstoppable, I feel like Vegas  
Shout out to the hood - 'cause that's who raised me  
Credit stacks in my pocket boy, that's that kush  
If Shawty wanna fuck she gave me that look  
Hustler, you know everyone in the booth  
Pull up in the Rari, boy it's only true  
That's a white out, it's a night out  
Putting money on the bar to get to bring yo light out  
I just wanna see your fireworks  
50 bottles, that's like work  
I'm in the club, turn up

(Hook x2)

Take my drink, nigga I'm buzzin  
Take my trees, nigga I'm gone

Take my keys, nigga it's nothing  
One of these chicks is taking me home

(Outro)

Nu ah ah ah ah ah umb  
Smoke until you go du ah ah ah ah ah umb  
Let's drink until you go nu ah ah ah ah ah umb  
Smoke until you go du ah ah ah ah ah umb  
Drink until you go nu ah ah ah ah ah umb  
Smoke until you go du ah ah ah ah ah umb  
Let's drink until you go nu ah ah ah ah ah umb  
Smoke until you go du ah ah ah ah ah umb

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