

Wrist (feat. Pusha T)

Logic

Yeah I've been killin' this shit
Yeah I've been hard in the paint, not a single assist
Yeah I've been flickin' that wrist
Yeah I've been cookin' that shit, now they fuckin' with this
Yeah I've been killin' this shit
Yeah I've been hard in the paint, not a single assist
Yeah I've been flickin' that wrist
Yeah I've been cookin' that shit, now they fuckin' with this
Yeah I've been, yeah I've been killin' this, killin' this shit
Yeah I've been flickin' that, flickin' that wrist
Yeah I've been killin' this, cookin' that
Killin' this, flickin' that wrist
Yeah I've killin' this shit
Yeah I've hard in the paint, not a single assist
Yeah I've flickin' that wrist
Flickin' that, feelin', flickin' that wrist
Let me tell you 'bout the young man
Matter of fact, I'ma let Push tell that
Tell you 'bout the old man
Had a change of heart and then fell back
Old man lived a long life
Walked around with a long knife
You ain't cut the white like Jesus
That Colombiana, that's me and models like(YUGH)Look at the flick of that wrist
I'm feelin' like Leonardo
Let me paint a picture, I might need a bottle
On the road to success like I feel the throttle
That Michaelangelo, hundreds in the envelope
Tight shit when I write shit
And that old man had a change of heart
Wrist, they knew it back from the start like goddamn
Looked around, seen his wife on the ground
Military bussin' bullets all over the whole compound
Soon as he seen it, I swear it, I mean it, my members go quicker than vamonos
He dead, she dead, he in jail
Everyone fallin' like dominoes Yeah I've been killin' this shit
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Yeah I've been cookin' that shit, now they fuckin' with this
 Yeah I've been, yeah I've been killin' this, killin' this shit
 Yeah I've been flickin' that, flickin' that wrist
 Yeah I've been killin' this, cookin' that Killin' this, flickin' that wrist
 Yeah I've killin' this shit
 Yeah I've hard in the paint, not a single assist
 Yeah I've flickin' that wrist
 Flickin' that, feelin', flickin' that wrist Simple Logic Clockwise, counterclockwise
 Realest nigga in the top five
 Other four ain't rap niggas
 I'm just reppin' for the blow side
 Yeah, that's coastlines
 Panama for the boat rides
 Worth billions, and we ain't even need Showtime
 Just money counters and kitchenwear
 Condo with a bitch in there
 Two scales and baggies, we got rich in there
 Woo!
 The Rollie's been the trophy Since Hawaiian Sophie
 Curry over Kobe, we shootin' niggas
 Splash brothers with the coca
 Add in baking soda
 Goodfellas to my niggas
 (Yeah) already owed us
 Shades of blue, I aim at you
 Let the sky fall, let it rain on you Yeah I've been killin' this shit
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 Yeah I've been flickin' that, flickin' that wrist
 Yeah I've been killin' this, cookin' that
 Killin' this, flickin' that wrist
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 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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