

Kung Fu (feat. Pusha T & Future)

Baauer

Hey and 'bout that boy they 'bout to doubt her day
Over that girl they about to doubt it
That we fuck her 'til it's good good
I got my customers in the hood hood
I got my customers in the hood hood The dope game is my sport
Welcome to the wild world of snort
They quoting thirty-six a kilo
Nah, they wasn't 36'ing me though
Niggas pushing thirty with thirty thousand tweets
Without thirty thousand dollars, don't even deserve to speak, nigga
Counter-clockwise my wrist go
Counter-clockwise my wrist go
They know I got that wrist craft covered
I had a ballerina standing on her tippy toes
And when I cut my dope I'm standing on my tippy toes
Better put that work inside the pot
Cook, cook, cook, whip it up
Whip it up, whip it up
Whip it up, whip it up
Whip it up, whip it up
Whip it up, whip it, whip it It all started from my wrist
Woo, I kept it snowing through the blitz
God, cross promoting in the fashion world
Shit I got Adidas selling bricks
Rolled to the wrist flow, poppin' like Crisco
We was buying Macklemore, cooked it in the Klitschko
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>