

Wrist On Bop

A92

It's K
92 baby
Uh huh, Young Nikz
Dbo Fundz, you can't miss me on roads

My side, my side we got it on lock
Mans got the food in pots
I whipped that up let the ting turn rock (yo)
Look at the flick of the wrist
My wrist on bop, my wrist on bop, ayy
Look at the flick of the wrist
My wrist on bop, my wrist on bop, ayy, ayy
My wrist on bop
My side, my side we got it on lock (woosh)
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You know me I've chilled on the block
Are they really riding? Of course they're not
D-town all about p's and bops
So it's love for the money
Not love for a thot
Yute over there got drenched in his liver
I guess he was left in this pool like Klopp
Bare juice spilled now we're 7 up
My team we stay on top
Cause you know we set trends they copy
I'm a boss like Hugo
So mind how you speak or you'll have to get boxed like Rocky
I want ice, no hockey
Yutes get bucked, I ain't talking Milawaukee
I told bro just slap that shotty
Gyally on me cause she wants this cocky

Miss Polly had the dolly
It was 666 but she probably wouldn't want to hold this dick
Heard that they came to the A
That's calm cah I'm on the B side really tryna catch this prick
Ask your paigon bae how the mandem taste
Cah true say she just sucked nuff dick
When I do it on my jays like Hus, no cap
I step with my bro like Morty and Rick
Look at the flick of the wrist when I backed that
Scored 3 points, call me Stephen Curry
Squashed 5 man in the back, double tap that
Search and destroy, tryna catch me a body
Do it like S tryna pack me a Niner
On the opp block like, let's find wally
My and my riders school these kids
So more time they don't even gotta go colly

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I need a bad b like Keisha
I need a real one Alakeisha
Spin the whip get the smoke like shisha
One hand on the wheel, other hand on Teresa
She listens to me, I'm the preacher
Preach her, now she staring Mona Lisa
This is how we do like Rita
If you ain't with it then it's bad like Felicia
Yo, it's K, I can't lie on the beat no way
Went to the strip, where's crème brulee?
I heard he done legs and left his mates
Ayy, ayy, where's bae, shake that ass
Go cray, go cray
Sipping on gin or some champagne
She go on her knees, she ain't going to pray
No way

Bad one, arch it
One back it, she ratchet
Grab waps and slap it
Hella man take off like rocket
Swing it and cheff it
Got flickys in our pockets
And I make cats jump like moshpits
More time 'cause we got plugs no sockets
I beef dads, I ain't gonna lie
I don't give a fuck I don't care about age
Niggas go gym and they come to the block
Make a big man duss when I back this gauge
We had Ponto hiding in barbershops
No trims but he can get shaved
The feds ain't pull up
He woulda been dead up
Pissed 'cause the paigon boy got saved

Oi NIKz
Wagwan
Did you get the brudda?
Go stunt for the net you actors
And I seen nuff green like farmers
And you know I've been in the field like tractors
See me in the real life babe
I'm a real life thug
Tryna turn man ghost like Casper
If I hop on the track it's a wrap, it's a wrap
Cause they know I'm a well known rapper

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