

Flicka Da Wrist

Chedda Da Connect

Look at the flicka da wrist

Catchin' plays, catchin' play
I woke up feelin' like I was on the moon
I woke up feelin' like I need a hundred goons
Look at the flicka da wrist, look at the flicka da wrist
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That wrist, look at the flicka da wrist
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I woke up feelin' like I hit a hundred homes
I woke up feelin' like I had a hundred shows
I still got some niggas tryna capture me
And these bitches in my section still fuck for free
Look at the flicka da wrist, look at the flicka them tits
Look at the flicka dat clit, look at the ass on that bitch
Everything I wanna do, I'ma do it right now, nigga (headshots)
And every bitch I wanna fuck, I'ma fuck her right now, nigga
I ain't tryna hear you, I'ma close my ears
2015, nigga this our year
If you ain't catchin' plays, then what you doin'?
Still dunkin' on niggas, call me Patrick Ewing

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I woke up this mornin' sippin' 17
Me and all my niggas gon' have some better dreams, baby
Just keep finessin' work, so used to serving fiends, baby
Juugin' and finessin', you know we love the green, baby
They know the Zoo in this bitch, ayy
Come thru, we shootin' this strip, ayy
Shit that we do to get rich, ayy
I can kill dudes really quick, ayy
Zoovier, I'm true to this shit, ayy
Alley and Oop in this bitch, ayy
And I'm makin' moves with the bricks, ayy
Catch 'em, we takin' it quick
Got a bad bitch with me right now, baby
Flickin' my wrist like an owl, baby
Throwin' these bands in the crowd, baby
Rari start up, hear the sound, baby
My engine a monster, it growl, baby
Roll up the Woods, smell the loud, baby
Zoovier known to turn up a crowd, baby
Your nigga is broke, he a clown, baby, wow

Look at the flicka da wrist
Get me the prettiest bitch
Boosie, look at all that gold shit

I need them 40s with dicks
Catchin' plays, the streets talk about my hundred goons
Got outta jail, came home, my house a hundred rooms
Bitch I OG, I'm a street nigga
Mayweather, man I can't be beat, nigga
Look how my colors, they bling
I look like an African king
I know, I know, I know 'bout that hate
I come up in them bricks
Stoppin' the flick of my wrist
I'll make a nigga bust your shit
I'll take your girl from you
Sex her good, take her shoppin'
Treat her good, make her let me fuck her partner
Look how they kissin' that dick
Clear window, I'm a fish in the whip
I made some change though, work the stove like a pimp
Work his main hoe, Boosie Badazz

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I woke up feelin' like I was Sosa
Don't fuck with me, hopped out that Ghost into that Rover
I've been in the kitchen whippin' ovals
I can cut the dope with the soda
I can get a hit, Sammy Sosa
Look at the flicka da wrist
Look at the ice in my Rollie
Look at the kick of the AK
I shoot that shit off my shoulder
Banana clip look like a boomerang
I sell that dope to consumers, mane
Real street nigga, that ain't a rumor, mane
I went to sleep feelin' like a million bucks
These naggin' ass bitches tryna wake me up
And we choppin' shit and they never ride
My flicka da wrist got her on the side

I got a Ferragamo, Balenciaga fetish
Way I tote the 40, boy you'd swear I wouldn't feel it
In V LIVE, fresh pair of Margielas
Fresh pair of Margielas
Ask me where I've been, told 'em, "Bitch on I-10"
Percocet, I beat her end, in the hood I make Ms
Dida frames on my face, I'm duckin' the case
Cake, cake, cake, cake in the microwave
Catchin' plays, you know the shit shit
Hundred dollar chain, million dollar wrist
Aye G where you've been? Doin' the same shit
Pussy can't mention dope if I ain't in the mix

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