

Flick Da Wrist

DaBaby

You already know
You already know
Aesthetic on the track, boy

Sweet baby Jesus
Check out the flick of my wrist
Pull up in my whip with a bitch who don't ask me for shit
Yeah, that's how I like 'em, a bitch with a check more excitin'
And she so conceited, she don't even speak
Try my luck for a week, ask her friend was she dykin'
She say more than likely, cool, 'cause I'm feelin' like Boosy
Just got a fresh cut, I can see that she choosin'
And I don't give a fuck, sleep on me and you're loosin'
Lay on my chest and I rub on your booty
Look me in my eyes and tell me I'm the cutest
But don't get it twisted
I forgot to mention the pistol right next to me, bitch, I'm a shooter
Shit, ay, we gon' stay away from all that, though, that shit gettin' lame out here, let's go
Bitch, I'm from Charlotte, don't know how to act
A lot of these artists don't know how to rap
Watch me put on, take the throne for my city
I got your bitch out that thong on a Wednesday
We hit the diner right after the club
When she see me, act like nothing happened in public
Forever I'm secret, I never discuss it
He got that iron, that boy swear he be clutchin'
I look in his eyes, I can tell he won't bust it
You know most of these niggas be fake as a bitch
Never told on a soul, can't relate to a snitch
And therefore we are not the same
Your mama and daddy ought to be ashamed
Should've used a rubber, gave birth to a lame
My sneakers the coldest, the way I was raised
Pull up on 'em hoes rocking gold, switchin' lanes
I'm sorry but I'm way too gifted for niggas
Persistence, I'm way too consistent on niggas
City full of dogs, I'm the pick of the litter
Fuck the fame, the fame don't mean shit to me, nigga
One of my freaks woke me up out my sleep and start asking about who I been fucking
I told her she wasn't my bitch so don't bother me, sorry, that matter's not up for discussion
I got that cash on me like it's Monopoly, look at my pockets, nigga, them shits bustin'
Nigga used to be my nigga but fuck him
Baby Jesus can't break bread with a buster
Love the way that she give head but don't trust me
She make me feel like I could walk on water
She call me papi but she not my daughter
She fuck with Baby Jesus 'cause I'm not normal
I was at South by Southwest out in Texas
Performin' walkin' through the crowd like a veteran
All thanks to Dinero, salute to my nigga, he gave me the platform, I had to deliver
At the last minute hopped on the plane with 2,000 CDs, ended up on a stage
Selling shows in three days, man fuck all that playin', they gon' know about

Jesus
Fuck a hater, go ask your ho about Jesus
Bet she gon' keep it in the low about Jesus
But I'll dap you like your ho not a cheater
I-85, .45 with four pounds of reefer
Exceeding the speed limit
Increasing volume on my Runner speakers
Bumping that new Baby Jesus
My vocab astonishing, manipulation of wordly is bandishly lethal
How they gon' hang with Lil' Jesus?

Look at the flick of my wrist
Woo, hold up, look at that bitch, shit, I'm with it
Baby Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus
Fucked up, I done invested in myself
Got the Yo in the crib, it's over
You already know it
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus
You already know it