

# 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 ou  
t 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 f  
ucking  
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 sh  
its 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