

Wrist

Logic

Yeah I've been killin' this shit
Yeah I've been hard in the paint, not a single assist
Yeah I've been flickin' that wrist
Yeah I've been cookin' that shit, now they fuckin' with this
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Yeah I've been flickin' that wrist
Yeah I've been cookin' that shit, now they fuckin' with this
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Let me tell you 'bout the young man
Matter of fact, I'm a let Push tell that
Tell you 'bout the old man
Had a change of heart and then fell back
Old man lived a long life
Walked around with a long knife
You ain't cut the white like Jesus
That Colombiana, that's me and models like (YUGH)
Look at the flick of that wrist
I'm feelin' like Leonardo
Let me paint a picture, I might need a bottle
On the road to success like I feel the throttle
That Michelangelo, hundreds in the envelope
Tight shit when I write shit
And that old man had a change of heart
Wish, they knew it back from the start like goddamn
Looked around, seen his wife on the ground
Military bussin' bullets all over the whole compound
Soon as he seen it, I swear it, I mean it, my members go quicker than vamono
s
He dead, she dead, he in jail
Everyone fallin' like dominoes

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Simple Logic
Clockwise, counterclockwise
Realest nigga in the top five
Other four ain't rap niggas
I'm just reppin' for the blow side
Yeah, that's coastlines
Panama for the boat rides
Worth billions, and we ain't even need Showtime
Just money counters and kitchen wear
Condo with a bitch in there
Two scales and baggies, we got rich in there, woo!
The Rollie's been the trophy
Since Hawaiian Sophie
Curry over Kobe, we shootin' niggas
Splash brothers with the coke
Add in baking soda
Goodfellas to my niggas
Yeah! Already owed us
Shades of blue, I aim at you
Let the sky fall, let it rain on you

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