

# Wrist Watch / Prayed For This

Nines

Kush gang, bitch  
(Karlos got that juice)

Tick, tock, gonna ... them niggas on that bridge, block  
I just spent a hundred on my wrist, watch  
Walkin 'round detentions in my flip-flops  
(Zino Records)

Tick tock, this is trap music, this ain't hip-hop  
Man ain't fist-fighting, man would lick shots  
Millionaire, still got the strip locked  
Look (Hahahaha)

Uh

I was- I was dreamin' 'bout this wealth, even when I'm with them shooters  
Got the nina by my belt, I'on need no one for help  
I'm 'bout to bring the whole block out to Hollywood with me  
Have all them opps beefing with theirself, uh  
They wanna chat, but I got no time  
You wanna talk buisness with me, Lizzie gotta give that shit the co-sign  
I- I just landed these pounds, I'm enjoying  
Fuck cuddling my chick in the house, that's annoying, ah  
(I'm Boston Geo-) I'm Boston George in my city  
I was- I was milly-rockin' in a Richard Milly  
If it ain't zushi, then I order runtz  
Bitches always fall in love, I can't fuck them more than once  
(Still-still) Still makin' bud fly, burner on me  
Cah I'll make their mum cry before their mum cries  
It's Nina with the nina, fam, you know who I be  
I'm in the club with no ID, it's Nines

Tick, tock, gonna ... them niggas on that bridge, block  
I just spent a hundred on my wrist, watch  
Walkin 'round detentions in my flip flops

(Ay, Mr Lee!)

(So-so) Sold out tour, I swear I prayed for this  
Back when I was doin' tours, fam, I prayed for this sh-  
(When I) When I was selling drawers, fam, I prayed for this  
Now I ain't gotta take a risk, cah I made it

Uh

Another sum, I'm just grateful  
I'm just tryna get this money and stay faithful  
I miss my nigga Jaz, we ain't spoke in months  
Used to pay a guy a G a week to roll my blunts, uh  
Wouldn't believe what I made off of weed  
And if the trap was a sport, I'd be the face of the league  
When jail, fam, we had the wing shutdown  
I was bringing KFC buckets, and I did a wing shutdown, uh  
I was stuck in a cold cell, like  
I used to live in the W Hotel  
I ain't rich yet, but I'm on the verge  
Snuck in bitches, come home, they be chillin' with my concierge  
Legends never die, like propellers, fam I'm fly  
It was shillings in the buy, playing tennis in the sky  
We get Calis from the coast

And all these niggas with football pendants  
Next time, tag me in your posts, it's Nines

(So-so) Sold out tour, I swear I prayed for this  
Back when I was doin' tours, fam, I prayed for this sh-  
(When I) When I was selling drawers, fam, I prayed for this  
Now I ain't gotta take a risk, cah I made it, bitch

Money on the way, yeah I prayed for this  
They get nuttin' when they pray, man ah atheist  
Doin' great, cah we pray for it  
Take the food off my plate, man ah take a risk  
Let me do it two more times