

# Wrist Thunderstorm

## Quality Control

Ok, hey

Wrist thunderstorm, yeah  
Javi, don't wanna see prone  
I kick your bitch out the gang, she get hung (gang)  
Hold that shit down, she got dope in her thong (dope)  
Yeah, yeah, pull up too quick (yeah)  
Suicide door like I'm slitting my wrist (slit, wrist)  
Fuck off my name lil bitch (smash)  
Kill the pussy then bury the bitch (hey, hey)  
We fiend for the cash we get (cash)  
Kel-Tec, beam with a plastic clip (brrrt)  
Double my millions and flip  
Double my cup when I'm pourin' a fifth (mud)  
Dreams of counting a mil (dreams)  
When I had woke up I had 'em for real (for real)  
Fiends all up in my ear (fiends)  
Ask for the dope I ain't served in years (Offset)

Fashion, bitch I'm Mike Jackson (Mike)  
Patek, the diamonds do backflips (woo)  
Spike, the Louboutins cactus (spike)  
Fishtail the coupe with no traction (skrt)  
Takin' your bitch, I kidnap shit (c'mon)  
Whack shit, clap shit, tactics (whack)  
Private the plane, up my status (private)  
It's only a quarter in the mattress (quarter)  
Speed racing (speed)  
Bentley big B from the basement (Big B)  
Hide and go seek with the K (hide and seek)  
Put the fire in your mouth, you can face it (fire)  
Nigga quit leasing the Wraith (lease)  
Feel it numb my teeth with the glacier (hah)  
Whole forty-three on a bracelet (bracelet)  
Know I'm in the streets drip naked (hah)  
Survived, just look in my eyes (eyes)  
V12, back seat the massage (12)  
We deep the game like a try  
Fuckin' your bitch in my eye (smash)  
Squeeze the lemon, it's out (squeeze)  
Smellin' like pile of flowers (oh)  
Taste it, now it's devoured (ah)  
Leave your ass stank like a coward (stank)

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I know some niggas that's servin' some years  
Got so much ice on my neck give me chills  
My bitch is so bad she don't look like she real  
You sip out the bottle, I'm poppin' the seal  
We pull out in foreigners, the engine the rear  
I put a whole brick of ice in my ear  
Smokin' on loud, I can't even hear  
We shoot up the crowd, this shit can get serious  
I work a move, I put it in plastic  
I work the Uzi movin' through traffic  
I got a bank account inside the mattress  
We do not think it out, we gon' and smash it  
Young nigga still sellin' work, trap out the church  
When we hit the trap it's bag alert  
I can't even get in the door first  
Pick up the bitch with a chauffer  
Light up my wrist like the first  
Diamonds water, you could surf  
Groupie bitches get the curve  
Killing shit, I'm on a purge  
Pockets filled up like it's Sherman  
Spending more than what you earning  
Wrist on Hurricane Irma

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