

Broke Wrist

T-Wayne

Young nigga smooth with the wrist [x12]

Wrist game, Wrist game
Young nigga in the kitchen made a mill with the wrist game
Fucking your bitch in that matte black
Bring it back
Taught her how to whip it in the kitchen
Made a come back
I was countin' up racks when they was sleepin' on me
Bankroll too big, can't put a rubber band on it
I could whip it with a motherfucking broke wrist
Had to come up to the plug for the whole brick
Young nigga smooth with the pot
I don't wanna fuck
Give me top
I got 22 pigeons in the drop
I don't fuck with nobody cause I'm hot
Think I'm playing?, you must be crazy
In the living room tryna whip a baby
Thank the lord that I made it cause they hate me
Overseas
Taking trips out to Haiti
They know I'm rich, but a nigga still trappin'
We did it once, now the whole world dabbin'
Diamonds on froze, like the South Pole
Gas bag
Gas bag
Elbow
I know they watching, so I'm trappin' smarter
Tryna break the pot
I whip it harder

Gotta make love to the pot
Love to the pot
Gotta make love to the pot
Love to the pot
When you scrape the pot
Better not miss a spot
Boy you missed a spot
Now you owe me guap
Made a lot of guap
Off my fucking wrist
I done took some risks
That made a nigga rich
Shout out my brother Rich
Shout out my brother Flip
My blood brother, man, man
Savage, he gon' trip
Oh Lord, not again
Oh Lord, not again
I think I hurt my hand, man
I think I broke my wrist
Wrist, Wrist, Wrist
Man, fuck that bitch
This some real shit
Yeah, I really whipped a brick

I don't get the gist
I don't get the gist
I really did this shit
It really don't make no sense
You ain't making sense
You ain't making sense
Get up out my phone
I'm finna go fuck my dick