

# 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