

Migos, Wrist Game

Aye yo' name must be Ray Allen or somethin'
You got game nigga
Fuck yo' game; I got wrist game

I just bought a Bentley wit' my wrist game
Earn my plug trust wit' my wrist game
Fuck a calculator, I got wrist game
Built a house wit' cocaine wit' my wrist game

Built a house wit' cocaina I'm livin' like a eskimo
Pull up on Tito, he posted at the local corner store
He need a half a bag, remixin' wit' half a swag
Don't hit my phone, won't talk to you, no need to call me back
Whip game, hurricane, feelin' like Bruce Wayne
Ice chain from Johnny Dang, diamonds kickin' like Liu Kang
Naked bitches in the kitchen sniffin' off of dishes
Got them Thanksgiving turkeys, Quavo sellin' whole chickens
Servin' patients like a clinic, runnin' bands up at Lenox
Quavo President Clinton, selling Monica Lewinsky
I might pull up on you wit' the birds in that 'Rari engine
When them plays come my way, I might catch it like a mitten

When you got wrist game you can get anything
Gold chains, bought my index a Versace ring
So much coke in my trap spot, the pot's hot
Money jumpin' out my shoe box like Jack Box
Bitches whippin' in the kitchen, bra and panties off
Never think 'bout juugin' cause they know I cut they fingers off
Catch me in Bahamas in Versace sandals
Takeoff got that A-1 dope whip game, Mrs. Campbells
(Flats) in my panorama, watch me change the channels
All these damn babies, use saran for the pampers
Change my name to Tetris cause I got so many blocks
In the trunk I got two blocks I might just pull up on yo' block

My whip game it is so crazy get them bricks from them boys in Haiti
Cocaine and water create it, in the kitchen I'm making them babies
Yo' closet filled wit' Old Navy, my closet filled wit' old babies
I'm whippin', I'm whippin' them pots in the kitchen, you know I be gettin' I'm flippin' them benjis
Run wit' the pack then I'm cuttin' yo' throat, before I buy coke, I gotta get quote
Breads by the loads, bring 'em on boats, I fly overseas I'm doin' the most
No lie, I will take a o, finesse the plug, it's time for a toast
I started wit' 'bows and started wit' grams and now I'm sellin' them wholes
I feel like John Gotti, them bricks in my Masi
Let's have a trap party, I'm bringin' iCarly
They think that I'm surfen', my dope is so gnarly
Lil' Daryll whip, my dope is retarded
The feds keep talkin', they say I'm a target
I'm slam dunkin' bricks they call me Amar'e
You know I got bucks but not from Milwaukee
It's never a drought, it's bricks on the market