

Baauer, Kung Fu (ft. Pusha T, Future)

Hey and about that boy they about to doubt her day
Over that girl they about to doubt it
That we fuck her 'til it's good good
I got my customers in the hood hood
I got my customers in the hood hood

The dope game is my sport
Welcome to the wild world of snort
They quoting 36 a kilo
Nah, they wasn't 36 me though
Niggas pushing thirty with thirty thousand tweets
Without thirty thousand dollars, don't even deserve to speak, nigga
Counterclockwise my wrist go
Counterclockwise my wrist go

They know I got that wrist craft covered
I had a ballerina standing on her tippy toes
And when I cut my dope I'm standing on my tippy toes
Better put that work inside the pot
Cook, cook, cook, whip it up
Whip it up, whip it up
Whip it up, whip it up
Whip it up, whip it up
Whip it up, whip it, whip it

It all started from my wrist
Woo, I kept it snowing through the blitz, God
Cross promoting in the fashion world
Shit I got Adidas selling bricks
Rolled to the wrist flow, poppin' like Crisco
We was buying Macklemore, cooked it in the Klitschko
Counterclockwise my wrist go
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