

# 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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