

# Gucci Mane, Work Ya Wrist Feat. Yo Gotti

(Chorus)

The difference between a pimp and a skreet nigga dawg  
Is a pimp nigga work his beitch  
I travel with the trap, I pimp with the track  
But a street nigga works his wrist  
(4x)  
Work ya wrist then, well work ya wrist then

I get my wrist game on cause my wrist game strong  
And my wrist flexible like I broke my wrist bone  
I got muscles in my wrist, cause the 4 touched the pad  
I can't count every play I use different rubber bands  
Red means 30 stacks blue means 10 packs  
When I say Imma skreet nigga bitch I mean that  
Hold up, Hold up, this shit won't cake up  
80 thousand dollar profits so I bought a jake up  
Yeeaahhh, yeah that's my favorite word  
Hit a plug with the herb and connected with the bird  
He hurt he know homey where ya been dog?  
Ain't no sense in callin' Gucci less yer buying 10 dog  
I crossed 10 state lines just to bring the pack here  
Go'n figure ya W-2s out cause I'm taxin'  
I'll pay for that ass I ain't never been a mack  
Let yer front be a pack, I'll bring that money back

Gotta stay fresh, all white tee  
Dark Gucci loaks for the boy can't see  
Triple beam scales, 5 for the pound, 12 for the Q-P, it's goin down  
Yeeahh, and I'm sick wit it I got major cake  
And I blow 50 Gs on a rainy day

I got hard white, I'm with Gucci Mane  
We f\*\*kin 50 hoes cause they some Gucci fans  
There's a stack dirty, there's a plaque dirty  
His jeans cut and his slacks dirty  
Blowin bubble gum, we gettin blew down  
Like it's Mardi Gras, we got the top down  
Imma chef too, name Dough Boy  
Call me Boston, Georgia, or just blow boy  
F\*\*ked a bitch who's gettin stacked  
Keep it moving less yer movin' this pack

Whatcha say Gucci?  
I was thinking out loud  
Bout what?  
Sellin whole better break the shit down  
Sackin Gary Payton I was gonna buy T-O  
Sat 24, a whole, 80 country "Whoa-flow"  
I got 30 bricks sold add 60 mounds of gold  
Im the same way in case yer baby mobile wanna snow  
D-boy swag mane, shawty that's what I got  
Got that lump bora-yay mane it's jumpin out the pot  
You be down motherf\*\*ker cause you know I'm too hot  
sick wrist game dawg I ain't talkin bout my watch  
I'm the same right bear but you can't afford to play  
You can call me frigidaire because I pack a lotta ice  
You can spin the world like the Earth on it's axis  
I'm gainin' wait dawg just like a fat bitch  
Gotta mean with some pea, wanna learn just watch  
Nigga, red stop sign nigga roll kush stop