

Rich The Kid, Wrist Gone Crazy

Hold up, stop, grab another pot
Whip it, re-rock, cause my wrist gone crazy
Hold up, stop, get another pot
Whip it, re-rock, cause my wrist gone crazy

Baking soda beats, chickens Imma cook a feast
In the trap nigga everybody finna eat
I got a band, Molly Santan, wrapping the work in saran
Plenty of dope, moving the coke, I live in a boat
And my plug he want 5 just like John Papi
Imma juug him for the rest, bitch you can't stop me
Cooking up like 6 bricks, in the trap with my new bitch
Diamonds dancing, my new wrist, stay in the kitchen, I water whip
All she do is complain, I don't know her name
Bando, I got white and the Mary Jane
Get you gone, back than I was starving
Run up on my niggas, Imma hit you with that carbon
[?] with the Glock, hugging the block, I got the dope in my sock
Cook with the pot, kitchen is hot, whipping the rock
I'm from [?], chopper get to spitting
Houdini, the brick is missing

Rocks in my watch thick, I ain't talking Nicki
Got my pockets on swole, we ain't talking Biggie
The fuck you saying, niggas got plenty of grams
You'd be like oh damn, you don't understand
I was chilling on the block with my boy Rowdy
Ain't seen that boy Bobby, he just caught a body
Migo gang swerving in lanes, too many chains
Got shooters, they aim at your brain, this ain't a game
If you talking bout my money that's a whole lot
In the kitchen Imma whip it with an old pot
Some niggas they'd rather be famous
I got the crack like 80's, young nigga with whole lot of babies