

# Wrist (feat. Pusha T)

## Logic

Yeah I've been killin' this shit  
Yeah I've been hard in the paint, not a single assist  
Yeah I've been flickin' that wrist  
Yeah I've been cookin' that shit, now they fuckin' with this  
Yeah I've been killin' this shit  
Yeah I've been hard in the paint, not a single assist  
Yeah I've been flickin' that wrist  
Yeah I've been cookin' that shit, now they fuckin' with this  
Yeah I've been, yeah I've been killin' this, killin' this shit  
Yeah I've been flickin' that, flickin' that wrist  
Yeah I've been killin' this, cookin' that  
Killin' this, flickin' that wrist  
Yeah I've killin' this shit  
Yeah I've hard in the paint, not a single assist  
Yeah I've flickin' that wrist  
Flickin' that, feelin', flickin' that wrist  
Let me tell you 'bout the young man  
Matter of fact, I'ma let Push tell that  
Tell you 'bout the old man  
Had a change of heart and then fell back  
Old man lived a long life  
Walked around with a long knife  
You ain't cut the white like Jesus  
That Colombiana, that's me and models like(YUGH)Look at the flick of that wrist  
I'm feelin' like Leonardo  
Let me paint a picture, I might need a bottle  
On the road to success like I feel the throttle  
That Michaelangelo, hundreds in the envelope  
Tight shit when I write shit  
And that old man had a change of heart  
Wrist, they knew it back from the start like goddamn  
Looked around, seen his wife on the ground  
Military bussin' bullets all over the whole compound  
Soon as he seen it, I swear it, I mean it, my members go quicker than vamonos  
He dead, she dead, he in jail  
Everyone fallin' like dominoes Yeah I've been killin' this shit  
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Yeah I've been killin' this shit  
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Yeah I've been cookin' that shit, now they fuckin' with this  
 Yeah I've been, yeah I've been killin' this, killin' this shit  
 Yeah I've been flickin' that, flickin' that wrist  
 Yeah I've been killin' this, cookin' that Killin' this, flickin' that wrist  
 Yeah I've killin' this shit  
 Yeah I've hard in the paint, not a single assist  
 Yeah I've flickin' that wrist  
 Flickin' that, feelin', flickin' that wrist Simple Logic Clockwise, counterclockwise  
 Realest nigga in the top five  
 Other four ain't rap niggas  
 I'm just reppin' for the blow side  
 Yeah, that's coastlines  
 Panama for the boat rides  
 Worth billions, and we ain't even need Showtime  
 Just money counters and kitchenware  
 Condo with a bitch in there  
 Two scales and baggies, we got rich in there  
 Woo!  
 The Rollie's been the trophy Since Hawaiian Sophie  
 Curry over Kobe, we shootin' niggas  
 Splash brothers with the coca  
 Add in baking soda  
 Goodfellas to my niggas  
 (Yeah) already owed us  
 Shades of blue, I aim at you  
 Let the sky fall, let it rain on you Yeah I've been killin' this shit  
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 Yeah I've been flickin' that wrist  
 Yeah I've been cookin' that shit, now they fuckin' with this  
 Yeah I've been killin' this shit  
 Yeah I've been hard in the paint, not a single assist  
 Yeah I've been flickin' that wrist  
 Yeah I've been cookin' that shit, now they fuckin' with this  
 Yeah I've been, yeah I've been killin' this, killin' this shit  
 Yeah I've been flickin' that, flickin' that wrist  
 Yeah I've been killin' this, cookin' that  
 Killin' this, flickin' that wrist  
 Yeah I've killin' this shit  
 Yeah I've hard in the paint, not a single assist  
 Yeah I've flickin' that wrist  
 Flickin' that, feelin', flickin' that wrist  
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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