

# 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