

# Wrist

## 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  
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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  
Killin' this, cookin' that shitLet me tell you 'bout a young man  
Matter of fact, I'mma let Push tell that  
Tell you 'bout a 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 dominoesYeah I've been killin' this shit  
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Yeah I've killin' this shit  
Yeah I've hard in the paint, not a single assist  
Yeah I've flickin' that wrist  
Killin' this, cookin' that shitSimple 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

Songwriters

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