

Wrist Stay Rocky

Twista

N-n-nonstop

My wrist and my wrist and my wrist and my wrist And my wrist stay Rocky like Sly Stallone

And my wrist stay Rocky like Sly Stallone

And, and my wrist stay Rocky like Sly Stallone

And my wrist stay Rocky like Sly Stallone I keep two toned stones sittin' in my low

Keep two toned stones sittin' in my low

Keep two toned stone, two, two toned stone

Keep two toned stones sittin' in my low and my People they ask me, "Twista, how you keep yo' style young?"

Rocks on my wrist make me feel like the Italian Stallion

I don't do much but every piece cost at least five digits

Just use it as inspiration and say, "He got it so I gotta get it" If a heffer got a fatty then I gotta hit it

If it's princess cut then I gotta get it

Handcuffs on the wrists, ain't nobody out here fuckin' with Twist'

I be flowin' so you gotta feel it But let me slow it back up

So you can hear what I'm spittin'

They call me Cocky Balboa

I'm Rocky, come and look at how I glisten Even without it my aura make me get my shine on

It's just a reward to myself for gettin' my grind on

Got different rocks in the Jacob for every time zone

In the club boxin' with boulders call me Sly Stone Wrist stay Rocky like Sly Stallone

And my wrist stay Rocky like Sly Stallone

And, and my wrist stay Rocky, wrist, wrist stay Rocky

And my wrist stay Rocky like Sly Stallone I keep two toned stones, two, two toned stone

Keep two toned stones sittin' in my low

Keep two toned stone, two, two toned stone

Keep two toned stones sittin' in my low and my People tell me, "Twista we love you but why you act so cocky?"

My swagger up in these stones got me feelin' like Rocky

When I pull up to the party in the all white Maserati

It feels so good when I know

That I got 'em diamonds that'll fuck up everybody's Don't hate 'cause I got that there, don't trip on how I do it
dude

Different color rocks on every side of the Rubik's Cube

My jewelry's screamin' loud, so I stay cool and mellow

How many colors you got in that watch?

Black and white and blue and yellow Hundred karats on the iPod, hundred karats on the Gucci link

In the club talkin' shit like I don't know that my dookie stink

White tee or the fuchsia mink, dependin' on the weather

You wanna take it or compete with me

Then we can do whatever 'cause my Wrist stay Rocky like Sly Stallone

And my wrist stay Rocky like Sly Stallone
And, and my wrist stay Rocky, wrist, wrist stay Rocky
And my wrist stay Rocky like Sly Stallone I keep two toned stones, two, two toned stone
Keep two toned stones sittin' in my low
Keep two toned stone, two, two toned stone
Keep two toned stones sittin' in my low and my V.I.P., colorful diamonds and a gold chain
It's a motherfuckin' shame how my earlobes hang
From them knockers and a bracelet
On my wrist flick, flick, flick, flick, flick Watch so cold, they say they lookin' at the time
On the wrist tick, tick, tick, tick, tick
It's the reason I could pull up on a thick chick
So fine and her ass so thick thick I told her, "Let me be your manager
On the red carpet while the camera flick, flick, flick
I could put some diamonds on them arms and have you lookin' better"
She looked at me like Elena, pulled her sleeves back and said her Wrist stay Rocky like Sly Stallone
And my wrist stay Rocky like Sly Stallone
And, and my wrist stay Rocky, wrist, wrist stay Rocky
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