

# Whippin My Wrist (GANGSIGNS Bootleg)

## Soulja Boy

[Intro:]

You gotta chase your teams man  
I'm above the clouds on a private jet  
I got all this designer on me (?) [Hook:]  
Whippin' my wrist, whippin' my wrist  
Whippin' my wrist, whippin' my wrist  
Whippin' my wrist, whippin' my wrist  
Got all these bricks, get it I'm stackin', I'm packin'

Lil Soulja's too rich

Whippin' my wrist, whippin' my wrist  
Whippin' my wrist, whippin' my wrist  
Whippin' my wrist, whippin' my wrist  
To get all these bricks, stack it and flip

Lil Soulja too rich [Verse 1:]

I'm makin' it rain, yeah I changed the weather  
I break it down, put it right back together  
Got Louie, Gucci, it's all on my sweater  
My niggas winnin' we don't see no contenders  
My niggas go hard, my niggas stack millis  
I'm swervin', ridin' and I'm drivin' in Bentleys  
I'm over in Illi, I'm rockin' it silly  
I'm rockin' Fendi and she lookin' like "really?"  
Benjis on Benjis while swervin' in Bentleys  
We watchin' for the cops, niggas be snitchin'  
Got millis on millis, you niggas be silly  
We stack it, pack it, stack it up to the ceilin'

I wrap it, package, then I ship it

All of my niggas we get it

All of my niggas we kill it

Catch the case then (?)

Niggas get acquitted, got money cause we got no limits

I'm trappin' and cappin', had to make it happen

All of my niggas we swervin' in Phantoms

My diamonds dancin' just like Tony Montana

I take a trip from Brazil to Atlanta

I come out the water, got bricks like the (?)

They comin' in, nigga tell me your order

My niggas get money, I swerve in a foreign

And the coupes with the paint and the spoiler

Valet park that Bugatti, I'm winnin'  
My niggas stackin', they got millis on millis  
I'm runnin' bands, I'm the man in my city  
I'm gettin' money, niggas hatin' like really  
I'm gettin' money, niggas ain't fuckin' with me  
I'm gettin' mili, I got mili on mili  
I stack it, pack it up to the ceilin'  
I'm gettin' money, niggas know that I'm killin'  
A mili, a mili, I did it, I did it  
My niggas stackin', ya my niggas they with it  
We stackin' money, we got milis on milis  
We swervin', ridin', and we drivin' in Bentleys  
My niggas talk and ya my niggas get it  
All of you niggas you gotta get it  
All of my niggas we got to get it  
Used to trap out the bank with 20 pounds of midgets  
20 pounds of midget, that's what I'm trappin'  
No cappin' had to make my momma happy  
I got Louie, Gucci, now they look at me funny  
They say Soulja Boy you get all of this money  
Them niggas hated cause I'm hot as the sun  
Soulja strapped with the automatic gun  
Fuckin' the 100s, I don't do the ones  
Breakin' bricks down to cookies and crumbs[Hook:]  
[Outro:]  
I'm the one that they see up  
Ice all over me, yup  
Hit the bank with some freeze up  
You might see me on your street, yup  
In the club and the VIP, yup  
What you talkin' bout nigga?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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