

Work Ya Wrist

Gucci Mane

(Chorus)

The difference between a pimp and a street nigga dog
Is a pimp nigga work his bitch
A trapper work the trap, a pimp work the track
But a street nigga works his wrist

(4x)

Work ya wrist then, well work ya wrist then I get my wrist game on cause my wrist game strong

And my wrist flexible like I broke my wrist bone
I got muscles in my wrist, cause the 4 touched the pad
I can't count every play I use different rubber bands
Red means 30 stacks blue means 10 packs
When I say Imma skreet nigga bitch I mean that
Hold up, Hold up, this shit won't cake up
80 thousand dollar profits so I bought a Jacob
Yeeaahhh, yeah that's my favorite word
Hit a plug with the herb and connected with the bird
He hurt he know homey where ya been dog?
Ain't no sense in callin' Gucci less yer buying 10 dog
I crossed 10 state lines just to bring the pack here
Go'n fill ya W-2s out cause I'm taxin'
I'll pay for that ass I ain't never been a mack
But ya front me a pack, I'll bring that money back Gotta stay fresh, all white tee
dark Gucci lokez so the boy can't see
Triple beam scales, 5 for the pound, 12 for the Q-P, it's goin down
Yeeahh, and I'm sick wit it I got major cake
And I blow 50 Gs on a rainy day
I got hard white, I'm with Gucci Mane
We fuckin 50 hoes cause they some Gucci fans
There's a stack dirty, there's a plaque dirty
His jeans cut and his slacks dirty
Blowin bubble gum, we gettin blew down
Like it's Mardi Gras, we got the top down
Imma chef too, name Dough Boy
Call me Boston, Georgia, or just blow boy
Fucked a bitch who's gettin stacked
Keep it moving less you movin' this pack Whatcha say Gucci?
I was thinking out loud
Bout what?
Sellin whole better break the shit down

Sackin Gary Payton I was gonna buy T-O
Sat 24, a whole, 80 country "Whoa-flow"
I got 30 bricks sold add 60 mounds of gold
Im the same way in case yer baby mobile wanna snow
D-boy swag mane, shawty that's what I got
Got that Larry Bird yay, and it's jumpin out the pot
You be down motherfucker cause you know I'm too hot
sick wrist game dawg I ain't talkin bout my watch
want a chain like mine, but ya cant afford the price
You can call me frigidaire because I pack a lotta ice
You can spin the world like the Earth on it's axis
I'm gainin' wait dawg just like a fat bitch
Gotta mean with some pea, wanna learn just watch
Nigga, red stop sign nigga roll kush stop

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>