

# Look At Wrist (feat. Ilovemakonnen & Key)

## Father

Yeah, yeah, yeah look at god!

Yeah, yeah, yeah look at god!

Yeah, yeah, yeah look at god!

(wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist)

Said she didn't wanna keep it

Look at God!

Guess that will be our little secret...

Hold that down (hold that back) (x4)

Pack after pack all summer

Gas guzzler I remind her of her hummer

She remind me of Corolla

Hot boxing in the middle of August windows rolled up

Wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist

I want my wrists so cold pneumonia in my fist

Wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist

Never had to whip a brick but I get the gist

Wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist

Wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist

Wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist

I want my wrists so cold pneumonia in my fist

My wrists done turned so cold

My arm got runny nose

I flip it for the high and get it for the low

I'm booked for all these shows

I cook for all these hoes

We turned a neighborhood kitchen into a 5 star stove

Super chef Makonnen might sprinkle serotonin

Be careful when you rolling because my wrist so goddamn potent

Oh bitch is you snoring?

Will wake up in the morning

Because wrist game stupid

And the wrist be going like

Ok, I hurt my fucking wrist tryna jizz on your bitch

I hurt my fucking wrist doing donuts in the six

Hey wrist, wrist, wrist man I hurt my fucking wrist

Pulling risk, man you wouldn't understand about this shit

If I catch a opp  
I'mma catch a opp  
It ain't shit  
I ain't from the Chi, this Atlantastan  
Boy that's it  
Man I'm outside  
Man I'm outside  
With my old ass  
Shit look sad  
Man pull up, your fucking pants  
Wrist, wrist, wrist, wrist  
Boy like im hooping hey  
Wrist, wrist wrist  
Catch your girl if you're losing hey  
Wrist, wrist, wrist  
All my niggas ready for jail  
Wrist, wrist, wrist  
But none of us is going to hell  
Repent!

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