

Kung Fu

Baauer

Hey and 'bout that boy they 'bout to die today
Over that girl they 'bout to die today
We fuck her 'til it's good good
I got my customers in the hood hood
I got my customers in the hood hood

The dope game is my sport
Welcome to the wide world of snort
They quoting thirty-six a kilo
Nah, they wasn't 36'ing me though
Niggas pushing thirty with thirty thousand tweets
Without 30,000 dollars, don't even deserve to speak, nigga
Counter-clockwise my wrist go
Counter-clockwise my wrist go

They know I got that wrist craft poppin
I had a ballerina standing on her tippy toes
And when I cut my dope, I was standing on my tippy toes
Better put that work inside the pot
Cook, cook, cook, whip it up
Whip it up, whip it up
Whip it up, whip it up
Whip it up, whip it up
Whip it up, whip it, whip it

It all started from my wrist
Woo, I kept it snowing through the blitz
God, cross promoting in the fashion world
Shit, I got Adidas selling bricks
Rolled to the wrist flow, poppin' like Crisco
We was buying Macklemore, cooked it into Klitschko
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