

My Wrist

Fredo Santana

I whipped a whole brick, thank God for my wrist
I can fuck your bitch, thank God for my wrist
Man this money ain't shit, thank God for my wrist
, thank God for my wrist
Thank God for my wrist, thank God for my wrist
Thank God for my wrist, thank God for my wrist
Thank God for my wrist, thank God for my wrist
Thank God for my wrist

Just give me two bricks I'll turn them into six
Got a couple bitches and they watch me water whip
Send them killers to your script, I shot up your crib
Shout out to know he got me a thirty clip
Smoking loud so strong you can smell it through your ear
The way I whip this dope thank God for my wrist
The way she suck my dick thank God for her lips
Damn, thank God for this bitch
Couple chickens in my backpack thank God for these bricks
Couple shootouts let it blow thank God for my wrist
Middle fingers to the industry I'm just trying to get my M's
Feeling like Drake I don't need no new friends
(I still ride with my day one niggas I don't really need
No new friends, no new friends, no new friends, no no new)

Thank God for my wrist
Said I don't need a bitch but thank God for a bitch
Came up selling weed stopped fucking with the D
Thank God that I switched
Got me running through the cuts, got me jumping over stuff
Thank God for the fifths
Thank God for the trap house and when it's coming to these extr
as
Thank God for my wrist
Catch me cooking up a brick or catch a charge for this shit
And my kind of empty just a in that bitch
Pot on the stove put your arm in that shit
And good with my hands but thank God for my wrist