

# Kung Fu (feat. Pusha T & Future)

## Baauer

Hey and 'bout that boy they 'bout to doubt her day  
Over that girl they about to doubt it  
That 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 wild 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 thirty thousand 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 covered  
I had a ballerina standing on her tippy toes  
And when I cut my dope I'm 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 in the Klitschko  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>