

## Twista "Wrist Stay Rocky"

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N-n-nonstop

My wrist and my wrist and my wrist and my wrist

And my wrist stay Rocky like Sly Stallone  
And my wrist stay Rocky like Sly Stallone  
And, and my wrist stay Rocky like Sly Stallone  
And my wrist stay Rocky like Sly Stallone

I keep two toned stones sittin' in my low  
Keep two toned stones sittin' in my low  
Keep two toned stone, two, two toned stone  
Keep two toned stones sittin' in my low and my

People they ask me, "Twista, how you keep yo' style young?"  
Rocks on my wrist make me feel like the Italian Stallion  
I don't do much but every piece cost at least five digits  
Just use it as inspiration and say, "He got it so I gotta get it"

If a heffer got a fatty then I gotta hit it  
If it's princess cut then I gotta get it  
Handcuffs on the wrists, ain't nobody out here fuckin' with Twist'  
I be flowin' so you gotta feel it

But let me slow it back up  
So you can hear what I'm spittin'  
They call me Cocky Balboa  
I'm Rocky, come and look at how I glisten

Even without it my aura make me get my shine on  
It's just a reward to myself for gettin' my grind on  
Got different rocks in the Jacob for every time zone  
In the club boxin' with boulders call me Sly Stone

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People tell me, "Twista we love you but why you act so  
cocky?"

My swagger up in these stones got me feelin' like  
Rocky

When I pull up to the party in the all white Maserati  
It feels so good when I know  
That I got 'em diamonds that'll fuck up everybody's

Don't hate 'cause I got that there, don't trip on how I do  
it dude

Different color rocks on every side of the Rubik's Cube  
My jewelry's screamin' loud, so I stay cool and mellow  
How many colors you got in that watch?  
Black and white and blue and yellow

Hundred karats on the iPod, hundred karats on the  
Gucci link

In the club talkin' shit like I don't know that my dookie  
stink

White tee or the fuchsia mink, dependin' on the  
weather

You wanna take it or compete with me  
Then we can do whatever 'cause my

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V.I.P., colorful diamonds and a gold chain  
It's a motherfuckin' shame how my earlobes hang  
From them knockers and a bracelet  
On my wrist flick, flick, flick, flick, flick

Watch so cold, they say they lookin' at the time  
On the wrist tick, tick, tick, tick, tick  
It's the reason I could pull up on a thick chick  
So fine and her ass so thick thick

I told her, "Let me be your manager  
On the red carpet while the camera flick, flick, flick  
I could put some diamonds on them arms and have

you lookin' better"

She looked at me like Elena, pulled her sleeves back  
and said her

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