

# Whip Creme

Blu

Uh, yeah, I bet a 10 say she like my style  
Hunnid she like the flow, money they go dummy  
Go dumber and wanna buy a boat  
My flow be like that 110, nothing running from end to end  
Again, again, black berry caddy with that vanilla trim  
Yellow bones miss that old me, yellow gold me  
I'm just a young, g on my own getting my OG on  
Oh we on? Niggas gon' get on and get ghost  
Me? nah I'm grown I'ma get on and get more  
f\*ck did you thought boy, I bought the shit, to floss the bitch, bitch  
If you lost, hop off my dick and get a starter kit, kid  
Parking boss, that cherry gloss from off the lips  
Onto the car my nigga get in and kiss the tint  
Tits tops off uh, model thoughts, bottle tops off  
Popping hollows at your hollow thoughts, south boss  
Back to south park, pimp shit, don't be sipping in my car  
Save that whip creme for the supreme, we go hard

No question who you riding with  
She said I get it wetter than Poseidon, so wet I'm sliding in  
Told her don't be squirting in my ride again, messing up my interior lining  
Blunts got me high as shit, niggas [?] in the game and getting they hymen ripped  
Bloody mess, selling they soul for fame and fortune less  
Thinking they changed the game but when I came I layed em all to rest  
Say it with your chest, need to speak up this the chief  
I lit the leaf up with the divas sporting D cups, turn your speakers up  
And nah, can't keep em, flash the pre-nupt there's no reason to this madness  
I just speak and then my voice can paint the canvas, all the pain and things  
I take for granted  
Stranded on this planet til my shit returns, chilling with the chick that burns [?]  
Rolling, swerving, trying not to hit the curb 'stead I hit the herb  
Keep it coasting til the zip is burned, rising from the ashes it's the mass  
I lace that ass with classics, team up on my back and any captives  
All my people, let's go!

I got a call from Blu, he said "I need you in the studio"  
It's nothing my relly, just let me hit the liquor store  
Hopped in the mag, yeah I'm sliding on them 24s  
Flat black, slab white like something you ain't seen before  
'91 west, 100 miles per hour  
Brown bag full of blunts, Ziploc full of sour  
When you riding like this, all the hoes wanna holla  
I don't pay em no mind that's why my pockets on [?]  
She don't wanna f\*ck me, she wanna f\*ck my car  
But always thinking like that bitch, you wouldn't get far  
605 405 headed to Long Beach, where they stay  
Crip walking, repping LBC  
Speeding, got red and blue lights flashing behind me  
Why the f\*ck, CHP wanna f\*ck with a G  
Grabbed the heat, one time don't know who they f\*cking with  
He said "I pulled you over just to say your whip was sick"

Who me? The superstar, split a swisher cigar  
Look at you crazy like you spitted on my car  
Hop out, I got my cock out, I'm shitting on you all

When I came through, different angles, perpendicular to y'all  
Native Tonto with the tomahawk, I cut them horizontal, with the drama [?]  
The foreign form of expression, the pagan [?] is too high  
Coolio once said I bathe in flames and pray to dragons  
Sagging with my pants, dipping lane to lane, bang-a-bang  
I got a fast draw, single action collapse lungs from the old west  
Above the setting sun you see the black heart, fly across  
On my straight 50 shit, I am Co\$\$ slash Allah  
But the monks in Shaolin call me Iron God  
You ain't never let the iron off, you lying God  
You living false, I'm about the cherries with lemon frost  
Chop [?] fingertips, the women floss harder than y'all  
Rhythm and blues [?], these niggas on some sinking shit  
Can't f\*ck with them

I get a bitch warm, Areola  
In my palm, bent over the futon  
Watch me get long, yeah I get it on  
Strong like King Kong, get it wet, all tongue  
Bust free like bail bonds, off service and no funds  
I'm a king to these pawns, get touched up and pissed on and hung at dawn  
Til you're all gone or stuck in a storm  
Under the lawn, halfway to Hong Kong  
No cross or headstones sitting high on my throne  
I blend in like James Bond, big fish in a pond  
Counting chips, Don [?]  
You thinking it's all fun and you seeing somebody run  
Screaming "he got a gun"  
See me, then see none then it's back to sipping rum, cause I need some  
Thinking "damn, what have I done? All he said is where you from"  
f\*ck it, he was a bum, all I know is I won and there can only be one