

Whip It

Casey Veggies

The way it stack like when in pain cause I can't believe it
I be stuntin in the hood like it ain't no secret
Pull up to the whop in Compton and I'm bumpin Jeezy
And my drop in the car then she turn on cev
Plus these rap niggas be straight rhyming reason
I be swaggin my shit hotter than Tobaman even
Out in Houston, yeah, and that's just for the weekend
All my niggas waking up, like we hitting dreams then
Niggas sippin lean, Japanese, ripped up jeans
While your wife she flipped the team
That's why mom made chick a queen
I put on for my city, she put on tight jeans
And then show her ass, and it's everythin what it seems
My cousin whack a ring, cycle you in your spleen
Gotta keep your heart strong, through all these broken dreams
I rock these chains in my soul really made me bling
At the L rate, sold out, and I'm only 18
My life swisher mean went, on a different scene
Caught my mama Tiffany's God singing symphonies
Cape on, chest out, feelin like Hercules
At the mall, going hard, making purchases
I went up, I came down off diversity
Baby girl never went to no university
She was droppin it of that spot, doing it all for that gwap
Hoper her heart make it stop, take a shot for
Had dreams of the crib, suicide doors
I'm a dog for the money on all force
Didn't want a ride, I know on no accords
Baby girl bad and she call me lord

Whip it, put it in a pot, then you make it stir
Baby need a job and I got that work
She was actin shy so I went in first
How she get this fly, I ain't been at hers
(2x)

My fans want sequels, my plans run equal
Girl I wish I can redo every time I gotta leave you
Livin lethal, dodgin evil when I'm steady flexin
Sending signs to the sky, hope he get the message
What do you do when your first rhymes get old
Your mind get grown and it's time to get on
Only make songs with the vibe that hit home
I put rims on my flaws and I take my wrongs
She told me, she told me she can't leave she already gone
I can quit right now, I'm already on
That's how high right now I got this shit on lock down
Like murder a towns, you ain't never gonn get out
Nah, this word they never gonn be proud
But at least I gave my all, and I made my mama smile
Passin the heavy flow, grabs with a steady growth
Yeah girl I want your heart, ass and your schedule

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