

Whippin'

Chris Brown

Whipping up some work
Phone going off, trap going berserk
Hit the road cause a nigga need to earn
Big back, she make it whine and twerk
Hit it from the back, then I skrrr skrrr
Young boys fucking up, they don't learn
Section on my T-shirt
Big racks stuffed in my D squares

I pull up in the Wraith, hit the plug on the way
100k on the face, keeping Ms in the bank
AK by the waist, no I do not play
Get familiar with the money, déjà vu every day
She know I give it a go, she know I pick it up, oh
I'mma drive her to the pole
I done came out the water with the shits like I'm flipper
Never, ever, ever caught up, OHB with the niggas, oh

Pardon, pardon me, I'm just lit, turning up
Off that Hennessy, we just stay, turn me up
You know I got some bottles back at my place
I got it if you need it, yeah

Whippin' (like a boss), winnin', winnin'
Strippin', take it off, drippin', drippin'
Whippin', whippin', whippin', whippin'
Whippin', whippin', whippin', whippin'
(You know, you know) I'm whippin', whippin'
(You know, you know) I'm whippin', whippin'
Strippin', kissin'
I give that pussy a whippin'

London bwoy, London sound, hmm
Everyting lit inna London Town
Peng gyal wan' come London Town, come round
Gyal in abundance, gyal from round
Ayo Breezy, this one a easy
Gyal wan' kiss up and uck up and squeeze me
Everyting easy, believe we
Gyal up on the high watch, gyal up on the TV

Hit the road like a don, yeah, I rep where I'm from
Badboys inna London, get the Ps, then we gone
In the trap, I work wonders, get around, I do compass
Peng gyal up in the covers, get the bands in abundance
Man's just turning up, getting lit, we burning up
More life, that's a lifestyle, hot gyally wanna cool with us
Sideman? They ain't cool with us, bitch boys always make a fuss
Trap boys, we got all the stuff, for the gang, let it buss

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I told that bitch to kiss it, that shit landed, now she miss it
I put your ho in the mission, she put the pis' on her titties
I got the coupe with exhaust, your bitch wanna molly and coke
She wanna fuck with a boss, she told a nigga get lost
Smoking on gas in the old one, wrists cold, Minnesota
My girl bite like a cobra, love when she bend it over
Had to buy a new Rover, fucking in a Rolls Royce
Girl, you know your pussy moist, what you need is your choice

Drive the car like a race, whip it, whip it
Get a six in the rain, skiddin', skiddin'
Big back, titties, dig that, yeah, she pretty
Trap phone still ringing, on the back road doing digits
London in my blood, getting bundles from the plug
Run, run, run it up, in a bando full of buds
Section, Breezy, got the whole world going nuts
Take it easy, we're going right up to the top

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Wouldn't ever pretend you could see these skengs
Free range, no aiming the lens
Waste boys mainly lean on feds
We team, no cream, shook ones and they've been on edge
CDs from around, big Ps, making pounds
I tour with gang dem in your town, shut it down, shut it down
I link the crowd and they go nuts, in the ends, big Benz doing doughnuts
I seen and feel it coming closer, bro's still in kitchens whippin' yola

Ring ring for the best, kill a gyal cause she dead
Turn dead to peng, kitchen whippin' with friends
Whip skid and then beng, done your gyal cause she peng
Brung her back to the ends, gas her up like the Benz

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In the don, that's a wraith with the top off
Bad gyal slow whine with the top off
You lot so fun, never pop off
My Section Boyz, you know everything lock arff
Mad Max with the bad bitches
Hit the plug, he pull up with the packages
I be feeling like a narcissist
Flames coming out the chopper like an arsonist
All around the world, everybody got a bando
Swear down, fam, everywhere I can go
You do it for the fame, nigga
I do it for the fam though, get me?
South of France, St Tropez
Back in Cannes, brought the white girl with me
DMT, THC
Mushroom T, whatever you need, hit me

I'm just here turning up
Oh, you know I got some bottles back at my place
Ooh

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