

WHIP IT

LAZER DIM 700

Grrt, grrt, grrt
Ayy, watch out, ayy, watch out, ayy, watch out, ayy, watch out
They gon' box me—
They tried to box me in, but I, I'm still gon' get out
Phew, phew, phew
It's a Lego box on my gun

Lego box on a gun, it's on a stick
Lego box on a gun, it's on a blick
This shit sweet, this shit grits
We got straps, everybody in that dog pit
What you got a fire for? You ain't gon' off shit
Slime a nigga out for free, it don't cost shit
They gon' pay for the straps, you get put in a coffin
Hole in his top, make his shit like a dolphin
Bitch wanna fuck, she knew that when I walked in
You on hard drugs, your paper dissolving
I'm on drugs 'cause my feelings be nauseous
Nigga better have stick, shit get cautious
I don't trust shit, got my blick in a mountain
You seen that scam, when I pop out, I spread
We gon' push up, ain't no bag on your head
I get on zot, it be lagging my legs
I hit that ho, I might mess up my bed
Pulled on her hair, I might mess up her head
You get that stab, you spooked, you scared
Ran out of ammo, with blick, I shred
He try to run, he gon' run out of stamina
Pour up that drank, nigga ain't havin' no Danimals
Shoot his ass down, nigga think he an animal
We draw down, you better not run up, you gunned down
Lil' twin went and bucked the kill, I'ma stand down
Nigga pushed up, they clutched, tryna stand round
The smoke was already over 'fore it even started
Still fuck somethin', can't link to the party
Real green drinker, this ain't no Bacardi
Shoot your ass down before it even started
Nigga on zot, a nigga Bob Marley
Shit been done got hot, nigga been done spint up your car
I run into an opp, I'm testing my SCAR
This bitch a bop, let me fuck in the car
Backseat slider, I feel like a star
Real rough rider, I be tearin' up my car
You get shot down, you put your hands on that boy
Shot down, you put your hands on that boy
Glock 9, I got my hands on a new one
Catch an opp, I put my hands on a new one
Sticks in my hood, we even got blue ones
I ain't tryna play no game, I ain't even tryna play around
We gon' push up, we make this bitch lay down
Stick just dump, it don't do shit but spray 'round
I got my zot, got my weed, and my spray 'round
12 really psyched out, when they fucked up, bring K9
Hood too spooky, ain't nobody tryna play 'round
Told the play hurry up, push up, ain't waitin' round
It's on my arm, this shit on my arm
I got my backend, these niggas having some crumbs

Bitch gettin' sick, man, this bitch got some worms
Stick do a cleanup, clean up your germs

Phew, phew, phew