

Whitney

Lil Pump

Bring ten bitches to the back
Whippin' up Whitney, boy how you do that, ooh
Bring ten bitches to the back
Whippin' up Whitney, boy how you do that, ooh
Whippin' up Whitney, Whippin' up Whitney, Lil Pump how you do that? Ooh
Whippin' up Whitney, Whippin' up Whitney, Lil Pump how you do that? Ooh
Damn, I went and flexed like this
Diamonds so yellow it look like piss, ooh
I can't wife no bitch, spent a couple racks up on my wrist, ooh
I can't wife no thot, damn, bitch I'm sippin' Wok, damn
And I'm off this xan, damn, this will never stop, damn

Hop in a foreign and step on it
Sippin' on good drank, and I got a loaf on
Cops pull me over right now they gon' lock me up
'Cause I got all this smoke on me
And I'm so mothafuckin' inked
Lookin' like the tattoo man just wrote on me
In the all white P1 lookin' like I got a whole bunch of coke on me
Slide down, ride down, I'm the king, bow down
One day smoke a half pound, milkin' up, cash cow
I'm very important, me and my gang don't do pat downs
I bet I fucked yo' bitch, told foenem put the racks out
You know me and gang goin' for the slide
The shit we on finna fly
Yo bitch pointin' up to the sky
She know I got them mob ties
Hammer ridin' 'round with the grass
Hammer ridin' 'round with the cash
Shoes on your ass, A\$AP

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Damn, Gucci Gang on top
Damn, yo' bitch gave me top
Damn, I just gave that bitch some dick and took her to the block
Damn, pull up, drop top 'Rari
Ooh, my bitch off a molly
Ooh, I just gave that bitch some perc and now she actin' thottie
Ooh, ten bands on my neck
Ooh, I just love to flex
Yeah, off four xans [?], wrists so cold, wrists so wet
Lil Pump do be runnin' that check
Wrists so cold, wrists so wet
Lil Pump do be runnin' that check
Wrists so cold, wrists so wet

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