Whip It

Lil' Wayne

Ok, you ain't know shit
It's weezy f baby like a newborn bitch
You ain't know shit
I put your girl to work now heres a uniform bitch
Pimpin over here
And I ain't santa clause but
Yeah I make it rain dear
Money out the ass
Yeah money out the rear.
Weezy at the plate
I could bunt it out of here
Safe as a mother fucker
Ain't no safety button on this mother fucker
Where the safe mother fucker?
That's the case
Doc the judge
Weezy F. the ample fury
Hang 12 witnesses
That's what I call a hung jury
Brung Jerry Bling Bling
I made that but I don't even say that
As much as judges say that
That's way back
Boy you should catch up
It must of been mine, theys
Long hair pretty eyes light skin fine legs,
Phat ass, skinny stomach, pretty feet, pretty woman
Walking down the street cause I put her out my jeep,
I don't save em, I slave em, they want weezy f,
I bad grade em, I don't degrade em, I serenade em,
100 on the chest
100 on the arm
Rings so thick I can't even make a fist
Nigga fuck how you do it cause I do it like this

Yeah, and I just do my wayne
And every time I do it I do my thang,
(2x)

I do it how I do it an I do it everyday
Iwhip it like a slave likea muthafuckin slave

I beat that block

Qunta quinte on my shit nigga
Like I ate a plate of roots for dinner
But I ate a plate of loot for dinner
I'm in the garden sellin fruit to sinners
Like apples to Shaq
Hey big spender
And do remember
Just like Brenda
2 grand still get ya four and a baby
I'm a kill em when I drop like I'm holdin a baby
Weezy f, the F is for don't Forget the Baby
And bitch I've been hot but you don't know me from satan

And if your manning up you better show me your peyton
But you pussies ain't ballin no sir
Not lathen?
Bricks get shipped
Bricks get cut
Dr. Carter, Nip & Tuck
Yeah but you could call me wayne
But now watch me and my chain Gang!

Yes it's me bitches
Duece Bigalow on these he bitches
Flu flow
Flyer then bird coupe like a two door
What do you know
I know the streets bitch
And this is my toilet
And you can eat shit
Got them girls in my bathroom with their asses out
Cause I'm fly, like flyers they passin out
We mashin out,
We young Mula
I got that 12 Guage
Don't make me 1 2 ya
3 4 5 train bitch suwoop
If you ain't on my train bitch cho cho
Like you got my dick in your mizouth
And I'm a do me bitch with you or without
Shit always right sometimes
And from the top everybody look 1'9
And I'm 2'much
The numbers don't lie
And if they stop makin cadillacs
I swear I'm gon die
And if the weed man don't have no more Onions I'm a cry
And if yif was a piff then id rather drink wine
Shit... I'm a take my time
Now am I crazy or just lazy?
Cause I'm tired of ballin darlin
And I roll with my riders like it's harley party
And we roll with them choppers like it's a harley party
We are all dressed in red like it's a scarlet party
I was ballin in New Orleans way before the charolette hornets
I'm an x man bitch I ain't talkin marvel comics
Put the dirty dishes in the sank
No pork but I get paid like a piggy bank
I spit like backwash, sasquash
No back talk, I act lost
But I bet that money find me
Your jewelry telling jokes
You got them funny diamonds
I got them sunny diamonds
I got them money problems
That Christopher Wallace
Fuck bitches get money
Young money!

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