Whip It

Plies

Whip it, whip it, whip it
Might find me a Cuban in the morning
I be counting money all morning
Told 'em to put some boot cream on the Chevy
Payed them double just to have it flipping

First some niggas I used to fuck with try to set me up
Damn niggas better come strapped 'cause I'm a fuck 'em up
Ran into some niggas, they saying, "Plies, where your shooters at?"
Told them, "Nigga, the fuck you mean, shooter? I'm the shooter, bitch?"
Look, payed the ass, blood niggas outta bawller block
Make me come to your hood, nigga, and buy your whole project
Real niggas done walk up in this bitch, turn the light off
Got out all the studs in this bitch, get your dike on

Got one question for you, little, nigga, who the fuck is you?
Ride out, alligator, riding money in my shoe
You broke bitch, I know you broke, bitch, you a broke bitch!
Look at you and look at me, bitch, I'm your home, bitch!
Whip it, whip it, whip it
My home gon'give me a whole check and said, go flip it!
I'm here with my flip-flops on, got me part a ticket
Got a whole pigeon on the stowe, whip it, whip it, whip it

I just bought an M.C., nigga, that's a money caller
With the how, I'da kept it moving, told me she ain't swallow
What the fuck you mean I'm powered up, like I'm Pike-Man?!
Anytime my brambles ride, I knew them birds at
I was fuck grown hoes, the nigga was playing hang-man
I was sitting up in the trap and my partners was bringing dough in
My teacher ask me did I have an alterner plan?
Whip it, whip it, whip it, that's the game plan

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