

# MR WHIPPY

Triple One

Yeah, bitch I said oi  
Get those groupies out my studio  
Why the fuck are you so stupid bro? (Nah)  
Crack on my face, crack on my face, ay (Face, ay)  
Crack on my face, crack on my face, ay

Bitch I said oi  
Get those Hoovers out the fucking building  
We came bazookas, I'ma chew it 'til no fucking feeling (Oi)  
Crack on my face, crack on my face (Oi)  
Crack on my face, crack on my face

Young coconut give her nut and the coco  
Hangin' for the head like a ratty  
Like paddy the baddie put her in a chokehold  
She turned to a chat for the saddy  
No chat, bitch, I'm maggie  
The prices ain't down but she go low  
Mix up the rack with the jump and she flip out  
She got her tits out, I must remind her of bondi  
Came up off the trap but made more with my dick out

Wanted an 8-ball, I gave the cunt two and half, did the bastard like Charlie Sheen  
He didn't complain 'cause I put in like one of the gluc, and he said it was sweet  
Turn the two tonner to a trap house  
Trapped packs to a cunt wearing tapout  
Bought the white out, then I blacked out  
Woke up flipped four, eights, that's Blacktown

You silly sausages should bow down  
And salute the general as soon as possible  
'Cause everybody's got a sound now  
But when Marty's round it really is phenomenal  
'Cause I can do more with these hands then a bottle of whiskey  
If my mind really wills  
Can't look a ganga right into her face  
Do her wrong tell on god all my mates, yes

We gettin' lit up, please don't take my photo  
I'm tryna send it with all of my bozos  
Never can sleep and I tell them it's no doz  
Even got likes for designing my logo  
I cannot fail, I cannot sleep  
I go all in 'til the day that I peep  
Hand on my Willy, make sure it don't leak  
I got more bars then some motherfuckin' sheep

Oi  
Get those groupies out my studio  
Why the fuck are you so stupid, bro? (Nah)  
Crack on my face, crack on my face, ay (Face, ay)  
Crack on my face, crack on my face, ay

Goddamn, I must be a bad bitch  
'Cause I'm gettin' money, and I'm looking good at it

Don't throw back my back, but I throw back some yak  
Then I go back to back hittin' her slow then deep 'til her whole back go cra  
ck  
I might rap fast, but the drink got my brain slow  
Still doing crack head shit with no yayo  
This girl look like Jhene Aiko  
And her whine got me fucked up, man, fuego

Said I gotta type said I like what I like  
She tellin' me I appeal to her feminine side  
Well, don't half step hit up my line  
I can show you my appeal to your feminine side  
'Cause I don't have groupies, we can be besties  
Wanna scoop tea, I won't give her that tetley  
Whipped cream and a donut gettin' messy  
Hell, yeah, bitch I said, oi

Like gimme a fucking break  
Bitch, I'm the hottest out, and I'm the smartest out  
Bitches be dumb, they do this shit for the clout (Stupid)  
I heard your raps, please take another route  
I saw your man, he look familiar  
Community dick, that's what you're fucking on? (Really?)  
I don't really know that lexicon, please know your place  
I can't relate to being a fraud or a fake

Oi, who the fuck you calling a groupie hoe  
Niggas answer every bitch that's in their DM, bro  
(Every single bitch that's in their DM)  
Like seriously, gimme a break, gimme a break  
(Gimme a motherfuckin' break, bitch)  
And please, fuck out my face, fuck out my face  
Get the fuck outta my face

B-B-B-Bitch, I said oi  
Get those groupies out my studio  
(I'ma get the fuck out, I'ma get the fuck out)  
Why the fuck are you so stupid, bro?  
(I'm not fuckin' stupid, you're the one dumb)  
Crack on my face, crack on my face, ay (Face, ay)  
Crack on my face, crack on my face, ay