

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 than 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 than 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 crack
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-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