

Do I

WHIPPED CREAM

Ah, shit

Oh

Ice, uh-huh

Big Latto

(It's WHIPPED CREAM)

Hop out the whip in Dior

I push to start, ain't no key

I blow a bag when I'm bored

Don't leave your nigga 'round me (Uh)

If I reach in that new Coco, I'm finna go loco, bitch, you better duck (Uh)

Handle all my problems dolo, I'm pullin' up solo, bitch, just like my cup

Hop out the 6 (Hop out the 6)

And these bitches sick (And these bitches sick)

I take your nigga and I flood his face, just like my wrist (Just like my wrist)

And I want the smoke, I dare one these rap bitches go'n drop a diss

The coupe automatic, but you know I'm still riding 'round with that stick

Bitch, do I look like I care? (Care)

Bitch, do I look like I'm scared? (Scared)

Do I? Do I? Do I? Do I?

I do not want your man (Your man)

Bitch, do I look like a fan? (Fan, WHIPPED CREAM)

Do I? Do I? Do I? Do I? (WHIPPED CREAM)

She do not want trouble

Hop out the whip and I'm bustin' your bubble

We got the piece like a puzzle

Hit like a belt buckle

I let the cookie crumble, he eat it up and it's not subtle

My drip is not humble, Henny buzz just like a bee, bumble (Bzzz)

Fuck like aerobics, he wanna grab it

He want my balance, he want some status

Soon as I cash in, all of 'em dashin'

I leave these hatin'-ass hoes in a casket

Cremating the scene, we not fuckin' with average

Bringin' the heat, it's gon' leave you in ashes

Bitch, do I look like I care? (Care)

Bitch, do I look like I'm scared? (Scared)

Do I? Do I? Do I? Do I?

I do not want you want your man (Your man)

Bitch, do I look like a fan? (Fan)

Do I? Do I? Do I? Do I?

These bitches don't want no trouble

I pull up on bitches and pop at they bubble

Just want the face, I don't wanna cuddle

Don't want your nigga 'cause he undercover

Chill at the jeweler with VVs

A rack for the sneaker, they CC

I bet your lil' sister wan' meet me

A nigga wan' freak me, but I make him eat me

Big Latto worth a cool million

That's why these hoes in they feelings

Creep down your block and I kick door

Them niggas still robbing and killing
Fuck do you mean? I don't even read, but I keep magazines
Can't sell my soul for no contract, nah, I ain't on that
Bitch, stop playin' with me

Bitch, do I look like I care? (Care)
Bitch, do I look like I'm scared? (Scared)
Do I? Do I? Do I? Do I?
I do not want you want your man (Your man)
Bitch, do I look like a fan? (Fan)
Do I? Do I? Do I? Do I? (Yeah, yeah, yeah)