

# 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?  
I do not want you want your man (Your man)  
Bitch, do I look like a fan? (Fan)  
Do I? Do I? Do I? (Yeah, yeah, yeah)