Whip It

Lil' Wayne

Okay, you ain?t know shit
It?s Weezy F baby like a newborn bitch
You ain?t know shit
I put your girl to work now, here?s a uniform bitch
Pimpin? over here and I ain?t Santa Clause
But yeah, I make it rain dear
Money out the ass
Yeah, money out the rear
Weezy at the plate
I could bunt it out of here safe as a motherfucker
Ain?t no safety button on this motherfucker
Where the safe motherfucker?
That?s the case, Doc the judge
Weezy F the ample fury
Hang 12 witnesses
That?s what I call a hung jury
Brung Jerry Bling Bling
I made that but I don?t even say that
As much as [unverified] say that
That?s way back
Boy you should catch up
It must of been mine, theys
Long hair, pretty eyes
Light skin, fine legs
Phat ass, skinny stomach
Pretty feet, pretty woman
Walking down the street
?Cause I put her out my jeep
I don?t save ?em, I slave ?em
They want Weezy F
I bad grade ?em, I don?t degrade ?em
I serenade ?em
100 on the chest, 100 on the arm
Rings so thick I can?t even make a fist
Nigga, fuck how you do it
?Cause I do it like this
Yeah, and I just do my Wayne
And every time I do it I do my thang
Yeah, and I just do my Wayne

And every time I do it I do my thang
Kunta Kinte on my shit, nigga
Like I ate a plate of roots for dinner
But I ate a plate of loot for dinner
I?m in the garden sellin? fruit to sinners
Like apples to Shaq, hey big spender
And do remember just like Brenda
2 grand still get ya four and a baby
I?ma kill ?em when I drop like I?m holdin? a baby
Weezy F
The F is for don?t forget the baby
And bitch, I?ve been hot
But you don?t know me from Satan
And if you?re Manning up
You better show me you?re Peyton
But you pussies ain?t ballin?, no sir
Not lathen?
Bricks get shipped , bricks get cut
Dr. Carter, Nip & Tuck
Yeah, but you could call me Wayne
But now watch me and my chain, gang
Yes, it?s me bitches
Deuce Bigalow on these he bitches
Flu flow
Flyer then Bird Coupe like a two door
What do you know?
I know the streets bitch
And this is my toilet
And you can eat shit
Got them girls in my bathroom with their asses out
?Cause I?m fly like flyers they passin? out
We mashin? out, we young Mula
I got that 12 gauge don?t make me 1 2 ya
3 4 5 train bitch, suwoop
If you ain?t on my train, bitch, cho cho
Like you got my dick in your mizouth
And I?ma do me, bitch, with you or without
Shit always right sometimes
And from the top everybody look 1?9
And I?m 2?much
The numbers don?t lie
And if they stop makin? Cadillac?s
I swear I?m gon? die
And if the weed man
Don?t have no more onions I?ma cry

And if yif was a piff then I?d rather drink wine
Shit, I?ma take my time
Now, am I crazy or just lazy?
?Cause I?m tired of ballin? darlin?
And I roll with my riders like it?s Harley party
And we roll with them choppers like it?s a Harley party
We are all dressed in red like it?s a scarlet party
I was ballin? in New Orleans way before the Charlotte Hornets
I?m an X man, bitch, I ain?t talkin? McCormick
Put the dirty dishes in the sank
No pork but I get paid like a piggy bank
I spit like backwash, sasquash
No back talk, I act lost
But I bet that money find me
Your jewelry telling jokes
You got them funny diamonds
I got them sunny diamonds
I got them money problems
That Christopher Wallace
Fuck bitches, get money
Young money

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