The Whistle Song

Lumidee ft. Wyclef Jean

Yeah, Ayo we still gon' hustle hard
I ain't sweet nigga, I don't spit them truffle bars
Shorty know the deal, so she might as well shuffle cards
Used to watch Apollo and know we're higher than shuttles are
Real Chiddy. Follow. It.
Only like the ladies that, swallow. Spit
That when I'm not in the stud' and I'm hoppin' out with crew
It's just everyday shit to us, but super high to you
Uh, I said obey the code, can't be cereal (serious)
Wake up with a blunt and put it right by my cereal
Hip-hop that's my shit and Ima take my time to put it out
I'm indecisive but I'm packing bowls when in doubt
I can rap with yall twice, this is what you call life
Chiddy I'll be hoopin' so I need a basketball, while
Niggas just be lookin' at me, that is what they call sight
But fuck it we on I guess I'll never have an off night

It's serious
They don't fuck with Chiddy they delirious
Quick to get the kitty, I'll kill it if I'm curious
Yeah, that boy fly kinda like a falcon
Now why that mixtape shit soundin' like an album
I got a wardrobe so I'll be forever stylin'
Don't give your number out them ladies probably never dial it
You can't fade me, mo'fuck your barber
I got a life coach and the skills way harder
See how we scape up, windows up and we bake up
I be killin' the beats and now they puttin' yellow tape up
French girls making me breakfast I gotta crepe up
Probly' smearing the make up, after I put my cape up
Fast lane, yeah I still can't slow up
And when you least expect it that is when I show up
And they see me bet a hater gon' throw up
And you should try to be like me when you grow up

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