Whip Game Proper

Twista

Whip game proper, whip game proper
You know my whip game proper, whip prop, proper
You know my whip game proper, whip game proper
You kn' a package on the way, you know my whip game proper
You know my whip game proper, whip, whip game proper
You know my whip game proper, whip game proper
Whip game proper, you know my whip game proper
With my package on the way, you know whip game
Whip game proper, cocaine chopper
Don't offer me reefer unless you know the flame proper
You know I'm in somethin' sick when you see the Twista pop off
Fucked up off juice and vodka and high as a helicopter
In the grape jelly Jag or peanut butter Bentley
Or ruby Hummer 'cause a few bitches is comin' with me
Or break down slowly I'm stallin' off in the stick shift
Mwah, give my rims a kiss, they got big lips
Now tear the guts out, bricks'll get served
Like ostrich interior because I'm sittin' on the biggest birds
Vocalistic cataclysms, I spit the biggest words
Fuck you and your bitch ass crew, I spit the sickest verbs
Your life is secondary, I fuck my secretary
My life is legendary, keep a gun in every Chevy
My trunk knocker, watch how I beat the block up
A paper chopper 'cause on my tip, the flame pop up, 'cause my
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Uh, I'm up in it like dope dick
And I'm physically fine, but my flow's sick
Yosemity Sam, two holsters
Two pistols, can't be too cautious
Yes, human crack, Young Carter
I perform better in hot water
Yeah and my whip game straight

On a bad day I could turn a two into a eight
And when I smile, it look like a bag of coke
I gets high, I'm twisted like a bag of ropes
And I come from the jungle
I'm like PETA, I ride for my animals, you dig?
Ha ha, now get money or get the fuck
So much ice, I need the stick with the puck
And if the work ain't big enough
I could whip it up, watch me whip it up because my
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Whip game proper, watch how I stir the pot up
Thuggin' like I will pack up my five and go blaka-blaka
Do anythin' a nigga gots to do to protect my product
When you call the cops up
I'll be gone before they search through my Prada
Because I don't want the drama, don't wanna holla at your honor
So under the seat I'ma carry the llama and then I peel off in my Impala
I'm a Jeff Gordon slash chef, sorry I gots to peel sharp
Behind the wheel or the stove I whip it real hard
To lick it real hard, give the shorties real jobs
Not from Georgia, I'm from Chicago but I got a ' Field Mob'
They all be proper, at the top of Da Carter
Cuttin' work at the table like a DJ go aw-err-aw-err
All of us poppin' tags, all of us ridin' Bentleys
All of us ridin' bikes, so you know we all poppin' wheelies
I'm a C-note rapper, good, dope shopper
Clique gon' make dollars, spit, game proper 'cause my
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