

Whip Appeal

Gucci Mane & V-Nasty

White Brick Mob
Brick Squad, White Girl Mob
Brick Squad, White Girl Mob
White Brick Mob, bitches Why we gotta kill shit?
Me and Gucci talking real shit
Cars on top of cars
I'ma call it whip appeal, bitch Whip appeal, bitch
Whip appeal, bitch
Cars on top of cars
I'ma call it whip appeal, bitch No, I'm not a scholar
I'm drinking out the bottle
Only fuck with models
If she ain't dead fine Then there ain't no need to holler
Yeah, I'm a baller
My swag through the roof
And your girlfriend is the truth We got a room at the Ramada
She don't want to be bothered
You callin' like a father
You actin' like a toddler You need a role model
I'm Polo with the Prada
I'm balling on you, niggas
Like a Harlem Glodetrotter I'm walking with a waddle
You make believe niggas Harry Potter
Amigo friends might recommend
The whole enchilada Your girlfriend is a quitter
You should spit or you saliva
I'm Gucci Mane, the mobster
Not a joker, not a blogger Why we gotta kill shit?
Me and Gucci talking real shit
Cars on top of cars
I'ma call it whip appeal, bitch Whip appeal, bitch
Whip appeal, bitch
Cars on top of cars
I'ma call it whip appeal, bitch Gucci let's get 'em
Got that AR chopper
Come through the front door
Left them at the doctor Now we up a hundred more bands
That's proper
No need for a preacher

Pray to me, I'll be your father
Hide the young ones
'Cause I'm coming for your daughter
If you ain't selling pussy
I ain't gon' bother
Got a pornstar, a ho
And a model
In the club we do big shit
Pop a hundred bottles
We gettin' hoes wet
They gon' need goggles
They said get that gas
So I'm on that full throttle
If I had a dick
Then I'd tell that bitch to swallow
Thirty in my clip
And I'm letting out hallows
Why we gotta kill shit?
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LA Raiders
Bo Jackson
Making love to the money
Oh, I'm so passionate
Hood stripes, Chuck Taylors, low khakis
Scraping in that new V looking V-Nasty
Selling snow in the winter, I ain't cold yet
That's why I'm an OG and I ain't old yet
South Central Murder Dubs, Killer California
Bend the wrong corner
You'll be sicker than pneumonia
Police told me to freeze
And my watch to chill
Whip the work into a SLS Whip Appeal
Powder so fresh, I had to break the seal
96 and Wall Street, shit gets real
Why we gotta kill shit?
Me and Gucci talking real shit
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