

# Whip Appeal (feat. P2theLA)

## 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 Globetrotter 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?  
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  
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  
Cars on top of cars  
I'ma call it whip appeal, bitch  
Whip appeal, bitch  
Cars on top of cars  
I'ma call it whip appeal, bitch

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