

Toni Braxton F/ Irv Gotti**"Whiplash!"**

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Chorus (All): (x2)

Catchin' Whiplash!

Nowadays everybody wanna get cash

Whiplash!

Tryin' to make a hit smash

Whiplash!

Fuckin' wit' the MBs?

Think fast, you'll catch a bad case of whiplash

[Styles]

Yo, let's get right into this

Styles on the mic, omnipotent

Average rapper's times limited, to rhymes imminent

MB's skills unfadable, y'all's debatable

Y'all get on the mic and little kid's go "can we play that too?"

I slide your girl just 'cause you're bothering me

While you're bangin' on the door she talking

"How 'bout some privacy?"

I'm quite humorous, women bag numerous

Arrogant rapper with a bad case of hubris

Don't lose my gist, vocab illuminous

Girl you takin' out while doing it, well, if you insist

Relax I'm just mackin' it for practice

Yo she playin' hard to get but she ain't that good an actress

That's it, y'all can say what you like

But the fact MBs whip y'all in shape on the mic

That's right

Chorus (x2)

[Chops]

Cats don't want to see no part of Chops

I get more trim than barbershops

Tag your ass like I was a graf-head

Plus I be running through marching lot

I'm hard to stop, 'cause while you stir the pot

I'm gettin' it on wit' your john in the parking lot

Damagin' cones, up on your gramophones

Introducin' the ??, servin' heads like Indiana Jones

Chops, MBs, we on the rostigory (?), and plus, I bust
Get up in that ass like a suppository
Superfly like ??, we rappin' for the east detention
All up in there, spreading, just like a yeast infection
Had it rough, now we in the house and laugh it up
I'm like a sumo gettin' the drawers, because I'm fat as
fuck
Tried to get the best of the complex, but it's no contest
We comin' off just like a bomblet
Why you couldn't stand me? The shit that I'm creatin'
leave you shakin' like a kid whose family left you with a
british nanny

Chorus (x2)

[Peril-L]

Peril-L I'm pleased to meet you tonight
MB's the feature inside
Release the creature within, proceed to eat you girls
In bleachers, sellin' t-shirts, bras, and g-strings
Some drawers and keyrings, toss from me to king
>From the lost world, produced, rare flows, born and
raised
I used to wear clothes that was torn and frayed
Let's be warned I'm crazed, with the sword that slays
My, blows to the ears, 'cause over the years
I've been scorned and praised
Hated and loved, now rated above
The best, gold-plated glove, caress the mic
Great enough to bless, since the erogenous
The misogynous, I won't have step on virgin MCs,
androgynous
They don't have sex, dodge my fist, came to reclaim
my properties
And put a stop to these, pseudo hip hop monotones
Like living fast, big cash, switches and monopolies
I'm giving cats whiplash, like bitches that's on top of
me

Chorus (x2)

Catchin' Whiplash!
Nowadays everybody wanna get cash
Tryin' to make a hit smash
Uh... yeah

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