

# Lil Wayne "Whip It"

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Okay, you ain't know shit  
It's Weezy F baby like a newborn bitch  
You ain't know shit  
I put your girl to work now, here's a uniform bitch

Pimpin? over here and I ain't Santa Clause  
But yeah, I make it rain dear  
Money out the ass  
Yeah, money out the rear

Weezy at the plate  
I could bunt it out of here safe as a motherfucker  
Ain't no safety button on this motherfucker  
Where the safe motherfucker?

That's the case, Doc the judge  
Weezy F the ample fury  
Hang 12 witnesses  
That's what I call a hung jury

Brung Jerry Bling Bling  
I made that but I don't even say that  
As much as [unverified] say that  
That's way back

Boy you should catch up  
It must of been mine, theys  
Long hair, pretty eyes  
Light skin, fine legs

Phat ass, skinny stomach  
Pretty feet, pretty woman  
Walking down the street  
?Cause I put her out my jeep

I don't save ?em, I slave ?em  
They want Weezy F  
I bad grade ?em, I don't degrade ?em  
I serenade ?em

100 on the chest, 100 on the arm  
Rings so thick I can't even make a fist

Nigga, fuck how you do it  
?Cause I do it like this

Yeah, and I just do my Wayne  
And every time I do it I do my thang  
Yeah, and I just do my Wayne  
And every time I do it I do my thang

Kunta Kinte on my shit, nigga  
Like I ate a plate of roots for dinner  
But I ate a plate of loot for dinner  
I'm in the garden sellin? fruit to sinners

Like apples to Shaq, hey big spender  
And do remember just like Brenda  
2 grand still get ya four and a baby  
I'ma kill ?em when I drop like I'm holdin? a baby

Weezy F  
The F is for don't forget the baby  
And bitch, I've been hot  
But you don't know me from Satan

And if you're Manning up  
You better show me you're Peyton

But you pussies ain't ballin?, no sir  
Not lathen?

Bricks get shipped , bricks get cut  
Dr. Carter, Nip & Tuck  
Yeah, but you could call me Wayne  
But now watch me and my chain, gang

Yes, it's me bitches  
Deuce Bigalow on these he bitches  
Flu flow  
Flyer then Bird Coupe like a two door

What do you know?  
I know the streets bitch  
And this is my toilet  
And you can eat shit

Got them girls in my bathroom with their asses out  
?Cause I'm fly like flyers they passin? out  
We mashin? out, we young Mula  
I got that 12 gauge don't make me 1 2 ya

3 4 5 train bitch, suwoop  
If you ain't on my train, bitch, cho cho

Like you got my dick in your mizouth  
And I'ma do me, bitch, with you or without

Shit always right sometimes  
And from the top everybody look 1?9  
And I'm 2?much  
The numbers don't lie

And if they stop makin? Cadillac's  
I swear I'm gon? die  
And if the weed man  
Don't have no more onions I'ma cry

And if yif was a piff then I'd rather drink wine  
Shit, I'ma take my time  
Now, am I crazy or just lazy?  
?Cause I'm tired of ballin? darlin?

And I roll with my riders like it's Harley party  
And we roll with them choppers like it's a Harley party  
We are all dressed in red like it's a scarlet party  
I was ballin? in New Orleans way before the Charlotte  
Hornets

I'm an X man, bitch, I ain't talkin? McCormick  
Put the dirty dishes in the sank  
No pork but I get paid like a piggy bank  
I spit like backwash, sasquash

No back talk, I act lost  
But I bet that money find me  
Your jewelry telling jokes  
You got them funny diamonds  
I got them sunny diamonds

I got them money problems  
That Christopher Wallace  
Fuck bitches, get money  
Young money

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