

# Lil Wayne, Whip It

(Verse 1:)

Ok, 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 heres a uniform bitch  
Pimpin over here  
And I ain't santa clause but  
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 mother fucker  
Ain't no safety button on this mother fucker  
Where the safe mother fucker?  
That's the case  
i can judge it  
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 Judges Say that  
That's way back  
Boy you should catch up  
It must of be  
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 charm  
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,  
i do it do it  
i do it do it  
i do it do it do it do it  
i do it do it do it do it  
i do it how i do it and i do it everyday  
i do it how i do it and i do it everyday  
say i do it how i do it when i do it everyday  
and i whip it like a slave  
like a mother fuckin slave  
yes i whip it like a slave  
yes i whip it like a slave  
i whip it like a slave  
like a mother fuckin slave  
yea i whip it like a slave  
like a mother fuckin slave  
then i beat it i beat it  
i beat it i beat i  
i beat that....block  
i beat that....block  
i beat that....block  
i beat that....block  
i beat that block like it misbehaved  
then i whip it, i whip it, i whip it, like a slave  
i whip it whip it

i whip it whip it  
whip it, whip it, whip it, whip it  
beat it now beat it up  
beat it i beat it up  
beat it i beat it up  
beat it beat it up

(Verse 2:)

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'm a 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 your manning up you better show me your Peyton  
But you pussies ain't ballin no sir  
Not lately  
Bricks get shipped  
Bricks get cut  
Dr. Carter, Nip & Tuck  
Yeah but you could call me wayne  
now watch me and my chain Gang  
whip it whip it whip it  
whip it whip it whip it  
whip it whip it whip it  
whip it whip it whip it  
whip it whip it whip it  
i beat that... block  
i beat that... block  
i beat that... block  
i beat that... block  
i beat it up  
i beat it up  
i beat it

(Verse 3:)

Yes it's me bitches  
Duece 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 cant 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 Guage  
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'm a do me bitch with you or without  
Shit always right sometimes  
And from the top everybody look 1'9  
And I'm 2'much  
and numbers don't lie  
And if they stop makin cadillacs

I swear I'm gon die  
And if the weed man aint got no more Onions I'm a cry  
And if it was a fifth then id rather drink wine  
Shit... I'm a 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 all dressed in are red like it was a scarlet party  
I was ballin in New Orleans way before the charolette hornets  
I'm an x man bitch I ain't talkin marvel comics  
Put the dirty dishes in the sank  
No pork but I get paid like a piggy bank  
I spit like backwash, sasquach  
No back talk, I act lost  
But I bet that money find me  
Your jewelry telling jokes  
man You got them funny diamonds  
I got them sunny diamonds  
I got them money problems  
That Christopher Wallace  
Fuck bitches get money  
Young money!  
do it do it  
do it do it  
do it do it  
do it  
watch me beat it up lady  
beat it up lady  
wat u mean  
no homo  
i beat that...block  
i beat that...block  
i beat that...block  
i beat that  
and then i  
whip it  
whip it  
whip it  
pimpin  
young mula baby