

# Whip

## 2 Chainz

Yeah

(Do it, no hands, yeah)

(Do it, no hands, damn)

(They really wanna keep us outside)

('Cause you know we go way too live)

Whippin' again

Whippin' it, whippin' it, whippin' it again, yeah

Back at it again

Back at it, back at it, back at it again

All winter, all summer

Range Rovers and black Hummers

Ain't go dumb, I went dumber

When it go down, don't go under

Whippin' again

Whippin' it, whippin' it, whippin' it again, yeah

Back at it again

Back at it, back at it, back at it again

All winter, all summer

Range Rovers and black Hummers

Ain't go dumb, I went dumber

When it go down, don't go under

Sell a bird KFC

There was twenty LLCs

"Alexa, play who played me"

Just made a mill like Meek

Pick a side, no in-between

Roll a L with the winning team

She a King like Billie Jean

I want smoke, yeah, nicotine

Is you finer than Fashion Nova?

I wanna really see what's in them jeans

Is that a lace-front, real hair extension

Or just a quick weave?

I'm 'bout the S with the lines through 'em

Partition with the blinds pulled

Had a deal on the table from Arm & Hammer

I was gon' sign to 'em

Whippin' again

Whippin' again, once again, yeah

Out on the East

Park up the Benz on the sand, yeah

Skrirt off the block

Hittin' your crib, no advance, yeah

Rip off the shirt

Rip off the, rip off the, rip off the pants

Do it, no hands, yeah

Do it, no hands, damn

While we throw bands in

While we throw bands up

They really wanna keep us outside (Outside)

'Cause you know we go way too live (Too Live)

Too turnt up for your club (Too turnt up)

4AM, ain't f\*cked up

GLS 63 Benz

Yeah, it really depends  
Yeah, I'm covered, I'm drenched  
Wet floor signs, hope you don't slip  
Yeah, my homie a Crip  
Seafood and you is a shrimp  
Runnin' tall, you gon' need stilts (Tall)  
Rap or Go to the League blimp  
Hit a home-run off a bunt, yeah (Outta here)  
She do whatever I want, yeah  
I had the Maybach for five years  
And still never sat in the front  
I bought a designer lil' momma on Prada  
And she got a body, pick her out a line-up  
If she ever leave me, I'm coming to find her  
Whippin' the kitchen like chef had katanas  
Yeah

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Skrtrt off the block  
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While we throw bands up  
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'Cause you know we go way too live  
Too turnt up for your club  
4AM, ain't f\*cked up  
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