

Whip It Up

E-40

Whip it whip it like it's jiffy
All this money gotta get it
Early morning on the corner
Hustling try'na make a living

Whip it up (whip it up) whip-whip-whip it up
Uhh, Charlie Hustle gouda bubble
Cop it, twist it, mix it double
Yellow diamonds, yellow truck
Office landing with the fud
Pushing candy, booger sugar
Pistol whip ya with my ruger
I'm the server he the cook
Place your order let me hook ya (uhh)
I been up, I been down
I been lost, I been found
Got that soft, got that brown
Got them greens, got them pound
She don't like me but she love me
She be giving me yo money
I don't know you not the homie
So I'm up in her tummy

40 Water, Gucci up
Hollywood, Cali love
Two-three bottles of some bud
I'm a fuck around, find a plug
Chain so stupid, watch is dumb
Finest oh my bitches young
Put this roller on yo tongue
Slip this sugar you'll be numb
40 with me I'm a whip it
Be legated I'm sick with it
Like a kilo, I'm a whip it
Call me Nino, Blue Jay city
Gucci sneakers, forty bitches
All these strippers, fucking with me
So official 40 triggers
All these killers ridin' with me

I been out, I'm blankin'
I'm yacked, I been drankin'
Swangin' from a vine like beating up my chest
Minice no bud no seeds no stress
I'm high, she higher
I'm on, she wired
My nigga they goin go doody, my nigga they goin go Toby
I'm on the pill with some ropey around the club with my forty

Whip it up