

Let It Whip

Lecrae

Yo, aye look
5th wheel straight hangin
Grip the grain, I'm swangin
It's Texas all on my roots boy
Ain't no point in me changing
On 45, trunk bangin
From fair park to south acres
I hit big T's then I hit kings
In the same day no playin
I'm whippin, I'm dippin though the great state of Texas
I used to rock the gold, tall t's with a necklace
My car wasn't mean but I kept that thing clean
Paint chip, couple dents
Ain't a break, shoot to scream
Oh well, I feel gotta let that trunk knock
Hear me beatin down yo block
And my car just stopped again
Mayne, my gas gauge don't work
I can't tell how much gas I got man

Let it whip
I let it whip
See? I let it whip
Hold up
Let it whip
Paul Wall baby
All ready

I pull up, trunk bumpin like a bad shage
Speakers blastin next july with the trunk raised
Vogue tires lookin fresher than a pair of J's
Seven cars right behind me in a slab parade
I'm a pro, I work the wood like a carpenter
Everybody tippin down, no bartender
Candy paint, make em take my picture oftener
Money on my phone like a telemarketer
I weave the Llac through traffic like Malaysian hair
My fifth wheel bow down like it's time for prayer
All speakers in the trunk, roll no spare
Paint job, 10 racks for 10 thousand stares

Yea sir
Hey look yo car might be rusty
Your ride might be old
But that thing get you from A to B
So go and put the thing on the road
Mane you ain't gotta be stuntin
Got a good job, a little money
Aye you don't need no car note
You debt free and then frontin
They strugglin
You prayful, you ain't sittin on the bustin
Got 4 wheels, I got low bills and that's so weird, it's 100
That's factory, don't play that
That's Japanese, we gon say that
Don't let the crack in yo roof with scratch
Well I'm cool with that so don't lay back

Don't need a Benz and no Maybach
No CD player, got 8-track
You old school, that yo cool
Don't let nobody say jack
Just ride, don't let them kill yo vibe
Yo air don't work? Go and let them windows down
And let that thing whip