

## Whip Game Proper

Twista

Whip game proper, whip game proper  
You know my whip game proper, whip prop-proper  
You know my whip game proper, whip game proper  
You kn' a package on the way you know my whip game proper  
You know my whip game proper, whip-whip game proper  
You know my whip game proper, whip game proper  
Whip game proper, you know my whip game proper  
With my package on the way you know whip game, whip proper

Uh, Twista and Weezy F. Baby, ya dig  
Whip game proper like behind the wheel, behind the stove (uh)  
It don't matter (uh) check it out

Whip game proper, cocaine chopper  
Don't offer me reefer unless you know the flame proper  
You know I'm in somethin' sick when you see the Twista pop off  
Fucked up off juice and Vodka and high as a helicopter  
In the grape jelly Jag or peanut butter Bentley  
Or ruby Hummer cause a few bitches is comin' with me  
Or break down slowly I'm stallin' off in the stick shift (whoo)  
Mwah! Give my rims a kiss, they got big lips  
Now tear the guts out, bricks'll get served  
Like ostrich interior, because I'm sittin' on the biggest birds  
Vocalistic cataclysms, I spit the biggest words  
Fuck you and yo' bitch-ass crew, I spit the sickest verbs  
Yo' life is secondary, I fuck my secretary  
My life is legendary, keep a gun in every Chevy  
My trunk knocker, watch how I beat the block up  
A paper chopper cause on my tip, the flame pop up, cause my

Yes sir, uh,  
I'm up in it like dope dick  
And I'm physically fine, but my flow's sick  
Yosemite Sam, two holsters  
Two pistols, can't be too cautious  
Yes, human crack, Young Carter  
I perform better in hot water  
Yeah, and my whip game straight  
On a bad day I could turn a two into a eight  
And when I smile, it look like a bag of coke  
I gets high, I'm twisted like a bag of ropes  
And I come from the jungle  
I'm like Peter, I ride for my animals, ya dig?  
Ha ha, now get money, or get the fuck  
So much ice, I need the stick with the puck  
And if the work ain't big enough  
I could whip it up, watch me whip it up, because my

Whip game proper, watch how I stir the pot up  
Thuggin' like I will pack up my five and go blaka-blaka  
Do anything a nigga gots to do to protect my product  
When you call the cops up I'll be gone before they search through my Prada  
Because I don't want the drama, don't wanna holla at Your Honor  
So under the seat I'm a carry the llama and then I peel off in my Impala  
I'm a (what) Jeff Gordon slash chef, sorry I gots ta peel sharp  
Behind the wheel or the stove I whip it real hard

To lick it real hard, give the shorties real jobs  
Not from Georgia, I'm from Chicago but I got a (Field Mob)  
They all be proper, at the top of Da Carter  
Cuttin' work at the table like a D-J go aw-err-aw-err  
All of us poppin' tags, all of us ridin' Bentleys  
All of us ridin' bikes so you know we all poppin wheelies  
I'm a C-note rapper, good, dope shopper  
Clique gon' make dollars, spit, game proper, cause my