

# Whip a Tesla (feat. bbno\$)

## Yung Gravy & bbno\$

[Intro]

bbno\$[Chorus: bbno\$ & Yung Gravy]

Whip a Tesla, spinners lookin' kinda extra (Extra)

Find me bumpin' up my fees, I'm sorry that I'm clever

Wear a cap and gown like how the hell this make me better?

Dodge my ex's texts (Thot), now she sendin' letters

Hey Alexa, hey Alexa

How many bitches can we fit in the Tesla?Thottie gon' finesse so I'm namin' her Finessa[Verse

1: bbno\$]

I told that mom to call me never 'less we talkin' cheddar

I got my money up from where it was, my main endeavor (Yup)

This money growin' faster than myself, it's hard to measure

I'm four-foot-two, my racks not pretty, girls, I love 'em never, woah

[Verse 2: Yung Gravy]

Whip electric, pockets lookin' hectic

Butterfly doors when I let your bitch exit

Look majestic, move onto my next bitch

She look 42, man, I think I'm dyslexic[Chorus: bbno\$ & Yung Gravy]

Whip a Tesla, spinners lookin' kinda extra (Extra)

Find me bumpin' up my fees, I'm sorry that I'm clever

Wear a cap and gown like how the hell this make me better?

Dodge my ex's texts (Thot), now she sendin' letters

Hey Alexa, hey Alexa

How many bitches can we fit in the Tesla?

Told your bitch, "Nope," like I'm fuckin' Chuck Testa

Thottie gon' finesse so I'm namin' her Finessa[Verse 3: Yung Gravy]

Pull up in that Model X with your model ex

Elon Musk how I flex,

[Verse 4: bbno\$]

Ditch school, drop cheddar

Get coupe, change weather

This lady gotta send my money, she should call me never

Brrt, brrt, brrt, please just call me never

Double bitch, double header, Prada runners with the leather[Verse 5: Yung Gravy]

Switch lanes, get change, pull up with a thick chain

2018 world record for the dick game

Gravy Guinness, front flip the finish

That's how you doin' business when your side bitch a gymnast[Chorus: bbno\$ & Yung Gravy]

Whip a Tesla, spinners lookin' kinda extra (Extra)

Find me bumpin' up my fees, I'm sorry that I'm clever

Wear a cap and gown like how the hell this make me better?

Dodge my ex's texts (Thot), now she sendin' letters

Hey Alexa, hey Alexa  
How many bitches can we fit in the Tesla?  
Told your bitch, "Nope," like I'm fuckin' Chuck Testa  
Thottie gon' finesse so I'm namin' her Finessa

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>