

# Loud Pipes (Feat. Big Tymers Juvenile B.G.)

## Lil' Wayne

[Mannie]

Wha wha wha nigga nigga  
I put piss stains on private planes cause its my jet nigga  
Money ain't shit cause my rottweilers drink moet  
Diamond baugette bracelets for my lovers  
Player, I use Cristal to lubricate rubbers  
Who got shit on his wrist that cost 3 nickel  
Who got the project on lock when that nigga slanging pickle  
Who got Benz, a prowler, playboy, and a Vette  
Tell the truth--who fucked ya on the same night when we met?  
Now, who got baby mamas from the noila to new york  
Who got every bitch attention in this motherfucker when he talk  
Now who the fuck we talking bout, look, y'all don't know?  
I'll give you a hint, see that bitch you with?  
He fucked that hoe  
Now look here, y'all ain't seen my watch, its like Harlem world video  
White diamonds, red rubies, blue baguettes, I don't know  
Shorty, when the next time I'ma be up in your bed  
I love you? you love me?  
Well go head on and gimme some head[Chorus: x2]Loud pipes big rims  
Wodie that's our life  
When we pull up at the club  
Sorry that's our night  
I know a lot of haters out there saying  
That that's not right  
But our diamonds are much bigger  
So that's our life[Verse 2: (Baby)]  
I told four I need something  
With some hell of a ice  
Nigga came back with a hell of a price  
That ain't nothing  
These hoes doing ghella wrong  
Calling these niggas on our cell phone  
Bitch riding Benz on 20 inch chrome  
Gimme the key, the car hoe, and the alarm  
For my prowler, my jag, my Benz and my home  
Bitch you'll never ride 20 inch chrome  
I love to shine, that's why the choppa is mine  
Hit my block in my Benz hoe with stretch tires

Bought a new car that I couldn't drive  
Ordered the tunes before a nigga could drive  
When I put the Bose system right behind my eyes  
With the vc's and tv's so a nigga could shine  
With my ice bling bling like a 9 to 5  
And tell all my hoes they don't need no job[Chorus 2x][B.G]  
I ride the best from a Benz to a jag to a beamer to a lex  
Might fly first class on delta, helicopter or a jet  
I'm a stunter, I'm a reppa  
Geezy like to shine  
Drink Don, Moet, and Cris  
See that's the finest wine  
20 inches is the only thing I sit my shit on  
Don't bring ya bitch around me  
Cause my dick she'll wanna sit on  
And I ain't gonna tell her nothing different  
That's ya issue  
But after she come back  
Your best out is not to kiss her  
Hoes sick saying damn, look at Fresh pinky ring  
Look at BG watch  
That bitch blingalingaling  
I'm a ice wearer, trust me, you will never  
See me sporting nothing that ain't 20 g's or better  
Me and Wayne take the left  
Juve and Baby take the right  
Its dark in the room, we hold up our watches and its light  
Cash Money millionaires living a hell of a life  
Like my nigga weezay said, we surrounded by ice[Chorus: x2][Lil Wayne]  
Whoa whoa whoa  
Now I'm shining baby glossing  
Big tymin stuntin and flossing  
Lamborghini sitting on broads  
With two more in my garages  
Plus a blue and black ferrari  
With Nintendo and Atari  
Man I swear the car is awesome  
Vroom! sorry we lost 'em  
I'm back  
I pull up smelling like dime sacks and cognac  
I leave in the hummer,  
Hour later I'm flying back  
Whoosh, private jets about to land  
The women fall out when I let em touch my hand  
I get out the plane into a Mercedes Benz van

TVs all over with chrome 20 inch fans, damn  
Got damn  
Man I am  
L-I-L, weezy, off the heezy  
But still in all, ice flooding on my watch  
And in my grill and all  
Porch blocks front blocks  
Still in all, me and Slim in the Rover  
Beatrice brick holder, Cash Money young soulja[Chorus]

Songwriters

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