

Loud Pipes (Feat.Big Tymers,B.G. and Juvenile

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 baquette 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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