Loud Pipes

Ratatat

Verse 1: (Mannie)
Wha wha wha nigga niggaI put piss stains on private planes 'cause its my jet nigga
Money aint shit 'cause my rottweilers drink moet
Diamond baugette bracelets for my lovers
Playa, 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 slangin 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 talkin bout, look--yall dont know?
I'll give you a hint: see that bitch you with?
He fucked that hoe
Now look here, yall aint seen my watch, its like harlem world video
White diamonds, red rubies, blue baugettes, I dont know
Shorty, when tha next time imma be up in your bed
I love you? you love me?
Well go head on and gimme some headChorus: 2x (Juvenile)Loud pipes big rims
Wodie thats our life
When we pull up at the club
Sorry thats our night
I know a lot of haters out there sayin
That thats not right
But our diamonds are much bigger
So thats our lifeVerse 2: (Baby)
I told four I need somethin
With some hell of a ice
Nigga came back with a hell of a price
That aint nothin
These hoes doin hella wrong
Callin these niggaz on our cell phone
Bitch ridin 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 neva ride 20 inch chrome
I love to shine, thats why the choppa is mine
Hit my block in my benz hoe with stretch tires
Bought a new car that I couldnt 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 dont need no jobChorus 2xVerse 3: (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 thats the finest wine
20 inches is the only thing i sit my shit on
Dont bring ya bitch around me
'cause my dick she'll wanna sit on
And I aint gonna tell her nothin different
Thats ya issue
But after she come back
Your best out is not to kiss her
Hoes sick sayin damn, look at Fresh pinky ring
Look at BG watch
That bitch blingalingaling
I'm a ice wearer, trust me, you will neva
See me sportin nothin that aint 20 g's or betta
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 livin a hell of a life
Like my nigga weezay said, we surrounded by iceChorus (2x)(Lil Wayne)
whoa whoa whoa
Now im shinin baby glossin
Big tymin stuntin and flossin
Lamborghini sittin on broaders
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 smellin like dime sacks and cognac
I leave in the hummer,
Hour lata I'm flyin 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 ova with chrome 20 inch fans, damn

Got damn
Man I am
L-I-L, weezy, off the heezy
But still in all, ice floodin 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 souljaChorus & talking til fade

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