

No Love (Beautiful Life) [Instrumental]

Big Tymers

[Chorus X2 (Jazze Pha) and Mannie Fresh)]

(Its a beautiful life, colorful ice, fliest of hoes, spending the night)

Beautiful!

(I'm a Tymer baby, all my shit be designer baby, it's a beautiful life!)[Verse 1: Mannie Fresh]

I roll through your city they go who is that,

In a brand new Baby Blue Cadillac,

Truck two days old, with remote controls,

Press the motherfucking' button and the TV's fold,

Out the top of the dash, shaking they ass,

Tuck a lil' something and I show her some cash,

I'm Mannie Fresh hoe, represent the "S",

Cash Money Records nigga nothing but the best,

Got a monster truck, sitting on 30's,

Fuck the rap game 'cause I still push birdies,

I'm hood rich bitch, you know who I are,

They don't want to fuck me they want to fuck my car,

Now wait a minute hold up mane get it straight,

Ya dude push pebbles birdman push weight,

And its so incredible the things he does,

Take a project bitch from where she was,

Clean her life up, wife her just because,

We some motherfucking pimps you bitch,[Chorus: x2][Verse 2: Baby]

Blastin' rounds when we moving these pounds,

Counting cash out a shoe box, we getting it down,

I'm holding my town, like a nigga on a mound,

Or a crab out the bucket when me moving around

I'm strong in the hood, steering wheel all wood,

In the back of the lac the nigga played all good,

I'm on my grizzly my nizzy to get this brand new crib,

Behind this money its goin' be a fucking killin'

I'm moving around uptown this how its going down,

I'm coming through the hood for a billi killin' bitch,

Money is a must, hanging out at the club with hoes on motorbikes my nigga,

That ghetto life, with these calls and brawls it ain't no love in my eyesight nigga

A million in cash in the back of the dash and I'm the OG driving my nigga,[Chorus: x2][Verse 3: Mannie Fresh]

Yeah, got my root beer dickies on,

With my motherfucking diamond studded cell phone,

I got cars to match these clothes, with some ignorant ass banged out project hoes,

I'm dope boy fresh, I mean that bitch,

that's gators on my waiter when he serving that shit,
And I'm coming through your hood, disrespecting y'all,
Bass turned up loud knocking pictures off the wall,[Verse 4: Baby]
I'm riding gangster in a green Mercedes,
throwing spinach out the window Mannie fresh and Baby,
Icy whips with the gun on my hip,
Bootin' up at you bitches like "fuck yall haters" (fuck yall haters)
So get straight or get this gun in your face,
And fuck around and be a whole 'nother killing,
In the sky blue Bentley, 23's they spinnin',
Big Money Heavyweight and we gettin'[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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