

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

DORSEY, CHRISTOPHER / DORSEY, CHRISTOPHER / WRITER UNKNOWN, N
Published by
Lyrics © Ultra Tunes Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>