

# Loud Pipes

## ECOMOG vs Ratatat

Verse 1: (Mannie)

Wha wha wha nigga nigga I put piss stains on private planes 'cause its my jet nigga  
Money aint shit 'cause my rottweilers drink moët  
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 head Chorus: 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 life Verse 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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>