

Shine (feat. Jazze Pha)

Lil Wayne

What, wha, wha, wha, wha

What, wha, wha, wha, wha

Cash Money Millionaires

So take it there Yellow Viper, yellow Hummer, Yellow Benz

Yellow PT Cruiser, yellow 'Lac on rims

Drop yellow 'Vette and a platinum Rolls Royce

That's seven different cars, everyday I got a choice On my way to pick up Joyce, she be makin' me moist

Givin' me head while she hummin', she can play with her voice

And she got nice thighs, a big plump ass

She could ride a dick too, make me cum fast I like them modelin' bitches, I love them swallowin' bitches

Where them hoes headed at, I'm 'bout to follow them bitches

(Let's go)

I know you with your folks, but that nigga is broke

You might as well open your legs up and let a nigga poke

I'm a show you what it is not to be a window shopper

Mama you can have Fendi, mama you can have Prada

All you gotta do is break a nigga off proper

You could be with your man, I ain't tryna stop ya From my head down to my shoes

Skirtin' on twenty two's check my baby mamma

Whip Rovers, not Hondas I'ma spend it 'til it's gone

Don't know when I'm comin' home

Pop X and drank Cris' my life is the shit And the name be fire Wayne, ice and change

You can catch me in an aqua range, squattin' things

With them twenty-two inch chopper blades

Diamond face, diamond brace More colors than the game Simon says go, 'hind me

And mami on forty-fifth she told me "I'm a lez"

And she ain't like too much of dick

But give the bombest head, and so I took it anyway

But bitch I got family, don't need your pussy anyway

OK, let's talk about this ice that I'm carryin'

All these karats like I'm a fuckin' vegetarian

Niggas play, I bury them, y'all already knowin' I threw up my arm and bitches thought it started snowin'

See I'm a keep it goin, Big Tymin, you heard's me?

Dog I got cake like everyday my birthday wait, don't think they heard me

I say dog I got cake like everyday my birthday From my head down to my shoes

Skirtin' on twenty-two's check my baby mamma

Whip Rovers, not Hondas I'ma spend it 'til it's gone

Don't know when I'm comin' home

Pop X and drank Cris' my life is the shit I'ma Hot Boy, that's name brand and top of the line

Ride fly daily, all year 'round I shine
Ain't a nigga and they mama gonna stop me dog
Come through on dub-dueces, they jock me dog Glock cocked for haters tryna block me dog
Catch 'em so low, they geezy, don't shock me dog
Well get the fuck, slide on out the way
And let B.G. ease down the shinin' linen Let the diamonds and the jewelry light shit up
Each piece of jewelry I own, I ice it up
You don't wanna put your vehicle next to us
'Cause all of our vehicles, we dress 'em up With television, Dreamcast, DVDs
Nice sounds, buttons, it's twenties
I'm a Cash Money Hot Big Tymer nigga
That'll hold a pinky finger up and blind ya nigga From my head down to my shoes
Skirtin' on twenty two's check my baby mamma
Whip Rovers, not Hondas I'ma spend it 'til it's gone
Don't know when I'm comin' home
Pop X and drank Cris' my life is the shit I'm a stunt 'til I die, so you better respect it
Cause whoever try testin' is gonna be restin
I'm a young millionaire, Hot Boy, Lil' Turk
Bling blingin' everyday, plus I got work
(Bling) Nigga like me stay in the cut twenty four/seven
Steady stackin' my ends on dubs, twenty four/seven
Every car you wish you had, we got it, we got it
Bentleys, Hummers and Jags, big bodies, big bodies Love to floss, no secret stun'ner's
Niggas steady baller block, can't take nothin' from us
Young nigga, livin a life surrounded by ice
Hoes be like, "Damn, them boys, they're nothin' nice" They on fire, that must be them Hot Boys
You motherfuckin' right, you think this not girl?
Better think twice, get it right dog
Know you recognize, we got it on lock for all From my head down to my shoes
Skirtin' on twenty two's check my baby mamma
Whip Rovers, not Hondas I'ma spend it 'til it's gone
Don't know when I'm comin' home
Pop X and drank Cris' my life is the shit From my head down to my shoes
Skirtin' on twenty two's check my baby mamma
Whip Rovers, not Hondas I'ma spend it 'til it's gone
Don't know when I'm comin' home
Pop X and drank Cris' my life is the shit Uhh, uhh, uhh huh uh
(Oh shit)
2001, my life is the shit, know why?
(Lemme see that)
I'm representing, I'ma spit it
(Bling) As long as they make that shit I'ma break that shit
Ya heard me? It's like that; believe that
This year; fuck it I said it befo' and I meant it
I'm buyin' me a city, New Mannie, Louisiana ya biatch you, ohh

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