# No Love

## Big Tymers

It's a beautiful life, colorful ice, fliest of hoes, spending the night
Beautiful
I'm a Tymer baby, all my shit be designer baby
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It's a beautiful life
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 muthafuckin' 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 'cuz 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 bird man push weight
And it's so incredible the things he does
Take a project bitch from where she was
Clean her life up, wife her just because
We some muthafuckin' pimps you bitch
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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 grizzy my nizzy to get this brand new crib
Behind this money it's gon' be a fucking killin'
I'm moving around uptown this how it's going down
I'm coming thru 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
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Yeah, got my root beer dickies on
With my muthafuckin' 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 thru your hood, disrespecting y'all
Bass turned up loud knocking pictures off the wall
I'm riding gangsta in a green Mercedes
Throwing spinach out the window Mannie fresh and baby
Icey whips with the gun on my hip
Bootin' up at you bitches like fuck y'all 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'
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