

Loud Pipes (feat. Big Tymers, Juvenile & B.G.)

Lil Wayne

Verse 1: (Mannie)

Wha wha wha nigga niggall put piss stains on private planes 'cause its my jet nigga

Money aint shit 'cause my rottweilers drink moet

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 job

Chorus 2x

Verse 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, weezay, 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 soulja
Chorus & talking til fade

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>