

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, Loud Pipes

(Big Tymers)

Mannie: Wha, Wha, Yea.. Yea..

Baby: Without a doubt...

Mannie: All true...

Baby: Say it.. I mean, since you love to shine...

(Big Tymers... Fresh..) (Tymers...)

Mannie: Yea, Yea, Yea...

Baby: (Big Diamonds... Big Tymers...)

Mannie: Yea, Yea...

Mannie (of Big Tymers):

I put 'Cris stains on private planes, cause it's my jet,

Nigga, money ain't 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 three nickel?

Who got, the project on lock when that nigga slingin' pickle?

Who got a, benz, a prowler--playboy--and a 'Vette..

Tell the truth, who fucked ya' on the same night when we met?

Now, who got baby mama's from N.O. to New York?

Who got, every bitch attention in this muthafucka' when he talk?

Now who the fuck we talkin bout, look--Ya'll don't know?

I'll give you a hint... See that bitch you with? He fucked that ho.

Now look here, ya'll aint seen my watch? It's like Harlem World video,

White diamonds, red rubies, blue baugettes, I dont know..

Shorty, whens the next time Im'a be up in your bed,

I love you? You love me? Well go head on, and give me some head...

Juvenile: (Chorus 2x)

Loud pipes, Big rims,

Whodi, that's our life..

When we pull up at the club,

Sorry, that's our night..

I know a lot of haters out there,

Sayin, that that's not right..

But our diamonds are much bigger,

So, that's our life..

Baby (of Big Tymers): No doubt, Juve! Lah-lah...

I told Sol, &quot;I need somethin' with some hell of a ice,&quot; (Ice...)

Nigga came back with a hell of a price.. (Price...)

That ain't nothin, these ho's doin' hell'a wrong.. (Violatin')

Callin' these niggas on our cell phone, (Violatin')

Bitch ridin' Benz on twenty-inch chrome, (Chrome..)

Gimme the key, the car ho, and the alarm... (All my shit..)

For my Prowler, my Jag, my Benz and my home, (Give it here...)

Bitch, you'll never ride twenty-inch chrome... (Neva' Neva' Neva')

I love to shine, that's why the choppa's mine, (Mine...)

Hit my block in my Benz, ho, with stretch tires, (Tires...)

Bought a new car that I couldn't drive, (Drive...)

Brought it to 'Tunes before a nigga could sign, (Sign right here...)

Now put the Bose system right behind my eyes, (Eyes...)

With the VC's and TV's, so a nigga could shine... (Shine...)

Let my ice \*\*Bling Bling\*\* like a nine to five, (Five...)

And tell all my ho's, they don't need no job (No job, whodi...)

Juvenile: (Chorus 2x)

BG: 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 stunna, I'm a reppa, G'zy like to shine,

Drink Don, Moet, and Crissy, that's the finest wine,

Twenty inches is the only thing I'll sit my shit on,

Dont bring ya' bitch around me, cause my dick she'll wanna sit on,  
And I ain't gon' tell her nothin' different, that's ya issa, (Issue..)  
But after she come back, your best out is not to kiss her,  
Ho's sick, sayin' damn, look at Fresh pinky ring,  
Look at BG watch, that bitch bling-aling-aling...  
I'm a ice wearer, trust me, you will never,  
See me sportin' nothin that ain't 20 G's or betta,  
Me and Wayne take the left, Juvy and Baby take the right,  
It's dark in the room, we hold up our watches and it's light,  
Cash Money Millionaires livin' a hell of a life,  
Like my nigga Weezy said, "Surrounded by iceee..."

Juvenile: (Chorus 2x)

Lil Wayne: Whoa... Whoa.. Whoa..  
Now, I'm shinin, beamin, glossin, Big Tymin, stuntin, and flossin..  
Lamborghini sit 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 dimesacks and 'Conyac..  
I leave in a Hummer, hour lata' I'm flyin' back,  
Sshhhhh..... private jet's about to land,  
The women fall out when I let 'em touch my hand,  
I get out the plane into a Mercedes-Benz van,  
TV's all over with chrome twenty-inch fans,  
Damn.. God - damn.. Man - I am.. L-I-L.. Weezy, off the heezy..  
But still and all, ice floodin' out my watch,  
And in my grill and all, Porche Box', run blocks,  
SKRRT! Peelin' off, Me and Slim in a Rover,  
Beatrice.. Brick holder, Cash Money young soldier... Whoa!

Juvenile: (Chorus 3x)

Juvenile:  
Mmmmmmmmmmm... Wheezy-Wee...  
Cash Money Millionaires in this muthafucka,  
Respect it, or check it!  
My nigga, BG'zy, My nigga Mannie Fre'zy,  
My nigga, Baby..  
Fuck ya'll rest of ya'll niggas..  
Ya heard me?