

Big Tymers, How U Luv That (Vol2 Version)

[Juvenile:]

Aw, man
Man I sho' need this one here man
It's gon' be so huge
I know everyone out there gon' luv this one ya heard me

[Manny Fresh:]

Now, who the f**k got cars for days
Crazy hoes and momo's with the 20 inch blades
Me and the Misses, drivin' Expeditions
The back stabbin' friends (smooch) blowin' kisses
Chrome struck bitches, wood grain witches
Leather seats, la la look, anything else itches
I don' done it, the bubble-eyed GS 300
Anything else around me playboy I run it
Bought the black Yukon in Houston, a microwave, a fouton
She not white, uh uh, she cuban
Karats on my fingers
F**kin' R&B Singers
1998 Lexus, Dick slangers
Nuts Hangers, from South American
Don Peringion
Me a peasant, move on
Can you top a, nigga with a candy coated helicopter
Move, shake, shove that
Ask yourself nigga How You Luv That

[Chorus: Lil Wayne (2x)]

How You Luv That
20 Cars on chrome
Nigga, How You Luv That
20 show in the dome
Nigga, How You Luv That
20 Hot Girls to bone
Nigga, How You Luv That
Brrrr, 20 PrimeCo phones

[Baby:]

Nigga how you gon' tell me that shit ain't changed
When nigga used to play curls now they playin' braids
And in my crib I got a elevator f**kin' with these hoes heads
With alligator pillow cases in my bed
I got a screen TV so big
Playboy I had to get aproval from the city and the muthaf**kin' feds
I say f**k these white folks 'til I'm dead
Cause I'm gon' ball 'til I fall and spend 20 G's at the mall
And Playboy you could tell me How You Luv That
I bought my son a Rolex with diamonds and bezzel at nine months
And a Cash Money medallion with 20 diamonds in each letter son
So peeps this, nigga a got I million dollars worth of cars all on chrome can
you compete wit' this, that's beautiful

These six tires with that Range Rover
Ear rings costin' 15 G's, wit' TV's
Nigga I'm tryin' to put a screen on the hood of the Humvee
And put my face on top nigga can you see me
I got so much money I'll never do time
I play them white bitches like they play me at all times
I got 20 G's to put on they leather seat
But, for open court charges three time felony on one rap sheet
What the f**k I look like choppin' trees and pickin' cotton
When I shoot, f**kin' hoes and money clockin'
I'm a Big Tymer ask 'Lac you could believe that

Play boy nigga tell me How You Luv That

[Chorus: Lil Wayne (2x)]

[Juvenile:]

Baby what you mean that Juvenile ain't bout matin'
Best get yo' mind right and go head with that hatin'
What, you must think that these diamonds ain't real or somthin', ha
All of this shoutin' gon' get me killed for nothin', ha
Nigga f**k that I'm gon' ball 'til I fall
From Calton by the levy, to General DeGaul
So Baby pop the Crystille, and shine the jewels
Give your cadillac a tool, with 20 inch L's
Rolex with diamond bezzels with 20 G cells
My floor shinin' from marble from across the canal
In my position we make nothin but G's
Your jewelery say you belong to CMB
Don't hit us cause we beautiful niggaz please
You think I'm stuntin' know just wait 'til I come back with them ki's
Niggaz fear this, they hate but they don't come near this
I don' wrote a song bout these bitches you wanna hear this
They say, "Juvenile you muthaf**ka you off the heezy"
I got these hoes pussy poppin' tell lil keezy and breezy
Can't you see me in that bubble-eye, How You Luv That
Can't you see me in that BMW-ah, How You Luv That

[Chorus: Lil Wayne (2x)]

Wha, How You Luv That
Wha, How You Luv That
Wha, How You Luv That
Wha, How You Luv That
Wha, How You Luv That
Nigga, How You Luv That
Wha wha, Brrr, How You Luv That
Ha ha, Big Tymers
Diamonds that'll [Bling] blind ya
Ha ha, Big Tymers
Better act like ya know