

# Big Tymers, No Love

[Chorus X2 (Jazze Pha & Mannie Fresh)]

[Jazze Pha]

Its a beatiful life, colourful ice, flyest of hoes, spending the night,

[Mannie singing off key]

BEAUTIFU-UUL !

[Jazze Pha]

I'm a Tymer baby, all my shit be designer baby, Its a beatiful life !

[Verse 1 (Mannie Fresh)]

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 mutha fuckin' 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&quot;,  
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 birdman push weight,  
And its so incredible the things he does,  
Take a project bitch from where she was,  
Clean her life up, wife her just because,  
We some mutha fuckin' pimps you bitch,

[Chorus X2]

[Verse 2 (Baby)]

Blastin' rounds when we moving these pounds,  
Counting cash out a shoebox, 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 grizzly my nizzy to get this brand new crib,  
Behind this money its gon' be a fucking killin'  
I'm moving around uptown this how its 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,

[Chorus X2]

[Verse 3 (Mannie Fresh & Baby)]

[Mannie Fresh]

Yeah, got my root beer dickies on,  
With my mutha fuckin' 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,

Thats 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,

[Baby]

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" (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'

[Chorus X2]