

Big Tymers, No Love (Beautiful Life) (Non-Dirty)

[Chorus X2 (Jazze Pha & Mannie Fresh)]

[Jazze Pha]

Its a beatiful life, (I got) colourful ice, (and I got) flyest of WHOO, spending the night,

[Mannie singing off key]

BEAUTIFU-UUL !

[Jazze Pha]

I'm a Tymer baby, all my shhh be designer baby, Its a beautiful 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 lime green button and the TV's fold,
Out the top of the dash, shawty all in my stash,
Go on and show a lil' something when I kick her her some cash,
I'm Mannie Fresh brizzle, represent the "S",
Cash Money Records playa nothing but the best,
Got a monster truck, sitting on 30's,
I got the rap game and I still push -----,
Still hood rich pimp, you know who I are,
They don't want to skeet me they want to skeet my car,
Now wait a minute hold up mane get it straight,
Ya dude push -----, Birdman push -----,
And its so incredible the things he does,
Take a project chick from where she was,
Clean her life up, wife her just because,
We some supa dupa pimps you dig? (yeahhh)

[Chorus X2]

[Verse 2 (Baby)]

----- when we moving these ----,
Counting cash out a shoebox, we getting it down,
I'm holding my town, like a pitcher 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 ----- played all good,
I'm on my grizzly my nizzy to get this brand new crib,
Behind this money its gon' be another feelin'
I'm moving around uptown this how its going down,
I'm coming thru the hood for a ----- yup,
Money is a must, hanging out at the club with shorty on a motorbike, and she chillin
That ghetto life, with the scars from bars it's a pain, another feelin'
A million in cash in the back of the dash in every ghetto, every city

[Chorus X2]

[Verse 3 (Mannie Fresh & Baby)]

[Mannie Fresh]

Yeah, got my root beer dickies on,
With my photogenic, diamond studded cell phone,
I got cars to match these fits, with some top-notched, braids-out project chicks,
I'm ---- boy fresh, I mean that thurr,
Thats gators on my waiter when he pulling that churr,
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 stuff on my hip,
Bootin' up at you cats like "What's up, playa?"
So get straight or get this stuff in your face,
And mess around and be a whole nother feeling,
In the sky blue bentley, 23's they spinnin,

Big Money Heavyweight and we gettin'

[Chorus X2]