

How U Luv That

Big Tymers

Awww man, Man I sure believe this one here man, gon' be so beautiful
I know everyone out there gon' hafta love this one, ya heard that?

Now, who the fuck cars for days
Crazy hoes and momos with the 20 inch blaze
Picture me and the missus driving Expeditious
The backstabbin' friends blowin' kisses
Chrome-struck bitches, wood grain wenches
Leather seats, la la la, anything else itches
I done done it, the Bubble IGS 300
Anything else around here, playboy I run it
Bought the black Yukon, new Storm, microwave with futons
She not white, unh unh, she Cub-an
Karats on my fingers, fuckin' R&B singers
1998 Lexus, dickslangers
Nuts-hang-us from South American
Don Perrion, Mil cousin, move on
Can you top-uh
Nigga with a Calico to helicopter
Move, shake, shove that
Ask yourself nigga, "How you luv that?"

How you luv that? 20 cars on chrome, nigga
How you luv that? 20 shows in the dome, nigga
How you luv that? 20 hot girls to bone, nigga
How you luv that? BRRTT! 20 Primeco phones 2x

Nigga, how you gon' tell me that shit ain't changed
When niggas used to play curls now the playin' braids
And In my crib I got an elevator fuckin' with these hoes heads
With alligator pillows cases in my bed
I gotta scream, "Cheese-y" so bad
Playboy, I had to get approval from the city and the motherfuckin' feds
I said fuck these white folks 'til I'm dead
Cause I'ma ball 'til I fall and spend 20 G's at the mall
Now playboy, you can tell me how you luv that
I bought my son a rolex with diamonds embezzle
When 9 months, a Cash Money medallion with 20 diamonds in each letter, son
So peep this, nigga
I got a million dollars worth of cars all on chrome, can you compete with
this?
That's beautiful, these 6 ties with that Range Rover
Earrings costing 15 G's with T.V.'s
Nigga, I'm trying to put a screen on the hood of the Humvee
With my face on top, nigga, can you see me?
I got so much money, I'll never do time
I'll play them white bitches like they play me at all times
I got 20 G's to put on they leather seat
Or for all the coke chargin', 3-time felon on one rap sheet
What the fuck I look like? Choppin' tree and pickin' cotton
When I should be fuckin' hoes and money clockin'
I'ma Big Tymer, ask Lac, you can believe that
Playboy, nigga, tell me how you luv that?

Baby, what you mean that Juvenile ain't bout matin'?
You besta get yo' mind right and go ahead with that hea-din'
What? You must think these diamonds ain't real or sumpin, huh?

All of this shinin' gon' get me killed for nothin' huh?
Nigga, fuck that, I'ma ball 'til I fall from Carolton by the lake to General
Digaul
So baby, buy me Cristal, shiny jewel
Hit the caddilac, 2 wheel with 20 inches
Rolex with diamond bezzles, 20 G cel
My floor shinin' from mar-ble, cross-connect
In my position, we make nothin' but G's
If you rich, then you belong got CMB
Don't hate us nigga, cause we beatiful, nigga please
You think I'm stun'n now, just wait 'til I come back with them keys
Niggas fear this, they hate, but they don't come near this
I done wrote a song about the bitches, you wanna hear this?
They say Juvenile, you motherfucker, you off the heesy
I got these hoes pussy poppin' tell they cheesy and greasy
Can you see me in that Bubble I, how you luv that?
Can you see me in that BMW-ah, how you luv that?

[Chorus the Lil' Wayne talks til end]