## Clint Black % Steve Wariner "How You Luy That"

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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 fuck 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

fouton
She not white, uh uh, she cuban
Karats on my fingers
Fuckin' R&B Singers
1998 Lexus, Dick slangers
Nuts Hangers, from South Americon
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 fuckin' 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 muthafuckin' feds

I say fuck 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 fuck I look like choppin' trees and pickin' cotton

When I shoot, fuckin' 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 fuck 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 muthafucka 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)

Better act like ya know

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

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