

## **Big Tymers "Beautiful Life"**

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It's a beautiful life, colorful ice  
Flyest of hoes, spending the night beautiful  
I'm a Tymer baby, all my shit be designer baby  
It's a beautiful life

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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  
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

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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 grizzy 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 through 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

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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 through your hood, disrespecting y'all  
Bass turned up loud knocking pictures off the wall

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 another killing  
In the sky blue Bentley, 23's they spinning

Big money heavyweight and we gettin'

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