

## Big Tymers

### "How U Luv That (feat. Juvenile)"

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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

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)]

Wha, How You Luv That  
Wha, How You Luv That  
Wha, How You Luv That  
Wha, How You Luv That  
Wha, How You Luv That  
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  
Better act like ya know

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