

## **Big Tymers**

### **"How U Luv That"**

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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?

#### *[Verse 1]*

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?"

#### *[Chorus]*

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? BRRTTT! 20 Primeco phones 2x

#### *[Verse 2]*

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?

*[Chorus]*

*[Juvenile]*

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]*

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