

Big Tymers

"No Love"

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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
Icye 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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