

Lil' Wayne "Favourite Things"

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[Chorus:]

Coops, cars, big trucks
We ride rims that keep spinnin' (uh huh)
We stay so fly, bandanas and cush linen
Chain swang, pinky ring, diamond things we ain't
playin'
These are a few of our favorite things (yea)

[Juelz Santana:]

Now I get flyer than most do
Higher than most do
G4's or better, how I fly through the coastal
I'm live with the toast dude, I'm liable to approach you
Like 'Hi' then 'Bye' and I will just roast you
My dudes all the same here, we shoot off and bang
here
Red dot your nose like you was Rudolph the Reindeer
I'm fast when I race cars, I smash and I scrape cars
Love candy paint, but still keep my factory paint job
(yup, yup, yup)
I'm a mack and I play hard
Choose a bitch, scoop a bitch, then back the play yard
Like 'Hey ya, hey ma, open your mouth wide put your
head down there'
Respect me I'm a pimp 'round here
Our doors go up on our whips 'round here (cause)
These are a few of our favourite things (yea)

[Chorus]

[Lil' Wayne:]

Carter me I'm stuntin', the Carter yeah I'm youngin
Automotors runnin' off body temperature look at ya
Lookin' all shook up, I'm a fly nigga, rock my chain
when I cook up
Evisu's gettin' took up, Cavalli's in the cleaners
Parallels on the beamer, I swear that bitch hotter than
the bullets in Anena
You talkin' to a fever, nigga get ya heat up

And I'm a dirty south boy, nigga get ya teet up
I hit like Roy, not Jones but Williams

Findin' me a Kelly make some Destiny Children
The recipe is Cristal and sizzurp
Call that Crizzurp, get that from killer
Cam that's my man, and Juelz that's my nigger
Dip-dipset young money where the dessert
Naw, where the desert
It's right up in that Maybitch under that Corinthian
leather
(holla back nicca)

[Chorus]

[Juelz Santana:]

We ridin big yo (yea), we drivin' bog yo (yea)
Stash box in the car we hidin' big blow
Ask Joc (yea, yea), even the kids know (yea, yea, yea,
yea)
That I'm the shit show (yea)
I ride more chrome, I rock more stones
I got four chones, and I ain't talkin' cookies nigga
I'm talkin' cash that last ('til when?)
'Til the day that you pass
I'm talkin true facts, I'm talking true stacks
Coops black, Coops that come with the roof back
Chasin' dig dough (yea), making big dough (yea)
That what we live fo', get a grip ho
That how we stroll down here, that's how we roll down
here
Spectacular chrome down here, that's how it go down
here

[Chorus]

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