

## **Keith Sweat F/ Athena**

### **"Loud Pipes"**

Visit "[Loud Pipes](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Verse 1: (Mannie)

Wha wha wha nigga nigga

I put piss stains on private planes cuz its my jet nigga  
Money aint shit cuz my rottweilers drink moet  
Diamond baugette bracelets for my lovers  
Playa, i use cristal to lubricate rubbers  
Who got shit on his wrist that cost 3 nickel  
Who got the project on lock when that nigga slangin  
pickle  
Who got benz, a prowler, playboy, and a Vette  
Tell the truth--who fucked ya on the same night when  
we met?  
Now, who got baby mamas from the noila to new york  
Who got every bitch attention in this motherfucker  
when he talk  
Now who the fuck we talkin bout, look--yall dont know?  
I'll give you a hint: see that bitch you with?  
He fucked that hoe  
Now look here, yall aint seen my watch, its like harlem  
world video  
White diamonds, red rubies, blue baugettes, I dont  
know  
Shorty, when tha next time imma be up in your bed  
I love you? you love me?  
Well go head on and gimme some head

Chorus: 2x (Juvenile)

Loud pipes big rims  
Wodie thats our life  
When we pull up at the club  
Sorry thats our night  
I know a lot of haters out there sayin  
That thats not right  
But our diamonds are much bigger  
So thats our life

Verse 2: (Baby)

I told four I need somethin  
With some hell of a ice

Nigga came back with a hell of a price  
That aint nothin  
These hoes doin hella wrong  
Callin these niggaz on our cell phone  
Bitch ridin benz on 20 inch chrome  
Gimme the key, the car hoe, and the alarm  
For my prowler, my jag, my benz and my home  
Bitch you'll neva ride 20 inch chrome  
I love to shine, thats why the choppa is mine  
Hit my block in my benz hoe with stretch tires  
Bought a new car that I couldnt drive  
Ordered the tunes before a nigga could drive  
When I put the bose system right behind my eyes  
With the vc's and tv's so a nigga could shine  
With my ice bling bling like a 9 to 5  
And tell all my hoes they dont need no job

Chorus 2x

Verse 3: (B.G)

I ride the best from a benz to a jag to a beamer to a lex  
Might fly first class on delta, helicopter or a jet  
I'm a stunter, I'm a reppa  
Geezy like to shine  
Drink Don, Moet, and Cris  
See thats the finest wine  
20 inches is the only thing i sit my shit on  
Dont bring ya bitch around me  
Cuz my dick she'll wanna sit on  
And I aint gonna tell her nothin different  
Thats ya issue  
But after she come back  
Your best out is not to kiss her  
Hoes sick sayin damn, look at Fresh pinky ring  
Look at BG watch  
That bitch blingalingaling  
I'm a ice wearer, trust me, you will neva  
See me sportin nothin that aint 20 g's or betta  
Me and Wayne take the left  
Juve and Baby take the right  
Its dark in the room, we hold up our watches and its  
light  
Cash Money millionaires livin a hell of a life  
Like my nigga weezay said, we surrounded by ice

Chorus (2x)

(Lil Wayne)

whoa whoa whoa  
Now im shinin baby glossin  
Big tymin stuntin and flossin

Lamborghini sittin on broaders  
With two more in my garages  
Plus a blue and black ferrari  
With nintendo and atari  
Man I swear the car is awesome  
Vroom! sorry we lost em  
I'm back  
I pull up smellin like dime sacks and cognac  
I leave in the hummer,  
Hour lata I'm flyin back  
Whoosh, private jets about to land  
The women fall out when I let em touch my hand  
I get out the plane into a mercedes benz van  
TVs all ova with chrome 20 inch fans, damn  
Got damn  
Man I am  
L-I-L, weezy, off the heezy  
But still in all, ice floodin on my watch  
And in my grill and all  
Porch blocks front blocks  
Still in all, me and Slim in the Rover  
Beatrice brick holder, Cash Money young soulja

Chorus & talking til fade

Visit [Keith Sweat F/ Athena](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.