

Melanie Bender

"How You Luv That"

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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

FREE Personalized Email at Mail.com
Sign up at ?sr=mc.mk.mcm.tag001

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