

Master P, Burbans And Lacs

This is for the Burbans and the Cadillacs
With the 10's and the 12's bumpin in the back
This is for the playas hustlas pimps and macks
With the Benz's makin ends I'm makin paper stacks

This is for the Burbans and the Cadillacs
With the 10's and the 12's bumpin in the back
This is for the playas smokin woolimacks
Hittin skins make dividends and ridin with my strap

UNH woodgrain with the leather seats
Windows so dark you need a flashlight to see me
Smokin on that dojah four niggas in tha back screamin
NO LIMIT SOLDIER
True to the giz-zam stopped in the projects
Sold a half a ounce of cocaine
Hit interstate 10 into TEXAS listenin to DJ SCREW
Just raced the Lexus called up Pimp C
Did a song last week with my nigga Bump B
Twistin on some green spinich
A nigga still trippin I aint dead I'm still in it

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See pocket full of dollas already stacked
So I'm gangtsa leanin sideways
Today aint Friday pretend it is and today it's my day
Take it from Mr. High spoke rider
Cadillac and Suburban driver pussy diver
Mr. Glock beside me when I'm ridin
Flossin down the block holla at my boys up in the third
I got the latest word swirve to the side of the curb
Fiend that wanted me to serve her I said:
"Bitch can't tell I'm off ?"
But I still give her five dollas to wipe my whitewalls
Then I burst up out the block
Drop the top cuz it was hot
Shit hit the spot where the most hoes at
At the side show about to plot
Hittin doughnuts and you know I'm actin a straight up menace
Catch me spinnin and you can tell I was there
Cuz the cloud of smoke when I finish
I seen 5 - 0 and they aint even try to sweat me
Think they bein nice nah
Cuz I got 185 under the hood and they know they cant catch me
And if you see me chillin you can stop me
And I keep that glock 40 on my dash
You never know who might not be
And this is for the playas

Playa play on I can't hate you homey
Playa play on I can't hate you homey

Burbans and Lacs mansions and bitches money and weed
The made life it's all I dream
Paper chasin for the green I'm thuggin on the scene
Nigga what you don't believe? well check the credentials
They'll tell ya a nigga's livin presidential
I'm on a level that you bustas would never feel
Thought I I'd get cougth up in the game and get killed
Reverse that shit and hit the studio and make a mill

For real I'm slingin platinum shit until I'm old and ill
Like Gotti Imma make you feel what I say
I got time to parlay chill off in the bay and smoke some hay
I wouldn't have this shit no other way the made life
The game tight No Limit for life

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2 x

Playa play on I can't hate you homey
You rollin on chrome and candy