

Burbons and Lacs

Master P

This is for the Burbans and the Cadillac's
With the tens and twelves bumpin' in the back
This is for the players, hustlas, pimps and macks
With the Benz makin' ends I mean them paper stacks
This is for the Burbans and the Cadillac's
With the tens and twelves bumpin' in the back
This is for the players smokin' doolamac
Slappin' skins, makin' dividends and riding strapped(Uh) wood grain with the leather seats
Windows so dark you need a flashlight to see me
Smokin' on that doshia, four niggas in the back screaming No Limit soldiers!
True to the gizzame, stopped in the projects, sold a half an ounce of cocaine
Hit interstate ten, to Texas
Listening to DJ Screw just raised the Lexus
Called up Pimp see, did a song last week with my nigga Bun be
Twistin' on some green spinach
And niggas still trippin', I ain't dead, I'm still in it
This is for the Burbans and the Cadillac's
With the tens and twelves bumpin in the back
This is for the players, hustlas, pimps and macks
With the Benz makin ends and them paper stacks See pockets full of dollars already stacked
strong gangsta leaning sideways
Today ain't Friday, ten it is and today is my day
Take it from mister high spoke rider
Cadillac Suburban driver, pussy diver
Push the glock inside when I'm riding
Flossing down the block, holla at my boys up in the third
Got the latest word, swerve to the side of the curb
A fiend that wanted me to serve him, I said bitch can't tell I'm off?
But I still gave him five dollars to wipe my white walls
And then I burst up out the block, dropped the top cause it was hot
Hit the spot with the most hoes at the sideshow, abouts to plot
Spin donuts, you know I'm macking, a straight up nigga
Catch me spinnin', you can tell I was there cause I clocked smoke when I was finished
I seen five-O, and man he tried to sweat me
Thinkin' he'd be nice and all cause I gotta 185 in the hood
And you know they can't catch me
And if you see me chilling you can stop me
But I keep that glock, 40 up on the dashboard you never know who might not be
This is for the playas
Playa, play on
I can't hate you homie
Playa, play on

I can't hate you homie Burbans and Lacs, mansions and bitches, money and weed
A made life is all I dream, paper chasing for that green
I'm thugging on the scene, nigga
Whatcha don't believe, well check the credentials, they'll tell ya
A niggas living presidential, I'm on the level that you bustas will never feel
My daughter thought I'd get caught up in the game and get killed
But reverse that shit and hit the studio and make a mill
For real, I'm slanging platinum shit until I'm old and ill
Lil' Gotti, I'm gonna make you feel what I say, I got time to parlay
Chill off in the bay, smoke some hay, I wouldn't have that shit no other way
The made life, the game tight, No Limit for life This is for the Burbans and the Cadillac's
With the tens and twelves bumpin' in the back
This is for the players smokin' doolamac
With the Benz makin' ends I mean them paper stacks
This is for the Burbans and the Cadillac's
With the tens and twelves bumpin' in the back
This is for the players smokin' doolamac
With the Benz makin ends I mean them paper stacks
Playa play on
I can't hate you homie

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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