

# 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:  
&quot;Bitch can't tell I'm off ?&quot;  
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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With the Benz's makin ends I mean the paper stacks  
2 x

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