

Shaquille O'Neal F/ Peter Gunz

"Bourbans and 'Llacs"

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[Mo B. Dick]

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

[Master P]

(Uhhhhhh) 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 C, did a song last week with my nigga
Bun B
Twistin on some green spinach
And niggas still trippin, I aint dead, I'm still in it

[Mo B. Dick]

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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

[Silkk The Shocker]

See pockets full of dollars already stacked strong
gangsta leaning sideways
Today aint 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 cant

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

[Mo B. Dick]

Playa, play on

I can't hate you homie

Playa, play on

I can't hate you homie

[Lil' Gotti Gambino]

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 dont believe, well check the credents, 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

[Mo B. Dick]

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