

## Wynonna Judd

### "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]

(Uhhhhh) 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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