

M**"Bourbans And Llacs"**

Visit "[Bourbans And Llacs](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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]

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

[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]
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

Visit [M](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.