

## Master P "20 On Cars 26 On Trucks"

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Chill

(Chorus 2x)

We ridin 20s on the cars and 26s on the trucks  
And everybody diggin us it aint no limit to the bucks  
We makin noise in the game to let em know we comin  
up  
And haters movin out the way they know they don't  
wanna play wit us

(Verse 1)

We ridin (Chill) how I spit em man  
Pockets holdin 50 gram  
Ridin big body Impala man me and my partners man  
20 inch rims keep em spinnin like a ceilin fan  
Haters gold tending tryin to get me out my figures man  
But they can't get the man(no) can't hit the man(no)  
Even them NBA dudes can't stick the man  
Women crowd around me paparazzi takin pictures man  
Catch me on the line at 3-1-0 Im fixin to get em man  
Curren\$y got plenty money to stack up  
And plenty burners too in case you dudes wanna act up  
Play with me or my crew and we'll be pickin them gats  
up  
And have you on yo cellie callin homies for back up  
And I don't think you really want it to come this  
Something for that growl whodi you betta shut ya trap  
But I aint really comin huntin for no drama  
I just wana hit the club and leave with yo baby mama  
(Verse 1)

(Chorus 2x)

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(Verse 2)

Yo,

We ridin 20s on the Bentley 26s on the Lac truck  
If the cop stop me Im probly gone get hacked up  
Cuz Im underage but never underpaid

Im makin maximum wages richie rich I got it made  
(Ok) They call me Romeo big game plenty dough  
You can't hold me so let me go I got talent and that's  
for show

Ask about the kid and they'll tell you that dude can flow  
And when Im done with school I be hoopin up in the  
pros Whoa

No Limit boys we big rimmin our cars up  
Tearin malls up spendin thousands at Toys R Us  
Nobody else whos in the game go as hard as us  
There's noone as large as us, you don't wanna start  
with us

I know more about kids than grown women  
Every week they watchin my show on television  
They gotta love me they know the boys winnin  
The girlies keep grinnin my rims they keep spinnin  
(Verse 2)

(Chorus 2x)

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(Verse 3)

Im a tell ya like this keep ya eyes on your chick  
Cuz her eyes on my wrist and these boys that Im with  
The girls like me whodi I don't blame em  
Im in the Guinness Book of Records for the richest  
entertainer  
Call me the ghetto Bill Gates cuz the system can't  
change us  
Had money and cars way before I was famous  
Im in the pros but I could buy the the team  
I got two made buys one blue the other green  
If it aint ridin spinnas then you know I can't roll it  
And if I had it over a month then I let my cousin hold it  
Im the first one on Cribs with a house with gold ceilings  
Gotta truck load of Bentleys cuz that's how Im livin  
In the winter pull the trucks out  
The summer it's the drop top  
P Miller on my clothes (whoa) got a million in the watch

Hey move out the way Im ready to cause havoc  
Me and my soldiers be ballin why must be yo actin  
I leave cats distractin stickin like magnets  
Im the shorty from the Phillipines the main attraction  
Rollin up in fly whips switchin every other day  
No Limit girls ball like the WNBA Whaa

(Chorus 2x)

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