

Master P "Bourbans And Lacs"

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This is for the Bourbans 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

(Uhh)
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 ain't dead, I'm still in it

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With the Benz makin' ends and them paper stacks

See pockets full of dollars already stacked
Strong gangsta leaning sideways
Today ain't 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 can't
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

Hittin' 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

Playa, play on
I can't hate you homie
Playa, play on
I can't hate you homie

Bourbans 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 don't believe, well check the credentials, 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

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