

## Master P "Bourbans And Llacs"

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This is for the Bourbans and the 'Llac'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 Bourbans and the 'Llac'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 aint 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 'Llacs, 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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