

# Burbans and Lacs

## Master P

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 ridin' strapped(Uh) 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 see, did a song last week with my nigga Bun be  
Twistin' on some green spinach  
And niggas still trippin', I ain't dead, I'm still in it  
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 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  
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  
Playa, play on  
I can't hate you homie  
Playa, play on

I can't hate you homie 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 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 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>