

This is for the Burbans and the Cadillacs
With the 10's and the 12's bumpin in the back
This is for the playas hustlas pimps and macks
With the Benz's makin ends I'm makin paper stacks
This is for the Burbans and the Cadillacs
With the 10's and the 12's bumpin in the back
This is for the playas smokin woolimacks
Hittin skins make dividends and ridin with my strap
UNH woodgrain with the leather seats
Windows so dark you need a flashlight to see me
Smokin on that dojah four niggas in tha back screamin
NO LIMIT SOLDIER
True to the giz-zam stopped in the projects
Sold a half a ounce of cocaine
Hit interstate 10 into TEXAS listenin to DJ SCREW
Just raced the Lexus called up Pimp C
Did a song last week with my nigga Bump B
Twistin on some green spinich
A nigga still trippin I aint dead I'm still in it
This is for the Burbans and the Cadillacs
With the 10's and the 12's bumpin in the back
This is for the playas hustlas pimps and macks
With the Benz's makin ends I'm makin paper stacks
See pocket full of dollas already stacked
So I'm gangtsa leanin sideways
Today aint Friday pretend it is and today it's my day
Take it from Mr. High spoke rider
Cadillac and Suburban driver pussy diver
Mr. Glock beside me when I'm ridin
Flossin down the block holla at my boys up in the third
I got the latest word swirve to the side of the curb
Fiend that wanted me to serve her I said: