

P.T.A.

Masta Ace

King Tee
M.A
J-Ro (J-Ro)
P.K
(It's the mix)
L.A

I want my name on a big banna, word to my nanna
A red bone in Atlanta, one in
Savannah
Tell em both get tanna, you too white like Vanna
Sit 'em on my lap like Santa
I want a sky blue Cadillac, with' a 8-track and a floor model T.V. in da bac
k
So I can race Shaq straight down LaBrea
Last one to get to Roscoe's buys tha waffles
I be the man in the club spot, I want tha mansion
And tha yacht, like Elmer Fudd got
Did Hammer sell that house yet? I wanna buy it
And rent each room out fo' a grand, like the Hyatt
I want my own football team, and stadium
Hey, fuck platinum, I wanna go uranium

I had dreams of fuckin an R&B slut
Plus I'm tryin ta be tha first in tha bently truck
On twenty-fo inches of chrome, tight shit
8 TV's an'a satellite dish
Playa hata waita cause a nigga might switch
Two thou', three V-dozen white six
No matta what they do, boo, they can't see Tee
All these niggas frontin in their crib on M.T.V
I gotta castle
With' a draw bridge, no hassle
Let tha chariot swing low, go grab 'em
Take 'em to tha airstrip, catch tha airship
Back to tha hub city, [?] (woo)

I just love that whip appeal
'Specially all that shit ya feel
I'm not gon' lie, I'mma tell you tha deal
I want planes, trains, and automobiles
If you don't know what I mean
Jump inside so fresh and so clean (say what?)
I'mma let you niggas know how I feel
I want planes, trains, and automobiles

I want a flawless Benz with' gorgeous rims
So I can drive around, grinnin in my drawers 'n' tim's
These hata's hopin all dis ends
Score sum lawya's as friends
What I really want? It all depends
I wanna be tha man in tha halfayear
So I can ball out in Cleveland like a Cavalier
I wanna check with' six zeros, two commas
Sean Jean slippas an', Fubu pajamas

I drove down rows, and buy everything sold

Bitches so cold they suck like, black holes
Roll thru tha mall, smokin like broken stoves
Stroll with' King Tut gold thru orange chronic groves
Flows as hard as frozen poles
With' tha sold out shows that pack tha Rose Bowl
Pocket's so swoll I can buy ya soul
Mack an Ro want tha globe
Ballin' outa control

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