

**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 back  
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 Cavilier  
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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