

20 On Cars 26 On Trucks

Master P

Yeah..

(2x)

We riding 20's on the cars, and 26's on the trucks
And everybody digging us, it ain't no limit to the bucks
We making noise in the game, to let 'em know we coming up
And haters moving out the way, they know they don't wan' play with us

Hot Spitter man, pockets only fifty grand
Riding a big body Impala, me and my partna Stan
20 inch rims, keep 'em spinning like a ceiling fan
Haters goal tending, trying to get me out my figgas man
But they can't get the man (no), can't hit the man
Even them NBA dudes, can't stick the man
Women crowd around me, paparazzi taking pictures man
Catch me on the lot, at 3-1-0 I'm fitting get it man
Curren\$y got plenty money, to stack up
And plenty burners too, in case you dudes wanna act up
Play with me or my crew, and we'll be picking them gats up
And have you on your celly, calling homies for back up
And I don't think, you really want it to come to that
Stunting for that crowd whodi, you better shut your trap
But I ain't really coming, hunting for no drama
I just wan' hit the club, and leave with your baby mama

20's on the Bentley, 26's on the Lac truck
If the coppers stop me, I'm probably gon get hand cuffed
Cause I'm underage but, never under paid
I'm making maximum wage, it's Richie Rich I got it made
They call me Romeo, big game plenty do'
You can't hold me so let me go, I got talent and that's fa sho
Ask about the kid, and they'll tell you that dude can flow
And when I'm done with school, I'll be hooping up in the pros
Whoa No Limit boys we, be ramming our cars up
Tearing malls up, spinning thousands at Toys-R-Us
Nobody else who's in the game, go as hard as us
There's no one as large as us, you don't wanna start with us
I'ma grow up by kids, to grown women
Every week they watching my show, on television
They gotta love it they know, the boy's winning
The girllies keep grinning, my rims they keep spinning

I'ma tell you like this, keep your eye on your chick
Cause her eyes on my wrist, and these boys that I'm with
The girls like me, whodi I don't blame em
I'm in the Guinness Book of Records, for the richest entertainer
Call me the Ghetto Bill Gates, cause they system can't change us
Had money and cars, way before I was famous
I'm in the pros, but I can buy the team
I got two made-by's, one blue the other green
If it ain't riding spinners, then you know I can't roll
And if I had it over a month, then I let my cousin hold it
I'm the first one on Crips, with a house with gold ceilings
Got a truck lowered Bentleys, cause that's how I'm living
In the winter pull the trucks out, the summer it's the drop top
Chinchilla on my clothes, got a million in the watch

Hey move out the way, I'm ready to cause havoc
Me and my soldiers be balling, while most of y'all acting
I leave cats distracted, sticking like magnets
I'm the shorty from the Philippines, the main attraction
Holding up in fly whips, switching every other day
No Limit girls ball, like the WNBA right

We riding g'eah