

# 20 On Cars 26 On Trucks

## Master P

Chill

(Chorus 2x)

We ridin 20s on the cars and 26s on the trucks

And everybody diggin us it aint no limit to the bucks

We makin noise in the game to let em know we comin up

And haters movin out the way they know they dont wanna play wit us

(/Chorus)

(Verse 1)

We ridin (Chill) how I spit em man

Pockets holdin 50 gram

Ridin big body Impala man me and my partners man

20 inch rims keep em spinnin like a ceilin fan

Haters gold tending tryin to get me out my figures man

But they cant get the man(no) cant hit the man(no)

Even them NBA dudes cant stick the man

Women crowd around me paparazzi takin pictures man

Catch me on the line at 3-1-0 Im fixin to get em man

Curren\$y got plenty money to stack up

Play with me or my crew and we'll be pickin them gats up

And plenty burners too in case you dudes wanna act up

And have you on yo cellie callin homies for back up

And I dont think you really want it to come this

Something for that growl whodi you betta shut ya trap

But I aint really comin huntin for no drama

I just wana hit the club and leave with yo baby mama

(/Verse 1)

\*\*Chorus\*\*

(Verse 2)

We ridin 20s on the Bentley 26s on the Lac truck

If the cop will stop me Im probly gone get hacked up

'cause Im underage but never underpaid

Im makin maximum wages richie rich I got it made

They call me Romeo big game plenty dough

You cant hold me so let me go I got talent and thats for show

Ask about the kid and they'll tell you that dude can flow

And when Im done with school I be hoopin up in the pros Whoa

No Limit boys we big rimmin our cars up

Tearin malls up spendin thousands at Toys R Us

Nobody else whos in the game go as hard as us  
Theres noone as large as us, you dont wanna start with us  
I know more about kids than grown women  
Every week they watchin my show on television  
They gotta love me they know the boys winnin  
The girlies keep grinnin my rims they keep spinnin  
(/Verse 2)  
\*\*Chorus\*\*  
(Verse 3)  
Im a tell ya like this keep ya eyes on your chick  
'cause her eyes on my wrist and these boys that Im with  
The girls like me whodi I dont blame em  
Im in the Guiness Book of Records for the richest entertainer  
Call me the ghetto Bill Gates 'cause the system cant change us  
Had money and cars way before I was famous  
Im in the pros but I could buy the the team  
I got two made buys one blue the other green  
If it aint ridin spinnas then you know I cant roll it  
And if I had it over a month then I let my cousin hold it  
Im the first one on Cribs with a house with gold ceilings  
Gotta truck load of Bentleys 'cause thats how Im livin  
In the winter pull the trucks out  
The summer its the drop top  
P Miller on my clothes (whoa) got a million in the watch  
Hey move out the way Im ready to cause havoc  
Me and my soldiers be ballin why must be yo actin  
I leave cats distractin stickin like magnets  
Im the shorty from the Phillipines the main attraction  
Rollin up in fly whips switchin every other day  
No Limit girls ball like the WNBA  
(/Verse3)  
\*\*Chorus\*\*  
We ridin chill

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