

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 Guinness 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 Crips 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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