

# Cadillac

## Trae

(feat. Three 6 Mafia, Jay'Ton, Boss, Paul Wall)

Fell in love with a Cadillac [x2]  
Trunk turn flip, like a acrobat

[Hook x2]

Broke up with my foreign car, and fell in love with a Cadillac [x3]  
Trunk turn flip, like a acrobat

[Trae:]

I woke up, thinking foreign car  
But the Cadillac, got a nigga sitting in a daze  
24's and a swiss, sitting sideways  
Trae flipping through the hood, like I'm running through a maze  
Find me trunk up, with the top back  
One deep in the front, two freaks in the back  
Haters mad at me, cause I'm MVP stats  
Better give me fifty feet, cause I'm good with the gat  
Good with the track, like I'm good with the hands  
15's banging, like I'm battle of the bands  
New Benz like send, they run up out of grand  
And the trunk read Trae, so they know that I'm the man  
Me Paul Wall, in a slab out of Texas  
In a Cadillac, had to get rid of the Lexus  
Rather be gangsta, tipping on something  
With something in the clip, that'll get rid of the plexing

[Boss:]

I fell in love, with my Coupe DeVille  
It's on a switch, it's the truth for real  
Scraping the back down, these Southwest streets  
Got a few teeth in the grill, loose for real  
Big pumps, two to the front one to the back  
One wheel in the air, gliding like that  
Three O-7, rebuilt without chrome  
Hundred spoke Daytons, with the two prones  
Next week, I'm in some'ing from the Lowrider book  
I'ma show these motherfuckers, how a lowrider look  
Hit a switch on Boss, will get your lowrider took  
In '98, I use to be the lowrider crook

Fleetwoods, El-Dogs Sedan DeVilles  
When I ride, always equipped with handy steel  
Cocked up on three, and got em standing still  
I'm in the attick, wondering when I'm gon land and chill

[Hook x2]

[Juicy J:]

I'm never staying focused, always smoking  
Presidential kushing, always choking  
Nigga I drank up, all your purple  
If I find out, that shit be potent  
Mayn I get high, fuck that shit  
Your baby mama out here, sucking my dick  
I'ma make her pay me, that child support  
I'm a pimp out here, trying to make it rich  
If you really wanna get high, let me know  
I'll tell C.B., let you hit that blow  
We can ride in the Cadillac, way in the fucking back  
Hitting all the spots, just hogging that hoe  
Then take a lot of freaks, to the Hotel room  
System on blast, you can hear that boom  
Mayn I'ma pop bout, two three X  
And drop my drawas, and take this chewing

[DJ Paul:]

See in that M-Town, we snort that blow  
Turn around mayn, and whip our hoes  
Take me big gulp, full of that drank  
Now I'm high, don't know what to think  
First I had em beating fast, now I got em knocking slow  
Sniff a lil' mo' of this sip a lil' mo' of that, even down the middle whoa  
Closed up my foreign do's, opened up my American do's  
'72 Sedan DeVille, 84's and 20 inch vogues  
Chandillere, hanging from the top  
Fish tank, lit up in the glass box  
But I had to put, the toy fish in it  
Cause the real ones died, from the kick box bitch

[Hook x2]

[Jay'Ton:]

Jay'Ton, pull up in a Lac cocked up  
22 inch chrome, bags popped up  
Diamonds in our mouth, cash stocked up

Ice game six, so the game locked up  
9-4 Fleetwood, headlights on  
Fifth let back, but the trunk moved on  
Flying through the hood, with the six 12's on  
Seal in the groove, super kush to the dome  
19 in the game, only love for my Lac  
Never loving a dame, swang to the left  
When I'm hulling the frame, trying to take mine  
You'll be hugging a stain, like I'm hugging the lane  
Screw tape still on, drank in my cup  
Everytime, that I roam  
Roach ass hoes, still calling my phone  
Representing for the South, H-Town is my home

[Trae:]

I'm a 24 inch black, Fleetwood glider  
Tipping the block, they love the way the drop sit wider  
Lord knows haters mad, when the left fly by ya  
Call it what you want, but the Lac stay way liver  
Boppers all on my dick, with the trunk up  
Beating up the Boulevard, with the beat pumped up  
Hit a switch on the remote, the front jump up  
Run up on the slab, roam that'll get you lumped up  
Hopping out looking like do's, got threw on backwards  
Threwed wardrobe, by my bed son of a bastard  
When it come to Cadillacs, Trae got that mastered  
And the game that I got, way flyer than NASA  
Me and Three 6, representing for the drank sippers  
Iced out grills, and the wood grain grippers  
84 swangs, and the late night tippers  
Riding for the hood, Cadillac tight whippers

[Paul Wall:]

I got that candy red, with extra gloss  
Heads turn, when they see me floss  
Scooped up Trae, on a sunny day  
Holla at Jay'Ton, and my boy Lil' Boss  
Trying to stay popping, and hoes stay bopping  
Cause the swangas poking, and the blades stay chopping  
Beat the case, but the FEDs still watching  
In the Fed-Ex truck, right down the street plotting  
Dropped the top, if the sun on shine  
Sipping on some potent, puffing on pine  
Slow Loud And Bangin', in a candy slab line  
Down here in H-Town, it go down

Old school Cheves, and throwback Lacs  
Swangas and vogues, with a trunk that crack  
This how it goes, down here in the 3rd Coast  
Houston Texas, at the bottom of the map baby

[Hook x2]

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Lyrics submitted by Steven.

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