White Walls

MC Cologne

[Verse 1]I wanna be free, I wanna just live
Inside my Cadillac, that is my sh*t
And I throw it up (I throw that up)
That's what it is (that's what it is)
In my C A D I L L A C b*tch (biatch)
Can't see me through my tints (nah ah)
I'm riding real slow (slow motion)
In my paint wet drippin' shorty like my 24's (umbrella)
I ain't got 24's (no oh)
But I'm on those Vogues
That's those big white walls, round them hundred spokes
Old school like old English in that brown paper bag
I'm rolling in that same whip that my granddad had
Hello haters, damn y'all mad
30k on the Caddy, now how backpack rap is that?
[Hook: Hollis]I Got that off-black Cadillac, midnight drive
Got that gas pedal, leaning back, taking my time
I'm blowin' that roof off, letting in sky
I shine, the city never looked so bright
[Verse 2]Man I'm lounging in some sh*t Bernie Mac would've been proud of
Looking down from heaven like damn that's stylish
Smilin', don't pay attention to the mileage
Can I hit the freeway? I'm legally going 120
Easy weaving in and out of the traffic
They cannot catch me, I'm smashing
I'm ducking bucking them out here
I'm lookin' f*ckin' antastic, I am up in a classic
Now I know what it's like under the city lights
Riding into the night, driving over the bridge
The same one we walked across as kids
Knew I'd have a whip but never one like this
Old school, old school, candy paint, two seater
Yea, I'm from Seattle, there's hella Honda Civics
I couldn't tell you about paint either
But I really wanted a Caddy so I put in the hours
And roll on over to the dealer
And I found the car, junior, problem with this geezer
Got the keys in and as I was leaving I started screaming

[Hook: Hollis]I Got that off-black Cadillac, midnight drive
Got that gas pedal, leaning back, taking my time
I'm blowin' that roof off, letting in sky
I shine, the city never looked so bright
[Verse 3: Schoolboy Q]Backwoods and dope
White hoes in the backseat snorting coke
She doing line after line like she's writing rhymes
I had it hella my love, tryna blow my mind
Cadillac pimpin', my uncle was on
14, I stole his keys, me and my n*ggas was gone
Stealin' portions of his liquor, water in the Patron
Rather smiling like I won the f*cking lottery homes
(F*ckin' lottery homes)
Tires with the spokes on it in the 4-2
Mustard and mayonnaise, keeping the buns on 'em
My dogs hanging out the window
Young as whoosh, f*ckin' like we ball
Tryna f*ck em all, kill the f*ckin' wimps
See what's poppin' at the mall, meet a bad b*tch
Slap her booty with my palms
You can smoke the pussy, I was tearing down the walls
I'm motherf*ckin' awe,some
Swear these eyes tryna hypnotize
Grip the leather steering wheel while I grip the thighs
See the lust stuck up in her eyes
Maybe she like the ride or did she like the smoke?
Girl does she want it low?
This sh*t a Coupe de Ville so you'll never know
So we cool with n*ggas, my n*gga f*ck the limit
Got a window tinted for showing gangstas in it
Slice off when the gas is finished, Q
[Hook: Hollis]Off-black Cadillac, midnight drive
Got that gas pedal, leaning back, taking my time
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