

# Cadillac Pimpin

## YoungBloodz

YOUNGBLOODZ (f/ Cutty) LYRICSCadillac Pimpin'[Chorus: Cutty]

I'm chillin, wood spinnin  
No Bentley's, Cadillac pimpin  
I'm cruisin, hoes choosin  
That's cool 'cause I'm Cadillac pimpin  
Spoke spinnin, gold grillin  
Liquor spillin, Cadillac pimpin  
Keep ridin, car slidin  
That's cool 'cause I'm Cadillac pimpin[J-Bo]  
Now as I grip and dive, I smoke on to keep a high  
In the sky, as I emphasize the right to reply  
With these words you under heard I swerve through a blur  
Dodging these fuck niggaz who figure we outta splurge  
And if happen to have the nerve, see homeboy you made a choice  
For the crime you standing on and walking on is getting poise  
Plus the Cadillac's we pimpin so slightly you been slippin  
On really how it goes when these ties begin to grippin  
And shiftin and whole takin to the spot where hoes shakin  
I'm quakin, ridin on out - am I gon make it?  
And pimp fool like niggaz with gataz without no chaperone  
So see, we been doing this from way back long  
'92, aqua blue, on them thangs we roll  
With a cup full of liquor blowing good on swole  
So let's ride til we can't ride no damn more  
We Cadillac pimpin hard see my nigga fa sho'[Chorus][Sean Paul]  
Sure be white Cadillac but I called it to go  
This your boy Sean Paul, baby tell 'em the truth  
So roll Old Fleetwood with the two door coup  
All platinum bill with the fifth wheel too  
And give truth to these suckas something overdue  
Ride a 'Lac like a true playa 'posed to do  
Old school, slant back with a jigga too  
Tan gold wit some bows like a poster boo  
Old school, gold chain, still grippin the grain  
Show a crease in my jeans, stay ahead of the game  
Got a, piece on my grill, diamonds off in the back  
And got so many hoes had to change up my 'Lac  
All day I don't know how to act  
Got this game down pat, sure be running the track

Get some money from these hoes and see how they react  
Show 'em how a real nigga come down like that[Chorus][Sean Paul]  
I got a 'Lac with a rag, Louie Baton top  
Diamond cut interior, 15's the knot  
I'ma be a last nigga from the ATL  
y'all hell, feel eyes and the playa can sell  
When you see me in the street, holla at me playa  
My bitch got duke, e, rose and wine, boo as fine as hell  
Through the strip'll never die, only time'll tell  
To be in, it's Cadillac steerin wheel[J-Bo]  
Say what, gather round for this two door show  
We let the spillin go, rillin in the Eldorado  
We rollin through the spot to see which hoes gon follow  
'cause we get cool and down passin rounds of bottle  
With a gloss so clean, I put this thing in throttle  
For we out and cruise in the wind like roscoe  
So you gonna know us when you see us when we ride on by slow  
'cause this shit'll never end through the eyes of my foes[Chorus x2]

Songwriters

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