

# White Walls

## Elk City

[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  
I'm blowin' that roof off, letting in sky  
I shine, the city never looked so bright  
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