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
Throwed 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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