

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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