

White Walls (feat. ScHoolBoy Q, Hollis)

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

I wanna be free, I wanna just live
Inside my Cadillac, That is my shit
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 bitch (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? 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 Man I'm lounging in some shit 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 like go fuckin their tastic, 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 whippin' 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 want a Ducati 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 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 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 her mind
Cadillac pimpin', my uncle was on
14 years out so excuse me and my niggas was gone
Sendin' portions of his liquor, water in the Patron
Rather smiling like I won the fucking lottery homes
(Fuckin' lottery homes)
Tires with the spokes on it in the 4-2
Most of the mayonnaise, keeping the buns on 'em
My dogs hanging out the window
Young as whoosh, fuckin like we ball
Tryna fuck em all, kill the fuckin wimps
See what's poppin' at the mall, meet a bad bitch
Slap her booty with my palms, you can smoke the pussy, I was tearing down the walls
I'm motherfuckin' off
Son, 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?
Or does she want it low? This shit a Coupe de Ville so you'll never know
So we cool with niggas, my nigga fuck the limit
Got a window tinted for showing gangstas in it
Slice off when the gas is finished, QOff-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
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

Songwriters

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