Old School Caddy (feat. KiD CuDi)

Hit-Boy

(Verse 1: Hit-Boy)
I wish I paid more attention in school sometimes
But then again, I was thinking of beats and rhymes
Because of that, I just bought something clean for mom
And got my favorite girl giving me piece of mind
That mean brain, I always know my aim
But when you dream big, these niggas say you insane
Aint no way that you gonna make it happen
I know my beats is crazy but I really started rapping
Back in action, it continues, Im eating whats on the menu
Any nigga wanna see me, come meet me up at the venue
Remember to bring your skrilla cause I dont do shit for free
And if you want a track, get ready to pay a fee
And if you want to act like syndicated TV
Old ass nigga, step aside for the new surf swag nigga
My shit iller, matter of fact my shit killer
Them niggas clones, Im getting on for being realer(Hook x2)
Imma get mine til the world dont spin
Cruising down the block trying to clock my ends
Old school Caddy or a new school Benz
Old school Caddy or a new school Benz(Verse 2: Hit-Boy)
I wish I paid less attention to girls sometimes
Cause I dunno if she riding for me or the shine
And I dunno if Im wasting my quality time
But what I know is Im addicted to bitches thats fly
Fine linen while Im gripping this wood in my ride
Wine sipping while Im chilling and feeling the vibe
Why niggas wanna act like its all a mirage
Cause if I told you Im the shit then I wouldnt be lying
Uh, young playa with a skip school swag
But by the time I turned 20 I was popping tags
I guess I did the right thing like Spike said
A pair of Js and a dream, trying to get ahead
Now Im on a first class trip with a first class bitch
Getting brain in my seat, I call it air head
Big things looking small from the Lear jet
Im waiting at the finish line, you aint there yet(Hook x2)
Imma get mine til the world dont spin
Cruising down the block trying to clock my ends

Old school Caddy or a new school Benz
Old school Caddy or a new school Benz(Verse 3: Kid Cudi)
Please, wont you tell me who did it
The illest motherfucker, your friendly neighborhood menace
Promise Ill be back, its a fact
That niggas who think that they nice aint gonna shine
Next to me cause my aura too bright
Do the fuckers sit on top, Im knocking niggas off
No we wont knock it off
Its the price you pay to play hardball, wit wizard niggas
Forced my hand, now Id love to end these niggas
But my daughter got a father who is off his fucking rocker
Known around the globe as a stoner chief rocker
Range ripper, honest little motherfucker
In the SLS stuntin like a motherfucker
I tell the moon dont fail me now
A nigga getting close to happy, I say
I tell my mom she raised a hell of a child
Four kids alone with no daddy
Real shit(Hook x2)
Imma get mine til the world dont spin
Cruising down the block trying to clock my ends
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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