

# White Walls

## Archeology

[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  
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[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  
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