

# Cadillactica

Big K.R.I.T.

Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac  
Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac, lac  
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Uh, what you think a real nigga rap for?  
So I can roll around in a Rav 4? Never that  
Cadillac pimped out, fish bowl, true vogues  
Fifteens, but I had to go and get two mo  
Whassup, get buck, shake junt killa  
DJ booth with the pole in the middle  
For the edge of the rest to go flash up a bitch  
See how far these vegetables get us  
Pour up, the show up, the focus  
The doors ain't typical when they get open, hol' up  
You ain't never been sky high  
Swear I coulda died when I hopped out my ride  
Like four-five times, no parachute  
Bungee jump for the loot  
Hock a loogie off the roof, what I feel like  
Porn on the screen, two hoes on the scene tongue kissin'  
You would think my whip dyke  
Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac, too early for the hook  
Not sure if it's the sawed-off for the bass in the trunk  
That keep a nigga shook  
Careful no crook, tell a bitch look  
How I work the wheel and the crisis  
Police behind us my index was grinding her pussy like rhyme with no timin'  
I think I'm nicest of all (all, all, all)  
That's the way I feel, bitch! Crawl (crawl, crawl, crawl)  
Why you showing your grill, bitch? (all, all, all)  
Uh, I'm way outta here, don't get lost  
I come in peace from somewhere unique  
Have no fear, uh

Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac  
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FUCK YO WHIP, NIGGA!  
Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac  
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I TOOK YO BITCH, NIGGA!  
Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac  
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FUCK YO WHIP, NIGGA!  
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I TOOK YO BITCH, NIGGA!

Uh, what you think a real nigga rap for?  
So I can roll around with a nympho? Yessir  
Twenty five lighters on my dresser, the best of  
Versace, Versace, Versace, my bezel  
The bass and the treble will beat, ho  
Komodo with the .44 when creeping, slow  
I pull up on the high side, God give me high five

Every time I holla, " I thank you Lawd"  
Jesus please, don't let the jackers take what's mine  
Hate to have to black out reason to dance to the Lac 'fore they act right  
Cause a nigga act like I'ma just back down  
And I'ma put some vogues on these toes bitch  
I blew the back out the trunk with the fifth wheel slump  
It's some neon that's red, that's my old shit  
But this some cold shit  
That my granddaddy wish he could have drove then passed down  
So in honor of Zebby, I bring a ho down like a levee  
When I slab 'round in this glass house  
See, in the end it was easy pimpin' 'fore you even finished  
When a trick trippin' you ain't need her with it  
Shooting outside the Lac trying to ease in it  
She might fall, fall, fall, fall, fall  
It ain't really that high, bitch (crawl, crawl, crawl, crawl, crawl)  
Why you showing your grill, bitch? (off, off, off, off, off)  
Uh, I'm way outta here, don't get lost  
I come in peace for someone unique  
Have no fear, uh!

Slabbin round, my windows down, you hear the sound  
That sonic boom, that ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-bass  
That shake your baby momma crib  
Pardon me if I phone home 4000 miles away from where you at  
If you ain't holdin back I can take your whip  
C-A-D-I-Double L-A-C-T-I-C-A  
C-A-D-I-Double L-A-C-T-I-C-A  
C-A-D-I-Double L-A-C-T-I-C-A  
C-A-D-I-Double L-A-C-T-I-C-A , K-R-I-T Forever