Cadillac Pt. 2

Caskey

I'm just a product of my habitat
808s bumpin thru these Cadillacs
Taking steps back we ain't havin that
Mo money mo problems
Id rather that
My homie from the west side pick me up
They said wed never make it
Had to laugh at that
My city screaming "let's ride live it up"
We richer than we ever been imagine that

Haters they mad
Cause I'm young and I'm rich and I'm handsome
Four cars
Three different locks on the mansion
Two different ways that I go take a ransom
One rapper at the top
His name is Brandon
This shit was gods plan
So devilish ways I can not stand
Man a hand out is something I never been handed
This shit like yellowstone
The way that black sheep was branded
I never take stands
Id rather take life
And not say a word like a made man
You online flexing them fake bands
Probably switch on your homie for 8 grand
Different league this a whole different caliber
69 Cadillac
This not a challenger
Took all my business legit
Before that was selling them 30s
Like dates on a calendar
Please
Miss me with all of that talk
About you got the juice
Before I give that trigger a squeeze
Got so much bread
That I could buy your catalog
Make sure that unreleased don't get released
Felony turned to a misdeme
Where I come from that's called a victory
My sis was a dealer
My dad was a killer
So killing a rapper ain't shit to me

I'm just a product of my habitat
808s bumpin thru these Cadillacs
Taking steps back we ain't havin that
Mo money mo problems
Id rather that
My homie from the west side pick me up
They said wed never make it
Had to laugh at that
My city screaming "let's ride live it up"
We richer than we ever been imagine that

Poppin them tags on designer
I pop at a rapper
And give his ass one more reminder
Pop up outside of your house in all black
Like them days I was riding around in that Honda
Popping champagne at the bank
Cause the wire went through
And we never seen that many commas
Catch me a charge and I call up my lawyer
I pop up one finger
Aimed right at your honor
The death came before the dishonor
Show me respect
Or your homies gone be out here reppin a gonner
I done got too many checks
Man I might go and cop me a crib in del ray
Like I'm Lana
The suite presidential I feel like Obama
I promise no chinks in my armor
Irish and giving that smoke out to whoever want it
I fucked around turned into Connor
Double heavyweight titles
They ain't show me no love
Now I'm making targets out my idols
If they crossing my path
You gone need to check on they vitals
And give them a bible
This here a wave you can't ride cause its tidal
I'm rockin the stage and it ain't no recital
American psycho
Bodies inside of the caddy
Or on back of my motorcycle

I'm just a product of my habitat
808s bumpin thru these Cadillacs
Taking steps back we ain't havin that
Mo money mo problems
Id rather that
My homie from the west side pick me up
They said wed never make it
Had to laugh at that
My city screaming "let's ride live it up"
We richer than we ever been imagine that

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!