

Cadillac

Caskey

[Intro]

Let's ride, let's ride tonight, let's ride tonight

[Hook]

My homie from the Westside always scoop me in his Cadillac
Hundred pounds of kush, said officer that's for the cataracts
I be up in Bokey all the time, that's where the savage at, rap gonna make a
million dollars let me take a stab at that
Cruisin' through the Westside, i'm inside the Cadillac
She gon' suck it while i drive
Swear she ain't bad at that
Women tend to lie
When they lie to me, ain't mad at that
I just got my baggage packed, looking for a show
Eh-let'me grab at that

[Verse 1]

So high in the City of Angels, think that i'm at the summit
We out in Cali', I'm constantly blunted
Just cause you got it don't mean you should stunt it
A handful of hundreds
Don't make you a hunnid
Folks do it all for the Gram
Gotta see through the lines
Gotta learn how to tell
Gotta distinguish between the ones who want you down
And the ones who wanna see you prevail
No way i could fail
Baby just called me, said, "Cas when you come back, bring 200 bales"
I'm at the grow house in Cali'
Like ya i could do that but is that to smoke or to sell
Wasn't surprised when he said it was personal
We doing shatter and i grab the nail
I just taught Stunna how to take a dab
He said white people crazy as hell
Live up to my reputation
Getting road head while i'm driving
She know that it's my meditation
And the way i'm looking at the competition
Y'all must really be on medication
They ain't fucking with me and they know it
Went from a local dealer to a poet
Went from the Natty Ice to sippin' Moet
We ain't finna blow it
Don't need your plug cause we grow it

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Ever pop so much that you up for hours
Feel like there's cameras on all of the towers
X made me fuck that girl like Austin Powers
Her pussy wet like we went in the shower
She fuck with my style
Don't know when my plug will get back the Sours
Them my favorite type of flowers
I got no use for the kind they throw in the aisles

Skurt, then i skirt off
First off we in love with money
Not these bitches with they shirts off
My homie got the rock hard and the dirt soft
Ain't shit sweet
He a star but he down to let the burst off
Hold up wait, that's how i'm gonna kick the verse off
I brought change to the game but at times it can derail
Goddammit i guess everybody worst off
Vibe, he wasn't suppose to slide
How is we gonna survive
Bagging up the dope, can't cope with the vibe
Praying to the Pope and you hopeless deprived
While i wrote this alive
Mixing my sin with the lean
And i'm pouring codeine in the Sprite
Two hundred Xans, i'ma serve 'em tonight

[Hook]

[Outro]

Baby we can go into the back seat of the Cadillac
Getting high we floating through the sky up in the Cadillac
Serving everything in all the places that the savage at
Blowing out the kush, i know my haters really mad at that (2x)