

Married To My Cadillac

Suga Free

GOD DON'T LIKE UGLY!

She told me "face me" [laughter]

I said "okay" and ran to the phone booth spun around a couple of times turned into super man and kicked her ass into space, see?

Oh, hi Cadillac! (hello)

Your Leather's back!

I'm feeling myself as I twirl the cadillac keys around the index finger, (cynical stuff!)

And I'm speaking from the sea weed of my soul

Yeah this is like an air-plain to me

Up, up, up, and away to the hoe stroll!

And did I mention?

Oh, that it's totally superb when her vogue cuts the curb and I can feel her exquisite suspension!

I compliment her on how she really handles the road

And she compliments me by tilting the wheel for me and engaging her cruise control

Chevron with Tekron hmm, that day I'll never forget it was pump six tuesday evening and I think the sun was playing the nix

And there was no skeletons in her closet

She confirms to me that she endures 91 Octane premium gasoline with no deposits

(Shit Nigga! You look better than half of these bitches do!

Pimp Pimp playa. I see you gettin big Suga Free!)

Now just at the fuck it is y'all think? Eyyyyy Suga Free you took yo Cadillac 'dorado and painted yo shit Pepto Bismal Pink!?

Uh, May day haha, now Porsha fuf you hear that?

(Oh what a nice compliment)

I know baby, now give my beer back

(Okay)

The letter "p" is the sixteenth letter made mind you

(Affirmative)

Thank you Porsha!

(But if you ever leave me, I find you!)

UH OH! This bitch sound like Christine!

Running over women with mustaches, no life, hair on her chest

Liar liar, bitch please!

I then peripheral to my left-side view mirror

Peripheral turns back

Suddenly "water-colors" on XM radio comes on

(Now don't you like that?)

Baby light me a cigarette please [lighter noises]

Thank you!

NOW THAT'S SOME BITCH KILLER SHIT!

Now I wish I would have been on "The Love" new York

I would have been like "where my thing at?"

He game go, woulda picked that bitch up so fast for the kango

A Sucka Ducka!

You know this planet is cold

The twin towers came tumbling down

And so did Anna Nicole!

I said Sheeeeit, well give her - you want some?

Because she damn sure ain't getting nothing from me

Suga Free you're a motherfucker!

I know a bitch touch your car, she gon' meet her end huh?

Was Crisp, and clean, and refreshing as a Hartland Head of Lettuce
Bitch, I drop yo ass off in front of in front of the clinic in the Pomona di
nner fifth to sweat us

Porsha, get me out of this traffic in a hurry, please!

(Don't trip, just take your foot off of the gas, hands off the wheel, and le
t me do it)

Cool!

Dipped indian Schools, seen Suge and CJ move

Kept the Cadillac on cuzo, blue eye, Suga Free sinatra fool

Fuck a stable in 07' Stampeden' now

Cuz I opened up a can of Alphabet Soup and all P's came out

Light years ahead, and getting down on a space-bed nigga go head!

(Light years ahead, and getting down on a space-bed nigga go head!)

Okay, shit

Motivated by the sixteenth letter made

Refusing phone calls from NASA, guess I'm giving up too much of this motherf
ucking game

Up up high as a satellite intimidating our friendly skies

Summer breeze, palm trees, to the left, I croos my "t"s and I dot my "i"s

Then the Pimp God spoke:

"My Son, you have the power to squeeze water from a rock, oil from Iraq"

I said:

"Then why everytime I say 'hit the dirt' they dive on her back?"

[Laughter]

"Then why everytime I say 'hit the dirt' they dive on her back?"

[Romey Rome and Suga Free talk until the song fades]