

10,000 Cadillacs

"What The Future Brings"

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What the future brings I'm waiting in the wings
I sing of kings and queens
But they don't mean as much as the streets do
You know what I mean?
Step up step up and speak your mind
I got my Caddy crown cause I'm down
For mine now it's 1999 so you know we gotta party
Raise your forty if you're naughty
If you feel me join my army
Gotta bomb 'em with this track
It's trauma that we pack
Mad drama Cadillacs got that karma coming back
So avenge the souls cause it's revenge that we hold in
the highest regard
We praise the gods of old so let go of my style
You stole three cards and you fold
Motherfucker don't you know Cadillacs broke the mold
Hands up it's a hold up you never should of showed up
Cadillacs plot and rock the block
Until it blows up back to the top drop
Game plan can't you tell we're gettin' tired of the same
old thing
Man check it out we're coming up for a take down
And ol boy is 'bout to buckle under breakdown
Stand up if you're down take a look to the future
This generation gap can't be sewn with a suture
So step off the toes of those that you stand on
Looks like you're fallin' off without a damn thing to land
on

History repeats itself society defeats itself
And egos won't allow us to learn from our conceited
self esteem
Is what it is that we gotta take back if they hit ya
And they hurt ya hit back make an impact
We're rollin' with the punches and we're takin' our
swings
And we're waitin' in the wings for what the future brings
I'm waiting in the wings
I sing of kings and queens
But they don't mean as much as the streets do
You know what I mean?

Bring that funkcore once more dunk and score
A deuce how loose is your interpretation of a truce
No pause for the catch up cause the rhythm never lets
up
Searchin' for the truth yeah the youth have got their
heads up
Eyes wide minds open taken down the narrow like
Beretta
You betta keep your eyes on the sparrow
Return of the dragon heir to the throne
And with the microphone we're gonna reunite the home
Team is the key contradictory to belief
Believe that team equals victory
Now lock it in the pocket and let the rhythm roll
Hit play on the machine and let the home team flow
Cause we're jumpin' out the box
Got 'em fat and for the kill waitin' in the cut
Just to kick 'em in the grill

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