

## Charles Jerome

### "In My Cadillac"

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(\*talking\*)

(in my Cadillac), just rolling  
(in my Cadillac), looking good  
(in my Cadillac), shined up smelling clean  
(in my Cadillac), smelling good check it

[Bun B]

L Dog Verritz, Sevilles Coupe Devilles  
Escalades and Latays, damn dude is real  
No matter where you from, or how you feel  
You ain't showing classic grills  
Fool you ain't riding real now here's the deal  
Got the sun rooftop, with the diamond in the back  
And I'm sitting in the squad, just reclining in the Lac  
My doja pine is in the sack, that we blow  
Now tell me that you ain't dizzy, trying to follow the  
chrome  
The trail free 22 inches, two pairs of shoes one on the  
trunk  
Popping and swang crank up your bang, let's get it  
crunk  
Show your screens if you got em, po' ya lean if you  
sipping  
Blow a swisha if ya smoking, fool we ain't even tripping  
There's only three rules, when you sit in my car  
One no ash on my flo', two don't steal your bar  
Three don't touch my radio, cause I'm banging my  
Screw  
And everyday pulled Arthur P-A, this is how we do  
rolling

[Hook: Ms. Marylin]

In my Cadillac, see me rolling  
In my Cadillac, sipping smoking  
In my Cadillac, boppers watching  
In my Cadillac, rims nonstopping trunk keep knocking

[E.S.G.]

We in a Cadillac that's where I'm at, DTS or a slant back  
Where your candy paint at, boy where your cup of  
drank at

Now think that, some people get tired  
Of hearing, bout cash and cars  
When you never had nothing, that make ya feel like a  
star  
Navigation Onstar, just to tell where I'm at  
Sedan Devilles chrome grill, and wheels with belts to  
match  
New platinum Coupe plack, wonder where my roof at  
That's that new drop top, now should I bulletproof that  
Look black, if you ain't cutting on no 20 inch buttons  
I'ma tell you what to do, and playa oooh nothing  
22's or 23's, six T.V.'s when I'm swerving  
Escalade special made, same size as a Suburban  
Trying to ball till I fall, just like Yao Ming  
Southside ride, candy red on cream  
Northside playas, y'all know what I mean  
Blow green on the scene, everything so clean  
Can't mess with the team, ghetto dreams  
P-A-T, we still the kings  
E.S.G. in a EXZ, come on girl let me hear you sing

[Hook]

[Slim Thug]

My Cadillac killing em, I'm Sprewell wheeling em  
If they less than ten G's, then the Boss ain't feeling em  
I keep's it real, in the Caddy Deville  
Turning corners wood wheel, with the big daddy grill  
Looking like I'm worth a mill, backing out the garage  
Rolling hard, for the competition on the 'Vard  
Shit I live like a Boss, floss like a Boss  
Candy blue with the gloss, on my 7-5 Boss  
Hold it down off the North, I'm a high roller  
You ain't seen a Lac colder, look I told ya  
Pulling on doja, in the 45 fast lane  
Hoes and niggaz trying to flag me down, when I pass  
mayn  
But I keep going, do-do keep blowing  
Purple drank po'ing, while my candy keep glowing  
High-siding when I'm riding, Slim be holding it down  
Ask around, they'll tell you how my Cadillac shine

[Hook]

In my Cadillac

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