

Freddie Gibbs "Boxframe Cadillac"

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[Hook x2: Z-Ro]

Even if it's raining I'm a still drop the top
That's some other silly shit niggas do when they have
the time
Homie we don't give a damn we rolling we ain't tryin' to
stop

Most likely we in a foreign but dogging it like it's a
Boxframe Cadillac

[Verse 1: Freddie Gibbs]

As I maintain from lane to lane
Whip wetter than a lake on fresh paint
Cutless with candy cane
Niggas run up on the cane and get stained
Back 90 melted brain
Clique got his ass dancing with every color on
everything
Police on my dick so I dip off in a different car
Stick some cutie Kansas I got workers off in Wichita
State to State like burn had the mask check the murder
rate
Nigga on my chain ain't got the nuts to catch a murder
case
Made this fate, I got somebody's under this Gucci
buckle
Them G.I. mafia your family nigga reach out and touch
you
All the way from the East Side to Ivy now all my niggas
mayor
Queens but no dramas so catch these hollas or catch
the fare
Rolling solo yolo not calling coppers and bread
Homie so goin' off this dope then I pass the blunt to my
dead homie
They call me Freddie forgiato I don't fuck that vodka
Cop that handy in a minute we bust the bottle

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2: Z-Ro]

Today I feel like rolling through the city
So I guess that's what I'm gonna do
Bitch you wanna ride, you gotta be a 20
You betta' if you a 10 then I don't want you
And I want everybody to see me so I ride so slow
Damn right guess what we all gonna do
44 magnum pack a deck put a cereal bullet hole on you
I knock knock knocking on the truck like Jehovah's
witnesses
And I don't even know who bitch this is
But everytime she come up for air she keep sayin'
She wishin' her nigga got a dick this big
Ho you betta' swallow even ass drop
Don't get none of that on my seats
Baby there's a fan on my bed with pussy and titties
And ass can't compete
And there's something about when I drop my top
It's like bustin' a nut
And watch out the motherfucker run up with the bullshit
I'm a beat 'em up and I'm a spill my guts
Homie I'm running on mayonnaise and mustard
The 60th loop till the interstate
Which one that don't matter add one of them
motherfuckers
Cause they can all take us to get the cake
I remember my first car Canary yellow Cutlass
With the brown door to drive by mobile
I was eating and sleeping and living in
I woulda traded a mattress for my mobile
But nowadays when all change just a couple of stacks
Folks gave me and in the middle of falls gate highs
And in the front big falls gate in the back

[Hook x2]

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