

## Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

### "White Walls"

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I wanna be free  
I wanna just live  
Inside my Cadillac  
That is my shit  
And I throw it up (I throw that up)  
That's what it is (that's what it is)  
In my C A D D I L L A C bitch (biatch)  
Can't see me through my tints (nah ah)  
I'm riding real slow (slow motion)  
In my paint wet drippin shorty like my 24's (umbrella)  
I don't got 24's (no oh)  
But I'm on those vogues  
That's those big white walls, round them hundred  
spokes

Old school like Olde English in that brown paper bag  
I'm going in that same whip that my granddad had  
Hello haters  
Damn y'all mad  
30k on the Caddy, now how about cack wrapped is  
that?

Got that off black Cadillac, midnight drive  
Got that gas pedal, lean back taking my time  
I'm blowin' that roof off, lettin' in sky  
I shine, the city never looked so bright

Man I'm lounging in some shit Bernie Mac would've  
been proud of  
Looking down from heaven like damn that's stylish  
Smilin', don't pay attention to the mileage

Can I hit the freeway? I'm legally going 120  
Easy weaving in and out of the traffic  
They cannot catch me, I'm smashing  
I'm ducking bucking them out here  
I'm like go fuckin their tastic, I am up in a classic

Now I know what it's like under the city lights  
Riding into the night, driving over the bridge  
The same one we walked across as kids

Knew I'd have a whippin', never one like this

Old school, old school  
Candy paint, two seater

Yea, I'm from Seattle  
There's hella Honda Civics  
I couldn't tell you a dog paid either

But I really want a Ducati so I put in the hours  
And walk on over to the dealer  
And I found the cars in there was a problem with this  
geezer  
Got the keys in his apples  
Well can I spin it screaming?

Got that off black Cadillac, midnight drive  
Got that gas pedal, lean back taking my time  
I'm blowin' that roof off, lettin' in sky  
I shine, the city never looked so bright

Bad boys and dope  
White hoes in the backseat snorting coke  
She doing line after line like she's writing rounds  
I had it hella my love, tryna blow her mind  
Cadillac pimpin', my uncle was on  
14 years out so excuse me and my niggas was gone  
Sendin' portions of his liquor, water in the Patron  
Rather smiling like I won the fucking lottery homes  
(Fucking lottery homes)  
Tires with the spikes on it in the 4-2  
Most of the mayonnaise, keeping the buns on 'em  
My dogs hanging out the window  
Yell as which, fuckin like in power  
Tryna fuck em all, kill the fuckin wimps  
See what's poppin' at the mall, meet a bad bitch  
Slap her booty with my palms  
You can smoke the pussy, I was tearin' down the walls  
I'm motherfuckin' off

Son, swear these eyes tryna hypnotize  
Grip the leather steering wheel while I grip the thighs  
See the lust stuck up in her eyes  
Maybe she like the ride or did she like the smoke?  
Girl does she want it low?

This shit a Coupe de Ville so you'll never know  
So we cool with niggas, my nigga fuck the limit  
Got a window ticket for showing banks to end of slots  
and the gas was finished

Q

Off black Cadillac, midnight drive  
Got that gas pedal, lean back taking my time  
I'm blowin' that roof off, lettin' in sky  
I shine, the city never looked so bright

Got that off black Cadillac, midnight drive  
Got that gas pedal, lean back taking my time  
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