

Hit-Boy

"Old School Caddy"

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[Verse 1: Hit-Boy]

I wish I paid more attention in school sometimes
But then again, I was thinking of beats and rhymes
Because of that, I just bought something clean for
mom
And got my favorite girl giving me piece of mind
That mean brain, I always know my aim
But when you dream big, n*ggas say you insane
Ain't no way that you gonna make it happen
I know my beats is crazy but I really started rapping
Back in action, it continues, I'm eating what's on the
menu
Any n*gga wanna see me, come meet me up at the
venue
Remember to bring your skrilla cause I don't do sh*t for
free
And if you want a track, get ready to pay a fee
And if you want to act like syndicated TV
Old ass n*gga, step aside for the new surf swag n*gga
My sh*t iller, matter of fact my sh*t killer
Them n*ggas clones, I'm getting on for being realer

[Hook (x2)]

I'ma get mine 'til the world don't spin
Cruising down the block trying to clock my ends
Old school Caddy or a new school Benz
Old school Caddy or a new school Benz

[Verse 2: Hit-Boy]

I wish I paid less attention to girls sometimes
Cause I dunno if she riding for me or the shine
And I dunno if I'm wasting my quality time
But what I know is I'm addicted to b*tches that's fly
Fine linen while I'm gripping this wood in my ride
Wine sipping while I'm chilling and feeling the vibe
Why n*ggas wanna act like it's all a mirage
Cause if I told you I'm the sh*t then I wouldn't be lying
Uh, young playa with a skip school swag
But by the time I turned 20 I was popping tags
I guess I did the right thing like Spike said
A pair of Js and a dream, trying to get ahead

Now I'm on a first class trip with a first class b*tch
Getting brain in my seat, I call it air head
Big things looking small from the Lear jet
I'm waiting at the finish line, you ain't there yet

[Hook (x2)]

I'ma get mine 'til the world don't spin
Cruising down the block trying to clock my ends
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[Verse 3: Kid Cudi]

Please, won't you tell me who did it
The illest motherf*cker, your friendly neighborhood
menace
Promise I'll be back, it's a fact
That n*ggas who think that they nice ain't gonna shine
Next to me cause my aura too bright
Do the f*ckers sit on top, I'm knocking n*ggas off
No we won't knock it off
It's the price you pay to play hardball, wit' wizard
n*ggas
Forced my hand, now I'd love to end these n*ggas
But my daughter got a father who is off his f*cking
rocker
Known around the globe as a stoner chief rocker
Rage ripper, honest little motherf*cker
In the SLS stuntin' like a motherf*cker
I tell the moon don't fail me now
A n*ggga getting close to happy, I say
I tell my mom she raised a hell of a child
Four kids alone with no daddy
Real sh*t

[Hook (x2)]

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