

Youngbloods

"Cadillac pimpin'"

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[Chorus: Cutty]

I'm chillin, wood spinnin
No Bentley's, Cadillac pimpin
I'm cruisin, hoes choosin
That's cool cuz I'm Cadillac pimpin
Spoke spinnin, gold grillin
Liquor spillin, Cadillac pimpin
Keep ridin, car slidin
That's cool cuz I'm Cadillac pimpin

[J-Bo]

Now as I grip and dive, I smoke on to keep a high
In the sky, as I emphasize the right to reply
With these words you under heard I swerve through a
blur
Dodging these fuck niggaz who figure we outta splurge
And if happen to have the nerve, see homeboy you
made a choice
For the crime you standing on and walking on is getting
poise
Plus the Cadillac's we pimpin so slightly you been
slippin
On really how it goes when these ties begin to grippin
And shiftn and whole takin to the spot where hoes
shakin
I'm quakin, ridin on out - am I gon make it?

And pimp fool like niggaz with gataz without no
chaperone

So see, we been doing this from way back long

'92, aqua blue, on them thangs we roll

With a cup full of liquor blowing good on swole

So let's ride til we can't ride no damn more

We Cadillac pimpin hard see my nigga fa sho'

[Chorus]

[Sean Paul]

Sure be white Cadillac but I called it to go

This your boy Sean Paul, baby tell 'em the truth

So roll Old Fleetwood with the two door coup

All platinum bill with the fifth wheel too

And give truth to these suckas something overdue

Ride a 'Lac like a true playa 'posed to do

Old school, slant back with a jigga too

Tan gold wit some bows like a poster boo

Old school, gold chain, still grippin the grain

Show a crease in my jeans, stay ahead of the game

Got a, piece on my grill, diamonds off in the back

And got so many hoes had to change up my 'Lac

All day I don't know how to act

Got this game down pat, sure be running the track

Get some money from these hoes and see how they
react

Show 'em how a real nigga come down like that

[Chorus]

[Sean Paul]

I got a 'Lac with a rag, Louie Baton top

Diamond cut interior, 15's the knot

I'ma be a last nigga from the ATL

Y'all hell, feel eyes and the playa can sell

When you see me in the street, holla at me playa

My bitch got duke, e, rose and wine, boo as fine as hell

Through the strip'll never die, only time'll tell

To be in, it's Cadillac steerin wheel

[J-Bo]

Say what, gather round for this two door show

We let the spillin go, rillin in the Eldorado

We rollin through the spot to see which hoes gon follow

Cuz we get cool and down passin rounds of bottle

With a gloss so clean, I put this thing in throttle

For we out and cruise in the wind like roscoe

So you gonna know us when you see us when we ride
on by slow

Cuz this shit'll never end through the eyes of my foes

[Chorus 2x]

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