

The Collective

Curren\$y

Da-Da-Da Da-Da

As The Joint Burns, and the wheels turn, (yea)

And I never that I would have one

Interstate [?], Forgiatto Wheels, Cadillac Grille

Bumpin my nigga Big Krit

Coming Down Smelling like Bond no. 9 and a half a pound

That's What I Do, I thought you knew

You've been informed, you been warned

Its up to you, whoever fit the shoe

Still a Chevy man true and true

But its something about that El Dorado coupe

And the way she moves

Baby blue my latest boo, lowriders yea I gotta few

But its just something different, you gotta sit in it

Custom machine I'm steering

Making that real (ryda?) grand appearance

Smoking some fire right outside the building

Chopping the game up for these ghetto children

Cold chillin, flowing like a polo linen

And I never ever thought I would get a Cadillac

Haven't driven the Rolls since some days

I been Cadillacin' bumpin that UGK

Smoking gas in a real major way

On Wheels The Collective we been making plays

Legal trappin made it rich from rappin

My life the shit I had to just go and tell u how it happen

Over these beats, I know you hear them snares gettin at u

Like the rat-a-tat of assault rifles from project battles

I'm sliding past u in a blast from the past, like super fast

Interior beyond cold, I swear to God its laid out like a condo

I'm a let that one [?] bro

And I never ever thought I'd get a Cadillac

But I'm highered up dippin in the Cadillac

Smokin one for my nigga big krit in the Cadillac

Eastside on the rise, keep the E in it, nigga we smoking weed i
n it

Laughing in the pictures, wouldn't write about it if a nigga di
dn't live it

Yea that's the difference. ya'll act like some bitches