

White Walls

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

I wanna be free, I wanna just live
Inside my Cadillac, that is my shit
Now throw it up (now throw that up)
That's what it is (that's what it is)
In my C A D I L L A C bitch (biaaaaatch)

Can't see me through my tints (nuh uh)
I'm riding real slow (slow motion)
In my paint wet dripping shining like my 24's (umbrella)
I don't got 24's (nuh uh)
But I'm on those Vogues
That's those big white walls,
R-r-round them hundred spokes
Old school like old English in that brown paper bag
I'm rolling in that same whip that my granddad had
Hello, haters, damn y'all mad
30k on the Caddy, now how backpack rap is that?

I got that off-black Cadillac, midnight drive
Got that gas pedal, lean back, taking my time
I'm rollin' out, roof off, letting in sky
I'm sure 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? Illegally going a hundred and twenty
Easy weaving in and out of the traffic
They cannot catch me, I'm smashing
I'm ducking bucking them out here
I'm looking fucking fantastic, 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 whip but never one like this
Old school, old school, Candy paint, two seater
Yea, I'm from Seattle, there's hell a Honda Civics
I couldn't tell you about paint either
But I really wanted a Caddy so I put in the hours
And roll on over to the dealer
And I found the car, junior, there's a bargain with this geezer
Got the keys in and as I was leaving I started screaming

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Backwoods and dope
White hoes in the backseat snorting coke
She doing line after line like she's writing rhymes
I had it hell a my love, tryna blow her mind
Cadillac pimpin', my uncle was on
14 I stole his keys
Me and my niggas was gone
Stealin' portions of his liquor, water in his Patron
Drivin' smiling like I won a fucking lottery homes (fuckin' lottery homes)

Tires with the spokes on it and the Vogues, too
Mustard and mayonnaise, keeping the buns
All of my dogs hanging out the window
Young as whoosh, fucking like we ball
Tryna fuck em all, kill the fucking whips
See what's poppin' at the mall, meet a bad bitch
Slap her booty with my palms
You can smoke the pussy, I was tearing down the walls
I'm motherfuckin' awe... some

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?
Or does she want it low?
This shit a Coupe de Ville so you'll never know
So we cruise for minutes, my nigga fuck the limit
Got a window tinted for showing gangsta in it
Slice when the gas is finished, Q

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