

Cadillactica

Big K.R.I.T.

Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac
Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac, lac
Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac
Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac, lac
Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac
Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac, lacUh, what you think a real nigga rap for?
So I can roll around in a Rav 4? Never that
Cadillac pimped out, fish bowl, true vogues
Fifteens, but I had to go and get two mo
Whassup, get buck, shake junt killa
DJ booth with the pole in the middle
For the edge of the rest to go flash up a bitch
See how far these vegetables get us
Pour up, the show up, the focus
The doors ain't typical when they get open, hol' up
You ain't never been sky high
Swear I coulda died when I hopped out my ride
Like four-five times, no parachute
Bungee jump for the loot
Hock a loogie off the roof, what I feel like
Porn on the screen, two hoes on the scene tongue kissin'
You would think my whip dyke
Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac, too early for the hook
Not sure if it's the sawed-off for the bass in the trunk
That keep a nigga shook
Careful no crook, tell a bitch look
How I work the wheel and the crisis
Police behind us my index was grinding her pussy like [?] with no timin'
I think I'm nicest of all (all, all, all)
That's the way I feel, bitch! Crawl (crawl, crawl, crawl)
Why you showing your grill, bitch? (all, all, all)
Uh, I'm way outta here, don't get lost
I come in peace from somewhere unique
Have no fear, uh
Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac
Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac, lac
FUCK YO WHIP, NIGGA!
Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac
Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac, lac
I TOOK YO BITCH, NIGGA!
Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac
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FUCK YO WHIP, NIGGA!
 Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac
 Cadillac lac lac lac, Cadillac lac lac lac, lac
 I TOOK YO BITCH, NIGGA!
 Uh, what you think a real nigga rap for?
 So I can roll around with a nympho? Yessir
 Twenty five lighters on my dresser, the best of
 Versace, Versace, Versace, my bezel
 The bass and the treble will beat, ho
 Komodo with the photo when creeping, slow
 I pull up on the high side, God give me high five
 Every time I holla, " I thank you Lawd"
 Jesus please, don't let the jackers take what's mine
 Hate to have to black out reason to dance to the Lac 'fore they act right
 Cause a nigga act like I'ma just back down
 And I'ma put some vogues on these toes bitch
 I blew the back out the trunk with the fifth wheel slump
 It's some neon that's red, that's my old shit
 But this some cold shit
 That my granddaddy wish he could have drove then passed down
 So in honor of Zebby, I bring a ho down like a levee
 When I slab 'round in this glass house
 See, in the end it was easy pimpin' 'fore you even finished
 When a trick trippin' you ain't need her with it
 Shooting outside the Lac trying to ease in it
 She might fall, fall, fall, fall, fall
 It ain't really that high, bitch (crawl, crawl, crawl, crawl, crawl)
 Why you showing your grill, bitch? (off, off, off, off, off)
 Uh, I'm way outta here, don't get lost
 I come in peace for someone unique
 Have no fear, uh! Slabbin round, my windows down, you hear the sound
 That sonic boom, that ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-bass
 That shake your baby momma crib
 Pardon me if I phone home 4000 miles away from where you at
 If you ain't holdin back I can take your whip
 C-A-D-I-Double L-A-C-T-I-C-A
 C-A-D-I-Double L-A-C-T-I-C-A
 C-A-D-I-Double L-A-C-T-I-C-A
 C-A-D-I-Double L-A-C-T-I-C-A, K-R-I-T Forever

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>