

# 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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