

# White Cadillac

Jarren Benton

[Chorus:]

Yeah, white Cadillac, Top off  
White girls are ready to ride off  
Yeah, all the spaceship across  
5-4-3-2-1 gone

I'm so outta here [x2]  
I'm so so so so outta here  
I'm so outta here  
I'm so outta here  
5-4-3-2-1 I'm gone

[Verse 1:]

Live from the mind of a lunatic  
Grew up on the east side Dope Boyz moving bricks  
Me? I'm in the basement  
Rocking with my dope bag  
Where the hell is Andre?  
I grew up with no dad  
Mr. Biggie so rad  
You should take a photograph  
I'm so outta here you see me soaring in my hovercraft  
Y'all don't wanna fuck with that  
Boy like heroin  
Welcome to my do-jo  
No I'm not barreling  
They say I'm a dreamer  
Looking at the stars  
Never risking songs about money on the cars  
I just wanna rock mic  
Living in the spotlight  
Waking from a nightmare  
Feeling somethings not right  
I can wait to leave here 12 never looking back  
Jarren on the book it rap  
Talking niggas cookie crack  
Living in the future  
[?]  
But I took it back  
White Cadillac, Gotta love the way I'm looking at

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

The city sleeping on me like a silly posturepedic  
But knowing me, I'll probably pop their hearts out and eat it  
Yeah  
I'm so outta here  
I'm so outta here  
My girl worry she think a baby's acting weird  
Afraid of losing me  
She hold a back tear  
And when I make it I promise I'm coming back here  
Better yet I send a (pack of beer?)  
A rocketship, we dipping out of the atmosphere  
Yesterday I was wearier tomorrow  
Now me and your Momma slam a Cadillac cargo

Living on a pull out not a dollar in my cargo's  
She does all the same from the cater to kilargo  
Yeah from misty hallways the white picket fences  
Opportunity just keep the guards on the hinges  
I bet they hate it when I'm up, up, on  
5-4-3-2-1 gone

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

I'm an east side monster  
Came from the bottom  
I'm so outta here That I'm a mother fucking problem  
I love hip-hop  
Karma die rhyming  
Levitate over niggas I defy science  
I'm a get rich one day  
Or die trying  
Niggas got lifes  
Say they rather die frying  
Momma coming home from a hard day crying  
Why life to working a Vegas shes sighing  
Would I die dressed tell her, Momma keep trying  
Until I'm at the top  
I'm a keep climbing  
Yeah  
Writing like I'm scribbling my last words  
Spit it like I'm spitting out my last verse  
I'm so sick say I need to see a pastor  
Whack nigga killing  
Turning niggas into Casper  
I say they hate it when I'm up, up, on  
5-4-3-2-1 bitch gone

[Chorus x2]