

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]