

# 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  
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!  
 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  
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>