

# 10,000 Cadillacs, What The Future Brings

What the future brings I'm waiting in the wings  
I sing of kings and queens  
But they don't mean as much as the streets do  
You know what I mean?  
Step up step up and speak your mind  
I got my Caddy crown cause I'm down  
For mine now it's 1999 so you know we gotta party  
Raise your forty if you're naughty  
If you feel me join my army  
Gotta bomb 'em with this track  
It's trauma that we pack  
Mad drama Cadillacs got that karma coming back  
So avenge the souls cause it's revenge that we hold in the highest regard  
We praise the gods of old so let go of my style  
You stole three cards and you fold  
Motherfucker don't you know Cadillacs broke the mold  
Hands up it's a hold up you never should of showed up  
Cadillacs plot and rock the block  
Until it blows up back to the top drop  
Game plan can't you tell we're gettin' tired of the same old thing  
Man check it out we're coming up for a take down  
And ol boy is 'bout to buckle under breakdown  
Stand up if you're down take a look to the future  
This generation gap can't be sewn with a suture  
So step off the toes of those that you stand on  
Looks like you're fallin' off without a damn thing to land on  
History repeats itself society defeats itself  
And egos won't allow us to learn from our conceited self esteem  
Is what it is that we gotta take back if they hit ya  
And they hurt ya hit back make an impact  
We're rollin' with the punches and we're takin' our swings  
And we're waitin' in the wings for what the future brings  
I'm waiting in the wings  
I sing of kings and queens  
But they don't mean as much as the streets do  
You know what I mean?  
Bring that funkcore once more dunk and score  
A deuce how loose is your interpretation of a truce  
No pause for the catch up cause the rhythm never lets up  
Searchin' for the truth yeah the youth have got their heads up  
Eyes wide minds open taken down the narrow like Beretta  
You betta keep your eyes on the sparrow  
Return of the dragon heir to the throne  
And with the microphone we're gonna reunite the home  
Team is the key contradictory to belief  
Believe that team equals victory  
Now lock it in the pocket and let the rhythm roll  
Hit play on the machine and let the home team flow  
Cause we're jumpin' out the box  
Got 'em fat and for the kill waitin' in the cut  
Just to kick 'em in the grill