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 gueens

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