

E.S.G., In My Cadillac

(*talking*)

(in my Cadillac), just rolling
(in my Cadillac), looking good
(in my Cadillac), shined up smelling clean
(in my Cadillac), smelling good check it

[Bun B]

L Dog Verritz, Seviles Coupe Devilles
Escalades and Latays, damn dude is real
No matter where you from, or how you feel
You ain't showing classic grills
Fool you ain't riding real now here's the deal
Got the sun rooftop, with the diamond in the back
And I'm sitting in the squad, just reclining in the Lac
My doja pine is in the sack, that we blow
Now tell me that you ain't dizzy, trying to follow the chrome
The trail free 22 inches, two pairs of shoes one on the trunk
Popping and swang crank up your bang, let's get it crunk
Show your screens if you got em, po' ya lean if you sipping
Blow a swisha if ya smoking, fool we ain't even tripping
There's only three rules, when you sit in my car
One no ash on my flo', two don't steal your bar
Three don't touch my radio, cause I'm banging my Screw
And everyday pulled Arthur P-A, this is how we do rolling

[Hook: Ms. Marylin]

In my Cadillac, see me rolling
In my Cadillac, sipping smoking
In my Cadillac, boppers watching
In my Cadillac, rims nonstopping trunk keep knocking

[E.S.G.]

We in a Cadillac that's where I'm at, DTS or a slant back
Where your candy paint at, boy where your cup of drank at
Now think that, some people get tired
Of hearing, bout cash and cars
When you never had nothing, that make ya feel like a star
Navigation Onstar, just to tell where I'm at
Sedan Devilles chrome grill, and wheels with belts to match
New platinum Coupe plack, wonder where my roof at
That's that new drop top, now should I bulletproof that
Look black, if you ain't cutting on no 20 inch buttons
I'ma tell you what to do, and playa ooh nothing
22's or 23's, six T.V.'s when I'm swerving
Escalade special made, same size as a Suburban
Trying to ball till I fall, just like Yao Ming
Southside ride, candy red on cream
Northside playas, y'all know what I mean
Blow green on the scene, everything so clean
Can't mess with the team, ghetto dreams
P-A-T, we still the kings
E.S.G. in a EXZ, come on girl let me hear you sing

[Hook]

[Slim Thug]

My Cadillac killing em, I'm Sprewell wheeling em
If they less than ten G's, then the Boss ain't feeling em
I keep's it real, in the Caddy Deville
Turning corners wood wheel, with the big daddy grill
Looking like I'm worth a mill, backing out the garage
Rolling hard, for the competition on the 'Vard
Shit I live like a Boss, floss like a Boss
Candy blue with the gloss, on my 7-5 Boss

Hold it down off the North, I'm a high roller
You ain't seen a Lac colder, look I told ya
Pulling on doja, in the 45 fast lane
Hoes and niggaz trying to flag me down, when I pass mayn
But I keep going, do-do keep blowing
Purple drank po'ing, while my candy keep glowing
High-siding when I'm riding, Slim be holding it down
Ask around, they'll tell you how my Cadillac shine

[Hook]

In my Cadillac