

White Walls
Macklemore

[Verse 1]

I wanna be free, I wanna just live
Inside my Cadillac, That is my shit
And I throw it up (I throw that up)
Thats what it is (thats what it is)
In my C A D I L L A C bitch (bitch)
Cant see me through my tints (nah ah)
Im riding real slow (slow motion)
In my paint wet dripping shining like my 24s (umbrella)
I dont got 24s (no oh)
But Im on those Vogues
Thats those big white walls, round them hundred spokes
Old school like old English in that brown paper bag
Im rolling in that same whip that my granddad had
Hello, haters, damn yall mad
30k on the Caddy, now how backpack rap is that?

[Chorus]

D
I got that off-black Cadillac, midnight drive
G
I got that gas pedal, leaned back, taking my time
D
Im blowin that roof off, letting in sky
G
I shine, the city never looked so bright

[Verse 2]

Man Im lounging in some shit Bernie Mac wouldve been proud of
Looking down from heaven like damn thats stylish
Smilin, dont pay attention to the mileage
Can I hit the freeway? Im legally going a hundred and twenty
Easy weaving in and out of the traffic
They cannot catch me, Im smashing
Im ducking bucking them out here
Im like go fucking fantastic, I am up in a classic
Now I know what its like under the city lights
Riding into the night, driving over the bridge
The same one we walked across as kids
Knew Id have a whip but never one like this
Old school, old school, Candy paint, two seater
Yea, Im from Seattle, Theres hella Honda Civics
I couldnt tell you about paint either
But I really wanted a Caddy so I put in the hours
And roll on over to the dealer
And I found the car, junior, theres a problem with this geezer
Got the keys in and as I was leaving I started screaming

[Chorus]

D

I got that off-black Cadillac, midnight drive

G

Got that gas pedal, leaned back, taking my time

D

Im blowin that roof off, lettin in sky

G

I shine, the city never looked so bright

[Verse 3]

Backwoods and dope

White hoes in the backseat snorting coke

She doing line after line like shes writing rhymes

I had it hella my love, tryna blow her mind

Cadillac pimpin, my uncle was on

14 years I stole his keys me and my niggas was gone

Stealin portions of his liquor, water in his Patron

Drivin smiling like I won the fucking lottery homes

(fuckin lottery homes)

Tires with the spokes on it in the Vogues, too

Mustard and mayonnaise, keeping the buns on em

My dogs hanging out the window

Young as whoosh, fucking like we ball

Tryna fuck em all, kill the fucking wimps

See whats poppin at the mall, meet a bad bitch

Slap her booty with my palms

You can smoke the pussy, I was tearing down the walls

Im motherfuckin off

Son, swear these eyes tryna hypnotize

Grip the leather steering wheel while I grip the thighs

See the lust stuck up in her eyes

Maybe she like the ride or did she like the smoke?

Or does she want it low?

This shit a Coupe de Ville so youll never know

So we cool with niggas, my nigga fuck the limit

Got a window tinted for showing gangstas in it

Slice off when the gas is finished, Q

[Chorus]

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G

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D

Im blowin that roof off, lettin in sky

G

I shine, the city never looked so bright

[Outrol]

D

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I shine, the city never looked so bright