

Lil' Rob, California

(Lil' Rob Talking)
Southern California
Home of low-ridin'
Gang-bangin' and shit
California

(Chorus)(Lil' Rob)
I was raised in the streets of California
(Southern California, home of car-hoppin' and
bomb-droppin'
West coast pop lockin', walkin' how we're talkin')
I was raised in the streets of California
(I was raised in Californ-I-A
Where homeboys die everyday over some shit they say)

(Verse 1)
I've always been down with hydros
And cholos, the low-lows
The six-threes, the six-fours
The rucas with no clothes
Used to drop the two-door
Gang-bang in a four door
Puttin' bullet holes
In the doors of a Ford Explorer
Hard-core, and I got more and more
Where that came from?
Welcome to my kingdom
The streets are my freedom
I need em', I feed em', I feedback
They need that, like I need my weed sack
Take a toque, wacha
Where were we at?
Oh, California the golden state
Controllin' states, pushin' weight
Where vatos like me hallucinate
bouble up while you fumble up
Fuckin' up, you fuckin' punk
If there's no room
Then we'll stick em' by the fuckin' pump

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)
Slippin' and dippin', grippin' the wheel
Lockin' it up
Dump the back corner
Pop the front one up
Put the convertible top down
It's too good to stop now
This California livin'
Smoke up on the ceilin'
Party at the roof, off the hook
Got every drug up in the book
You don't believe me
See for yourself and take a closer look
Low rider car shows
Hoppin' till the truck blows
Catch me at the bar
Havin' a beer with my uncles
Pacifico with no lime
That's what I drink at all times
Creased up Davis'
I'm always out like where the pavement is
I come from the underground

The underground like where the basement is
It's California, people have a hard time facin' it

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Lowrider bicycles, tricycles
Cold as icycles
Smokin' chronic shit
So high, you would think my eyes are closed
I got my eyes on those
Who be thinkin' that my eyes are closed
But there not ese
Trucha when you get too close
You'll know, that I know
What you think? I don't know
I might explode, unload
Reload, and unload
You broke the code, you got's to go
Ain't no future in your frontin'
Crazy California homeboy
Where the cuete's bustin'
California stylin', California ridin'
Whittier Boulevard to 'Frisco
Then back to Highland
I gots to do it like the locos do
Don't race your ride
Hop your ride like you're supposed to do, through

(Chorus)