

# Lil Rob, California

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

(Chorus)(Lil' Rob)  
I was raised on the streets of California in California  
(Southern California, home of car-hoppin' and  
bomb-droppin'  
West coast pop lockin', walkin' how we're talkin')  
I was raised on the streets of California in 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  
Double 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 drink 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)