

Y&T

"Cali"

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[Chorus: x2]

I represent in... CALI
It's hard to live in... CALI
Hard to survive in... CALI
Cause you could die in... CALI
A lot of sun in cali
I keep a gun in cali
So watch your tounge in... CALI
Cause you'll get done in cali.

[Verse 1:]

They call me Ya Boy,
I'm representin' Northern... (CALI)
And that's where them young boys is gettin' shot and
tallied.
I'm from that state of dat brown bag
If you ain't from 'round here, get pound here, play with'
4 pounds here.
And young nigga's push work by the pound in... (CALI)
Yeah we get down in cali, leave 'em in the ground in
cali.
I'm from the state where they slang rock's and hate
cop's.
Roll the turf, skate block's, never will the case stop.
I'm from the state where they crippin' and they bloodin'
at.
And if they can't find you, they go to where ya cousin
at.
And ain't no squares here, a lot of playa's here.
The chronic shit, we high as the Hemalias here.
And nigga's play with' chopper's, a lot of crooked
copper's.
We call 'em hood rat's, Texas call 'em boppers.
Throw up ya finger's, if ya feel the same way.
Ya Boy puttin' it down for CALI-FORN-IA.
Where you from?

[Chorus: x2]

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[Verse 2:]

This here's a shady place, rest in peace Tookie.
I guess the Terminator really wasn't just a movie.
The dealer's give the yay, the killer's get away.
A snitch is very lucky, if he can live another day.
The Giant's vs. the Dodger's,
The Raider's vs. the 9ner's.
Either you small grindin', or you a big timer.
We wearin' black tees, gold teeth, and bandanas.
We push zip's, fuck model chick's, and tote hammers.
We get a lot of dough, like Digiorno.
You see them Bentley coupes, We can afford those.
Where if you live another day, only the lord know's.
Wherever the money at, It's where the whore's go.
We call them gold digger's, and it's a lot of those.
The feds really bull, they wearing cheap clothes.
The state of California, where we don't get along.
I'm bringin' you to cali, just listen to the song.

[Chorus: x2]

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[Verse 3:]

I'm from the Bay, still L.A. love Ya Boy.
Ask my nigga Spence, We straight thuggin' boy.
I got the street's turned higher then the oven boy.
I'm from the west, still look like a southern boy.
We on them big wheel's, I'm in that fast drop.
Just got the black coupe equipped with the stash spot.
Some nigga's ride spinner's, some niggas ride rallies.
Just keep ya thang tucked.
Because it's... Because it's...

[Chorus:]

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