

World Harlem

"Cali Chronic"

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Turn it up

Yo, when I roll you know the cats be out

So you cowards got no choice but to rat me out

I call in from the pen to try to see what that be 'bout

'Cuz I catch a fool slip and yo, his ass is out

Hud, stay on the low, pop two cops

Thug, against all odds, like Tupac

I'm caked up, dog-tired from Jacob

Platinum, reach for it then wake up

For top dollar yo, I squeeze my trigger

And Lord knows, I'll lead this nigga

'Cuz I'm down for whatever

Matter of fact, I'm down for the cheddar

Try to clown and get yo' ass layed down forever

Niggas hate to see a G come up

Young niggas that run up get gun up

That's the real, seen the nigga pass the steel

Even wink and yo' ass get killed, all out

This is for the know-knotters

Six-fo' riders, all them ones are low riders

All weed smokers, Olde E sippers

All dead homies, and O.G. nigga's, throw it up
This is for the know-knotters
Six-fo' riders, all them ones are low riders
Whether blued out or flamed out
Mask on, ridin' with them big things out, yay a yay
Light up the izzy-izzy ba-ba, ask yourself, why try?
Touch the untouchable brotha that's in front of you
Harlem U.S.A be the place that I come from
Twenty-ninth and Lenox be that place I get the guns
from
Vacant lots be the route that we used to run from
Thirty-second precinct until Jackie caught the dum-dum
It's hot now, cops now, all out gotta eat
Close food shop down, send them across the street
My force overheat 'cuz the cause is cheap
Reminisclin' all my homies that I lost on the streets
Dos Bruce, LB and even Stevie D
Pour some liquor out and throw it up for a G
NRB, be the click they claim to be
So if worse come to worse, do the same for me
This is for the know-knotters
Six-fo' riders, all them ones are low riders
All weed smokers, Olde E sippers
All dead homies, and O.G. nigga's, throw it up
This is for the know-knotters
Six-fo' riders, all them ones are low riders

Whether blued out or flamed out
Mask on, ridin' with them big things out, yay a yay
Now, we drink Colt '45, tote 45's
Smoke 'til we high, loc til' we die
Got locked up in Crenshaw
Somebody said, "Foo, what you in for?"
Jail mental', named Wendel
Did 15, and got about 10 more
Oh, he was silent than braille
In '83 was the first with hydraulics
Caught his first bid dealin' with narcotics
And had Day tons and always kept 'em polished
You taught me about khakis and converse
And if a foo' try to move then you ball first, feel me?
But now I'm stackin' my grip
Back in the trick, come out a day early is a slap on the wrist
But one time never sleep on it
I went from Harlem to L.A. fool, so speak on it
This is for the know-knotters
Six-fo' riders, all them ones are low riders
All weed smokers, Olde E sippers
All dead homies, and O.G. nigga's, throw it up
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