

Beyonce Knowles

"Northern Califoolya"

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phone rings

Machine - "Hello."

Rick Rock - "Rick Rock."

Machine - "Has a message forâ€¦!"

Rick Rock - The Bay Area

Machine - "To accept the message press 1"

sound of button pushed

[E-40]

Ugh, ugh

We flow for about five years ago

When we lost a down

But I had fifth of the game

But I knew that one day

That sooner or later it got to come back around

E-40 Water held his ground

Kept my foot in the fast lane

Flew uppidy on mesmerized

Cuz I snuck up in up out the game

You makin' a 40 Water cd

And get you penalized [penalized]

I promise you that you get your face kicked man [face kicked man]

Astonishing, you never know who know who beat you
black and blue

Demolish you

Have you lookin' just like the bottom of my shoe

The game, the game feeds off us [feeds off us]

The industry and all the slangin' speeches' [speeches']

So we had to do what we like [do what we like]

Unite; come together like a fist to a mic

[B-Legit]

I'm from the block where they raise you up

Tuck glocks shot's blaze you up

Big shot niggas fade you up

I'm in the cut where they fade you up

5-0-9, you can page me but

I'm a hustla

Bust you wit the Mac

Never trust you wit the sack
In fact, when you ready get feddy out the Lac
I'll block patrol
Dead presidents and pesos
Stack money and I chase hoes
I give 'em blues, tattoo's on who to choose
Quitters never win and I don't plan to lose
I check shoes, rich watch, and pocket books
Been a crook
Califoolya made ya look

Chorus: [E-40] x2
The land of the hustlas and slick choppas
Ambulance gurneys and helicopters
Gangstas and playas and street ballas
Game spittas like 40 the colla popper

[San Quinn]
Hey boy, I'm a Bay Boy
And I rep every block that I'm on
Every city I roam
From the state that is golden
State where the youngstas keep holdin'
Feds and the narcs be patrollin'
Northern California, come and take a look [come and
take a look]
Crankin' off the hook [crankin' off the hook]
Everybody's crooks [everybody's crooks]
They be bringin' you robberies
You can come mob wit me
We can be violent we broke
Plus we smoke
Blow on the best of dro
It's Frisco
Now who's the next to go?
The calico would make a playa hater rest fo' sho
Califoolya, San Quinn reppin' the Moe

[Messy Marv]
Yeah I run up in a party mane and rep my district [and
rep my district]
And run up on yo boy like "Nigga what is it?"
I sell each zones [uh huh]
They sell like stones [uh huh]
Frisco, California we stay off them phones [ha-ha]
And I'll show you some thangs
Draw down, pull out the pilly son
And show you the rain
Show you poor hustla niggas the game
Like turnin' one into two
It'll cost you more if I'm squattin' 'em through

West Coast nigga! [West Coast nigga!]
I'm just lettin' you know
The home of Scalen, Sic Wid It, and Death Row [whooh!]
You still get that blow
And that doe
And wear them watches wit the tic-tac-toe [what!?!]

[Chorus] x2

[E-A-Ski]

Yea

This nice guy role's been a God damn cover up [ugh]
We ride on yo block wit the Mac
Hit a nigga up [huh]
God damn it! It's Northern Califoolya [right]
This Mac gon' do ya [ugh]
I swear it's gon' do ya [yea]
The thought's all wrong when it comes to this north
side [north side]
I ain't lettin' mutha fuckin' shit slide [naw]
Gangsta, hustlas, pimps, dope dealers [ugh]
Tec's, glock's, A-R's are real nigga
We shoot through your chest [ugh]
Cardiac arrest
Now you floatin through the sky
May God Bless
Who am I? Mr. Ski, apply pressure
The 40 Water call mi "SKI" [hey]
The most aggressive

[Keak Da Sneak]

I was raised up where we say "blood" and "cuz"
Gang bang, slang cane
Breed killas and thugs
I gave up sports, and started sellin' drugs
Use to be a car thief
But now I spendin' love to bars
I'm a star; I was born one [born one]
My jersey is throw back
But never toss my gun
The task force hit the dock
My moms got stopped, ironic
And rep East O
But not from New York son
I get money like Suge, Master P, and Russell
And build up my franchise cuz since the money is
muscle
I fuck wit the switch in the front before
And everybody says "fo' sheezy"
But where my credit go?

[Chorus] x2

-=talking=-

[James "Stomp Down" Bailey]

Northern Califoolya game

We've all been properly introduced

To uphold this yay mane

Cuz if we don't check it from the womb

We gon' check it from the balloon

Still serve in mind

I'm pushin' the number one tea spoon

Northern Califoolya playin'

Mac's, pimp's, and ho slayers

Were made sharper than the Gillette blue blade

straight out the pack

Cuz Northern Califoolya's the snake

To start the strike

Clear folks and judges up have plenty of this light

So don't get caught up goin' to the spoon by noon

Ya dig?

Because you'll be missin' that coochie

Cuz you be on yo way to the bitter hoochie

[echoes out]

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