

## Coldplay

### "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 patrolin'  
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 [whoo!]  
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 Califoonlya [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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