

**I-20****"California Dreaming"**

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i'm in the red 64 and i'm heading back to callie  
blow a purple in the sky with some bitches from the  
valley  
even know it from a , should a nigger  
, i'm rocking , with the ,  
i got , i don't , roam in the jungle  
call them tramp avenue boy if i am in a tussle  
you can kiss me out on sunset, what's a sunset  
just , the 50 gray goosing i ain't done yet  
got a room at the grafton, lights camera action  
a couple thug passion, i'm out leave the mansion  
i got the mac dray or some machiavelli blastin'  
swervin' on the 10, getting head in the traffic  
i'm california dreaming got all these bitches feeling  
if you're breaking neighborhood and throw it up ,

here i feel home and i'm chilling at my place  
i know the city at my own,  
like i'm back in the , touch down  
,from across town  
we california dreaming, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
i'm california dreaming, yeah, oh

i'm california dreaming, stand sipping on some ,  
call the , at the lakers game sitting next to jay  
in the south of long beach, holler at the homie ,  
in the church where uncle , he got some bitches  
shaking ass  
shit i love these callie women cause they all a bunch of  
freaks  
trying to hear my record playing every hour on the beat  
then it's all a cartoon , grab a box of , and some liquor  
from the ,  
get's me out , piping in the parking lot  
my homies claiming neighborhood, nodes what i'm talk  
about  
then it's back to the weed spot, picking up some fruity  
taking shots at mister chaz while a nigger eating sushi  
gets my west side vibe, then my west coast grind  
i'm an east coast sleep, i'm a west coast time  
so be careful with your flags niggers , tried to warn you

, book the flight, i'm headed back to california

here i feel home and i'm chilling at my place  
i know the city at my own,  
like i'm back in the , touch down  
,from across town  
we california dreaming, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
i'm california dreaming, yeah, oh

another day, another dollar, tell that nigger loot the ,  
20 on the , in the sky blowing dollars  
then , trying to send me there  
think twice cause everything i ride then they send me  
there  
going of that , yeah  
bandana tied around my head like pac  
when he was spitting on that cameraman  
going off that purple haze, grand daddy in the base  
, keep it empty ,  
catch me at the fox hills, ,trying to match that box you  
came  
cause it's a hot wheel  
and i'm whipping from the 60's to the jungle  
from compton to the , stock wheels  
, strippers , mama you hotter ..

here i feel home and i'm chilling at my place  
i know the city at my own,  
like i'm back in the , touch down  
,from across town  
we california dreaming, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
i'm california dreaming, yeah, oh.

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