

## Jaya The Cat "Cultifornia"

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Woke up this morning don't remember much  
Just blank memory hope I didn't fuck up too much  
My shirts ripped and my glasses are bent  
Started out with a fifty now I only got 50 cents left  
My minds in a state of distress  
Sometimes the bottle gets in the way of progress  
Blind eye to the nights proceedings  
Phone written on my hand someone I don't remember  
meeting  
Pounding in my head, empty feeling  
Take a hit from the spliff before I even start to dealing  
But I'm still standing, after all 10 rounds  
It was me or the bottle, someone had to get knocked  
out

I hung around until I got hungover  
Then I crashed out in cultifornia  
I'm slowing down so the bottle can catch up  
I may be lazy but I know what's up

It's just clothes and bottles on the floor  
Keys hanging from the lock in the open front door  
Day is dawning but the suns too bright for me  
Hazy memory of some fuck trying to fight me  
Or was that me trying fight him?  
It don't matter that shit's last nights problem  
Girlfriend still passed out on the bed  
Stars in my eyes pounding in my head I hit the streets  
Looking for salvation, instead I just get an exchange of  
misinformation  
Don't expect a thing to get handed to me  
But sometimes you gotta shut your brain down to keep  
your sanity

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