

Lifeseeker **"Mr. California"**

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Well Imma lay it on ya right upon ya
coming through with the fondue is Mr. California
soakin up the sunshine on the frontline
of the car lot with instant credit get it while it's hot
and we'll kick to the slow jams no plans
making money out of dreams look ma no hands
well you claim you got it made well whatever you say
jack
you try to take it easy I'm way more layed back
so bring your aura down to earth and maybe we can
click
cause flying too high will leave you three ft. thick
so I stick stick and move cause karate is my course
yeah I can break a brick in half and I can feel the force
an targets I lock on like chuck norris in the octagon
I kick through windshields and keep rocking on
because good guys wear black when they're on the
attack
and at the beep the time will be for you to step back
just leave a message maybe I'll call

Mr. Mr. California Mr. Cal i forn I A (x4)
(spatial interlude)

Now feeling all the mellow good vibrations on my cello
with my girl like moon doggie and annette funicello
I picked up a shell hello? it spoke to me
like the phone in my car strictly rotary
it said the yin the yang the whole damn thang
cosmic hot tub of love set off by the big bang
so skip the real juice and enjoy the tang
and you'll be laughing on the path of the boomerang

I said dang that's heavy but I feel it though
got to remember all that when I'm feeling low
cause it's a long way to go and we ain't there yet
trying to see the sunrise inside the sunset

/spatial interlude in which the cosmos need a
jumpstart/

now it's time to wake the sleeper because minds are

getting deeper
as we kick it like a field goal with or sans sneaker
eureka! anywhere you go you're just right there
the warm smell of collita rising up through the air!
where it's up with the people and down with the man
hook up some sun beams get yourself a suntan
and wash on wash off staying hardcore but soft
like an avacado creative leisure is my motto
so with sushi on my platter it's like domo arrigato
as the wheel in the sky keeps on turning like lotto
we swing, whichever way we want to swing
like the ping to the pong or the pong to the ping
and when I say we I mean O U I
like the french riviera it's mighty fly
where a girl in a thong just can't go wrong
but homeboy in the speedo put your pants back on
sittin round stroking stroking baywatch messing up my
OP shirt
laid back with my hand on my jimmy and my jimmy in
my hand

mr. mr. california mr. cal iforn IA x(4)

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