

Lloyd

"Coolin' in Cali"

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[VERSE 1: Bret E.B.]

Coolin in Cali, goin far
Introduction to a brand new star
Comin from the west - Hollywood
Best believe, to go we're good
Baskin in the sunshine, drink a little wine
A tender cutie, yo, you know I'm gonna find
Livin on the beach underneath palm trees
Wear my shorts to show off the knees
That's the life, yo, you wanna live it
Do what I do, anything, you would give it
Like Sinatra do it my way
Job is the work, gettin paid the play
Cause I'm

(Coolin in Cali)

(Coolin in Cali)

[VERSE 2: Bret E.B.]

Want some of this, well, I have no crew
You wanna do me harm, get the old (1-2)
Combination, makin all bells ring
A fighter and a lover, yo, I'm good at everything
Geffentown, so watch what you see
My word is bond, and this is gonna be
A frenzy of fun, man, it's insanity
(Is he crazy?) Forget the vanity
I like the path, though the road is dark
Make you move and groove as I make my mark
In history, leavin no mystery
Don't like defeat, goin for victory

(Coolin)

(Coolin in Cali)

(Coolin in Cali)

[VERSE 3: Bret E.B.]

Like a Snicker I satisfy
Overcome? Don't even try
Chillin like a villain, but I live like a king
This is Cali (Cali) you know how I swing

Look around, take in the beauty
Not to mention all the fly cuties
Keep your arm pumpin as the two break wild
Listen to the music, enjoy the style
I wanna party, yes, have some fun
The night is young and we just begun
So come along upon a journey to a land unknown
Deliver you from evil and bring you home

(Coolin in Cali)
(Coolin in Cali)

(Clap your hands)
(To what he's doin)

(Clap) (clap) (clap) (clap) (clap your hands)
(Clap your hands)
(Clap your hands)

[VERSE 4: Bret E.B.]

Not a game, don't play me like Calico
I get punani because you love the dicko
Drink a Mai Thai, sit in the sand
Rock the house - you know I can
The energzier make you all go 'oy!'
I'm worth a million, you're just a toy
I buy my brew, yes, all year round
You're lookin for what I have found
California girls - in bikinis
Make a wish, cause I'm your djini
The way I'm livin, you think it's a dream
Break your neck to be down with the scene

(Coolin in)
(Coolin in)

[VERSE 5: Bret E.B.]

You and I (I, I...) what it is
Droppin science, takin care of biz
7A3 - immortal majesty
Here's the order, and it's gonna be
California boy raised in East New York
Gettin paid top dollar for the way that I talk
Listen to my words, cause the teacher must teach
Take a sentence and rhythm, commence to speak
Native of Brooklyn, live in L.A.
Chill in the crib, write the rhymes to say
And when it's over, the pen is smokin and worn
Coolin in Cali, peace - I'm gone

