

## Mtume

### "Going Back To Cali"

Visit "[Going Back To Cali](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

\*phone number being dialed\*  
\*phone rings three times\*  
[Biggie] Yo!  
[P. Dad] Yo Big wake up wake up baby  
[Biggie] Mmm, yo...  
[P. Dad] Yo Big wake yo' ass up c'mon  
[Biggie] I'm up! I'm up. \*mumbling\* I'm up I'm up  
[P. Dad] Big, wake up!  
[Biggie] I'm up baby, what the fuck, man? What's up?  
[P. Dad] C'mon now it's a quarter to six we got the 7:30  
flight  
[Biggie] Mmm, \*mumbling\* yeah  
[P. Dad] Yo Big Big, Big  
[Biggie] Yeah I hear you dogg, I hear you, alright, 7:30  
[P. Dad] Yo take down this information  
[Biggie] Ain't no pen  
[P. Dad] Tell your girl then to remember it or somethin  
[Biggie] Aight honey, yeah write this down  
[P. Dad] Aight, ummm, flight five-oh-four  
[Biggie] Five-oh-four  
[P. Dad] Leaving Kennedy  
[Biggie] \*mumbling\* Kennedy  
[P. Dad] On the L-A-X  
[Biggie] Oh! Cali??  
[P. Dad] No doubt baby, you know we gotta get this  
paper  
[Biggie] Ahh, no doubt, aight  
[P. Dad] You aight?  
[Biggie] I'm up, I'm up  
[P. Dad] Yo Big  
[Biggie] I'm UP man  
[P. Dad] Flight five-oh-four  
[Biggie] Alright 7:30 I'ma meet you at the airport  
[P. Dad] California  
[Biggie] Yeh  
\*phone clicks\*

Verse One: Notorious B.I.G.

When the lala hits ya lyrics just splits ya  
Head so hard, that ya hat can't fit ya

Either I'm witcha or against ya  
Format venture, back through that maze I sent ya  
Talkin to the rap inventor  
Nigga wit the game tight, Bic that flame right  
Spell my name right, B-I, Double-G, I-E  
Iced out lights out, me and Cease-a-Leo  
Gettin head from some chick he know  
See it's all about the cheddar, nobody do it better  
Going back to Cali, strictly for the weather  
Women, and the weed -- sticky green  
No seeds bitch please, Poppa ain't soft  
Dead up in the Hood, ain't no love lost  
Got me mixed up, you drunk them licks up  
Mad cause I got my dick sucked  
and my balls licked, forfeit, the game is mine  
I'ma spell my name one more time, check it  
Its the, N-O, T-O, R-I, O  
U-S, you just, lay down, slow  
Recognize a real Don when you see Juan/one  
Sippin on booze in the House of Blues

Chorus: repeat 4X

I'm going going, back back, to Cali Cali

Verse Two: Notorious B.I.G.

If I got to choose a coast I got to choose the East  
I live out there, so don't go there  
But that don't mean a nigga can't rest in the West  
See some nice breasts in the West  
Smoke some nice sess in the West, y'all niggaz is a  
mess  
Thinkin I'm gon stop, givin L.A. props  
All I got is beef with those that violate me  
I shall annihilate thee  
Case closed, suitcase filled with clothes  
Linens and things, I begin things  
People start to flash, 818's, 213's  
313's, B.I.G.  
Frequently floss hoes at Roscoe's  
If I wanna squirt her, take her to Fatburger  
Spend about a week on Venice Beach  
Sippin Crist-o, with some freaks from Frisco

Chorus

Verse Three: Notorious B.I.G.

Cali got gunplay, models on the runway  
Scream Biggie Biggie gimme One More Chance

I be whippin on the freeway, the NYC way  
On the celly-celly with my homeboy Lance  
Pass hash from left to right  
Only got five blunts left to light, I'm set tonight  
Paid a visit to Versace stores  
Bet she suck until I ain't got no more, only in L.A.  
Bust on bitches be-lly, rub it in they tummy  
Lick it, say it's yummy, then fuck yo' man  
Fuck your plan, is it to rock the Tri-State?  
Almost gold, 5 G's at show gate  
Or do you wanna see about seven digits  
Fuck hoes exquisite, Cali, great place to visit

Chorus

Chorus

Chorus: again to fade

Visit [Mtume](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.