

Notorious B.i.g. "Going Back To Cali"

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[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 Ceasar 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]

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