

## Afroman

### "Leaving California"

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[Verse 1]

I'm leaving california, fuck this shit (fuck this shit)  
Ima pack the homeboy, truck and splint - (split?)  
Tired of the killin', the blood that spillin'  
Tired of the pain that I keep on feelin'  
I'm a west coast rapper, riighttt (riighttt)  
But the west don't think I'm tiighttt (say what)  
Can't make no money, can't get no job  
Can't be a rapper if I kill, steal and rob  
And have to hit the pin, with the other black men  
Three strikes your in, slavery again  
Standin' in the front, smokin' that dosha  
House about to go in for closure  
Prejudice cops make frequent stops,  
Plus frequent pops to the chops  
At one point, I was at gun point  
Glock to the head, if you move you're dead

[Chorus]

I'm leavin' leavin'  
Cali Cali  
fornia fornia  
(you know you know)  
I'm leavin leavin  
cali cali  
fornia fornia  
(gotta go gotta go)  
I'm leavin leavin  
cali cali  
fornia fornia  
(man i quit)  
I'm leavin leavin  
cali cali  
fornia fornia  
(you can have this shit)

[Verse 2]

Earthquakes keep on quakin'  
Where you gonna run when the ground is shakin'  
The earth is rumblin', buildings tumblin'  
Like 9/11, concrete crumblin'  
Wam bam, traffic jam,  
Can't go nowhere, nigga got damn - (not sure with that)

You know how the traffic go, it dont  
The radio could play my song, but they won't  
I can have better luck finding Nemo  
Than finding me a record company for my deemo  
(don't you mean demo?)  
And if I find a label, who is the man, across the table  
Some pencil neck geek, who don't know shit  
Tryna' tell me what's a goddamn hit  
You can be from L.A, and be the absolute best  
And still don't get no respect from the west

[Chorus]

I'm leavin' leavin'  
Cali Cali  
fornia fornia  
(you know you know)  
I'm leavin leavin  
cali cali  
fornia fornia  
(gotta go gotta go)  
I'm leavin leavin  
cali cali  
fornia fornia  
(man i quit)  
I'm leavin leavin  
cali cali  
fornia fornia  
(you can have this shit)

[Verse 3]

Brothers fight cops, and brothers fight brothers  
Brothers fight essays, now this gettin' messayy  
In the L.A. meltin' pot  
I must be at the bottom cuz I'm gettin' kinda hot

Can't clock a knot, without gettin' shot  
Pack my bags, shake the spot  
Crips, Bloods, Christians, Muslims (Muslims),  
Everything so confusin'  
Black people so divided,  
Hop on the Grey Hound bus and ride it,  
You can have the shoe and the traffic jam  
The cookin' police with the battle ram (battle ram)  
The food stripes, the bus stikes, three strikes,  
I'm lacin' up my Nikes  
My ex-girlfriends don't wanna have sex again,  
Plus there's too many Mexicans

[Chorus]

I'm leavin' leavin'  
Cali Cali  
fornia fornia  
(you know you know)  
I'm leavin leavin

cali cali  
fornia fornia  
(gotta go gotta go)  
I'm leavin leavin  
cali cali  
fornia fornia  
(man i quit)  
I'm leavin leavin  
cali cali  
fornia fornia  
(you can have this shit hataz)  
[Outro - scratching]  
put your hands on your head  
spread your legs  
put your hands on your head  
spread (spread), spread your legs  
put your hands on your head (head), head  
spread (spread), spread (spread), spread your legs  
(niiiggaa)  
(what the fuck is you)  
(niiiggaa)  
(just hurry up and buy)  
(niiiggaa)  
(just hurry up and buy)  
(i feel sorry for your motha)  
(what you say 'bout my momma?)  
(i feel sorry for your motha)  
(roll a six four with the fresh ass yay)  
(ay homey)  
(roll a six four with the fresh ass yay)  
(ay homey)  
(rolla- roll a six four with the ay - ay)  
(rolla- roll a six four with the ay - ay homey)  
(roll a six four with the fresh (fresh) yay)  
Flickin blue lights, LAPD (damn nigga one time)  
Flickin blue lights, LAPD (damn nigga one time)  
Flickin blue lights, LAPD (damn nigga one time)  
(phone check homey)  
You don't know me, fool  
(phone check homey)  
You don't know me, fool  
(jibberish, i think?) -?  
Where you from? Is there a problem here?  
Where you from? What that say on your arm?  
Where you from? What that say on your arm?  
Af-Af-Af-Af-Af-Af-Af-Afro motha fuckin m.a.n.  
Afro motha fuckin m.a.n.  
I got that bud, ('sup homey)  
I got that bud, ('sup homey)  
I got that bud, ('sup homey)  
I got that bud, ('sup homey)

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