

## T-ara

### "Welcome To California"

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Hook (repeat 2x)

Welcome to the golden state  
West Coast California where tha 1 time hate  
Bloods, crisps, ese's quick to regulate  
Lowride and hit switches till the bumper brake

Verse I

I'm leanin' back in my Cheve Impala hittin' tha curb  
Swooping up al the hommie's see my doggs so I  
swerve  
To the left on 3 wheels  
Y'all know the deal  
Got tha spikes wit' tha chrome grill  
That's how we do it  
Hittin' switches on a day 2 day  
From Compton, Carson, Inglewood,  
Down to tha Dirty Bay  
Ridin' tha Call way  
Dippin' initiation sparks on tha interstate  
Music blastin' & California written on tha license plate  
I love tha Golden State  
Sunny sky's and tha palm trees  
Beaches and lowriders  
Singing songs like tha Eastsiders  
Sayin' What, What?  
Straight outta tha land of the unforgotten  
Hommie's in prison  
Wishing they ain't had 3 strikes  
But this Cali thug way of livin' got em' 25 to life  
It's rags and bandannas, Chuck Taylors, Dickies and  
Thug Grammar  
G's full of they evil ways like Santana

Verse II

From Long Beach down to West Convina  
Inglewood, Riverside, Palm Springs  
Hollywood down to Pasadena  
Frisco, Oakland down to tha Marina

Sactown, San Jo back to Catalina  
Ya gotta love it y'all,  
Tha sunny weather no sweater or leather  
Just mink brims and a pimp feather  
The land of super stars and nice cars  
Wit' shrome tires and bad traffic back up for miles  
But we, still rollin' till tha wheels fall off, gotta floss  
In tha Benz or Escalade  
No need to playa hate  
This Killa Cali where gangstas rally and tally  
The murders, in streets or alleys  
From the projects to the valley  
Chuck Taylors, khaki suits, skip the wind breakers  
This California home of the 3 times champ Lakers

### Verse III

I'm from tha land of drive-by's and automatics  
Thug lords, bood and crip ryders and drug addicts with  
bad habits  
Charismatic wi't automatics and bandits  
Holding these cannons it's scandalous how they be  
dumpin' till tha  
Last man standin'  
They's why, gotta get to preachin' while they still alive  
Cuz tomorrow not promised specially where them  
hollow points fly  
It's do or die in tha Golden State  
Most ryders regulate off of tha smallest things  
Like red or blue colors  
Then catch a case  
It's California though  
I love it like tha rydas do  
Poppin' our collas, dippin' in Impalas  
Dogg I'm stayin true, T throw up the "W"  
This here's that anthem, for every ghetto, projects,  
neighborhood and street  
Alley, where gunz be clappin'  
Where thy packin' a mack or magnum, braggin'  
How they be jackin' attackin', smackin'  
Taken action just to get reaction, C-A-L-I-F-O-R-N-I-A  
Welcome to Frisco, Sacramento, and tha streets of LA

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