

Tech N9Ne "On Our Way To L.A."

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[Verse 1 - Don Juan]

I'm all about the cash, down to get the ass
5-6 the spot homie smoking grass
Pass me the drink watch a nigga get towed down
Tech gave the low down
Now it's time to put the hoes down
I came and questions got the bitch
Guessing 'bout the dick fucked the white too quick
Nothin' but a trick bitch now I'm on another journey
Had no rub', hope the bitch don't burn me
Ten hours away, then I'm on my way to Cali L.A
To make Gs, pretty bitches and palm trees
35 south 40 going west
15 the opposite of north on a quest

[Verse 2 - Tech N9ne]

Hittin' prospect straight bro
Looking for some Kansas City hoes to poke
But relish floats my boat
Keep a nigga for live in my pocket I gotta get mine
Keeping suspicious middle niggers behind my line
Rewind my rhyme, Nina with many dope styles
Pack my bag now I'm out pal
Kick it with some biancas up in Oklahoma stayin' over
for one night
Hit it right then I'm out, no diggity no doubt
Rich man suits, ? her face off in the pillow
The next morning dippin' met some biancs in Amarillo
Give me the number bianc so that when we come back
through
Play some questions with you two, off in the poo-poo,
ooh-ooh
40 west, to Alberquerque on through the
Arizona hittin' corners who can see me who, 3DQ
Is down with us, you can say what you say
Kansas City all day, offer relish on my way to L.A

[Hook - Tech N9ne & (Don Juan)] (2x)

On our way to Cali
All we want is the palm trees a pretty bitch (and
become rich)
Rogue dogs we come to bring the fury (make it dash to

L.A.)

Turn Cali to Missouri

[Verse 3 - Don Juan]

We hit the highway, the fly way
Doing 89 niggas waste no time
Make a pit stop bumpin' old school hip-hop
Midwestside never flip-flop
Niggas get dropped, all about the rellish when we
creep
Stopped in Oklahoma City got us a suite
Gave niggas much love, passed much bud
Come here baby get at me show what you made of
12 20 north-west, a little get together
Beautiful ladies, nobody shady
Down-ass homies, nobody phony
Everything was dandy
So wassup to my homegirls Tammy
Tachey and Tez, right too thick
Misery niggas, right too sick
We gotta make that group
We gotta jet, seven forty seven style
Oh shit, eleven hundred mo' miles

[Verse 4 - Tech N9ne]

L.A. two-way my on
The chronic up in L.A. we stayed high gone
Wake up show flows see hoes on the 405
Already hell alive when I arrive
Midwest style no Cristal just Caribou Lou
Feel like I'm an alien like Mr. Sulu a new crew but who?
Them road dog niggas from Mizzizy
We rollin' on Sunset mobbin' like we on prospect dizzy
What's the real dough, we got that real flow
You other busters coming fake like a dildo
And if you wanna try a nigga from the misery get with
me
And me show you what the Tecca Nina kill fo'
I'm out for stacks baby, creating plaques baby
After I'm making the rellish we can hit the sack maybe
Billboard live, rockin' hella heads at the Roxy
I'm off and can't a motherfucker stop me I'm off nigga

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