

# The Game

## "Cali Sunshine"

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[Chorus 4X]

California sunshine  
In the summer time  
Oh...

[Verse 1]

Last year,  
Jazze Pha got stuck up inside the Grand Lux  
The most recent was 50 in Angola, that's what's up  
Any rapper could get touched  
Any bitch could get fucked,  
Under the California sun, Impalas and big trucks  
They say Suge got knocked out  
But don't play that nigga cheap  
Cause you're body might wash up  
By the courts at Venice Beach  
Ain't shit sweet but my swisher  
Ain't shit buzzin but my liquor  
Cali chickens got to the "A" to strip  
And come back a little thicker  
With more ass than Deelishis  
That's my flavor of love  
We make it rain like Rain Man  
When he play with the glove  
I'm the king to you pawn niggaz, Punisher, Spawn  
niggaz  
Playin in green, Paul Pierce to you LeBron niggaz  
We them barbeque, front and back lawn niggaz  
Summer Jam, throw your ass offstage, Akon niggaz  
We drink kool-aid with the ice on your arm nigga  
Take that Champion hoody off  
In the California sunshine...

[Chorus 4X]

California sunshine  
In the summer time  
Oh...

[Verse 2]

I'm in my drop top Phantom, down Wilshire Boulevard  
We can't find Biggie's killer  
So we gave Puffy a star

And I'm by far Hollywood Boulevard  
But I'm from a boulevard  
That taught y'all how to shoot out of moving cars  
Remember, "New Jersey Drive"  
Was like a East Coast "Menace"  
And "Belly" was like the sequel without O-Dog in it  
Give me a New York minute  
To show you Cali got more dead bodies  
Then the Yankees got New York pennants  
Cause we Dodgers and Impalas with the windows tinted  
I duck shots where Venus and Serena used to play  
tennis  
And they never came back  
Like throwin a boomerang flat  
See me, I'm posted like a Cincinnati pitcher in the same  
hat  
It's like a scene from a movie  
When the screen fade black  
Niggaz roll up on you  
Now you stuck in that Harold and Caine trap  
If you slippin in Hollywood  
And you get your chain snatched  
I know some niggaz that owe some niggaz  
I'll get your chain back

[Chorus 4X]

California sunshine  
In the summer time  
Oh...

[Verse 3]

Niggaz already know who had the Marijuana first  
We birthed Haze and Sour Diesel  
I was there when the water burst  
Hell naw we don't surf  
We half way go to church  
Tell you the truth, shit  
Right now I'm in the fuckin hearse  
And it ain't my night to get buried in the dirt  
But it is your day to get buried by a verse  
It'll be another ten years before you see an Mc Ren here  
Where he been  
I been there  
That Lambo, I'm in there  
Hotter then the beginning of my career  
With 50, Dre and Em there  
Top off the Murcielago like Victoria's Secret swim  
swear  
So listen, I'm so sincere  
About to work out like gym wear  
Murder MTV's top ten, then tat my face with 10 tears

That's 10 funerals, 10 caskets  
10 3-piece Ralph Lauren suits  
10 motorbikes stoppin traffic  
And 10 reasons why I got California hotter than acid  
Don't you ever-ever leave me out of the top 10  
You fuckin bastards  
Blaow!

[Chorus 4X]  
California sunshine  
In the summer time  
Oh...

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