

The Game

"California Dream"

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[Verse 1: Game]

I'm at the house bout to roll this kush up
I can get a call at any minute, so I'm just doing push-
ups
Waiting on what seems to be forever
I burned a hole in my Polo sweater cause I was nervous
That's how crazy birth is, loading up this Beretta
Cause this time I'm having a baby girl
So it's whatever, whenever... whatever
You my willow and it's my will to make this last forever
First thing I'm a tell her? Daddy's your umbrella
Get with a glass slipper Cali, you my Cinderella
Gotta be a dream, hold up, that's your middle name!
Both your brothers big now, so baby you my little Game
Who gon be the Godfather? Lil Wayne?
Y'all smoke too much but got Cali tatted on his veins
And I just got a text from your mama
Saying the water burst, I guess it's time for my
comma...

[Verse 2: Game]

You walk through the door, she on the ground crying
She don't wanna get up, you had a baby right here
I ain't cleaning that shit up!
I finally got her out the house, now we on the elevator
She screaming, her left the car seat
But I'm a tell her later
Forget the car seat Â- man Â- I'm hella-faded
She like "I know you ain't high! " Man, I'm celebrating...
Now we in the car, she won't put on her seatbelt
Screaming at the top of her lungs: "I need help! "
Weaving through traffic, minutes between contractions
Close your eyes right now, and you can see it
happening
Imagine: she pulling on me "stop I'm about to crash,
shit! "
Butterflies in my stomach, heart beating fast as shit
Every time I have a kid, it's like the first time
Kids the best, but they be coming at the worst times
Now we here, Tiff get in the wheelchair
Butterflies still here Â- am I happy? Hell yeah!

[Verse 3: Game]

I parked the car, now I'm running through the halls lost
Trying to figure out which one of these rooms is ours
Think: damn... one of the nurses stuck her head out
They gave her an epidural so I pulled the couch bed out
Took a nap, woke up, they almost got the head out
She grabbing on the rails, looking like she about to
pass out
Told her to breathe, grab my phone and hit record
"Breathe! 1, 2, 3, 4 - one more - 1, 2, 3, 4"
Push! C'mon Tea, push! God damn it, just push! "
Nurse coaching her, doctor pulling on shoulders
Giving me the notion to cut the umbilical
She out, 8 pounds 4 ounces
Hold up: I'm about to make an announcement
See, every time a child is born somebody leave the
world
So I think the woman who gave her life for my baby girl

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