

Saukrates "California"

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I first saw my baby on the Subway train
on my way home from a cue in White Plains
A pretty young thing, brown eyes and skin clean
with the poise of a queen though she was only 15
And I was 16, my mind was in a swirl,
and by the looks of this girl
I was a peasant
who did not have a chance or a prayer in the world
Just another nigga with them rasta curls
so she on the train did avoid me
Sick to her brain assumin' I would most likely be
a hustler, I said fuck it, she could never like me
or much less love
I knew she was special, never all of the above
And then I closed my eyes to envision me and her as
one
on a California beach in the sun
When I opened my eyes, yo, the train ride was done
I glanced her way, only to receive nothing in return
knowing that one day I would earn
a chance with this woman trapped in a teen's body
I would play America, you could be John Gotti, I'm
sayin...

[You're My Lady]
California, California
You remind me, You remind me
[You're My Lady]
California, California
You remind me, You remind me

A whole year went by without seeing her once
It seemed that every day was as long as a month
And now it seemed days eternally
It's she I want, but also to be an MC is what I wanted
To earn a dollar, every other girl seemed sour
The only thing I pictured in my mind
was my California sunshine
I told my niggas in time, that girl would be mine
They called me crazy, assumin' that I was mad lazy
and lacked the monetary
assets, plus my style was not sanitary

'cause everybody knew she was fly with fitness
being witness to her once a year was cool
fuck Christmas
When I brought it up my niggas dismissed
ignoring the mockery
I kept it locked in my mind tightly
California you remind me
Yo, I didn't have my niggas behind me
but then, you were taken anyway
forcing me to postpone plan A
Cali-forn-i-ay...

Chorus

>From a distance
Analyzed my prey with persistence
comin' up with a system
it was straight, a phone call around eight
conversate for a while to find
the whole time it was a mutual attraction
and that news was old
I'm in bliss apparently she was watchin' me
and expected we to probably be
As coherent as the East Coast
and West Coast be
A B-Boy's dream, the serene
yin to my yang that was ragin'
I was amazed
this was all happenin' before a nigga got paid
And after the storm cleared from his parade
Now, there ain't such a thing as stress
She got my back, and with that
I know how it's blessed
A nigga who figured that the search wouldn't start
for another few years I would just stay apart
In love with the Triple X, Heiny and Hennessy
but now you remind me, California memory...

Chorus

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