

Shwayze "Cali' Trippin'"

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Cali' Trippin' and I think my mind is slippin' away
Cali' Trippin' and I'm wishin' I was back in LA

Once upon a time, I wrote a lil' rhyme
About a pretty girl, she was in her prime
I'm a skinny boy, in my skinny jeans
And mini-me was poppin out my corduroys
She was a dime, I ain't have a nickel
But I had jokes, so i made her giggle
And her folks were very influential
So when I smoked that adam made her feel like a bad
girl
But she's a good girl, in a bad world
So I felt bad for correcting her
Not really, but her dad would kill me
So I told her we had to slow it down

She said; I wanna Rock (I wanna Rock)
And roll a joint, and get high (And get high)
Don't talk, just vibe
Let's get in the ride, and just drive

If you got nothing good to say
Then don't say shit
And it's always easier to forget
We cali' trippin', you gotta love it
And ain't nothing wrong with making out in public

Taking pictures of girls on a trip around the world
And it, just reminds me of everything I miss back home
Cali' trippin' and I think my mind is slippin' away
Cali' trippin' and I'm wishin' I was back in LA

She was so fine, but she was out of mind
Goin' full speed, crash on the autobon
She get what she wants, she get it from her mom
And her dad show us love with the credit card
Where do I fit in? I'm the token black
With a coke and jack, lookin' for the right girl
The reason that I'm loving you, is the way that you do
you

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I'm Cali' Trippin', I'm Cali' Trippin'
I'm Cali' Trippin', I'm Cali' Trippin'
I'm Cali' Trippin', I'm Cali' Trippin'
Cali' Trippin' Baby, Cali' Trippin' yeah
Cali' Trippin' Baby, Cali' Trippin' yeah
Cali' Trippin' Baby, Cali' Trippin' yeah
Cali' Trippin' Baby, Cali' Trippin'

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(Ain't nothin wrong wit making out in public)
(Wishin' I was back in LA)
(Ain't nothin wrong wit makin out in public)
(Wishin' I was back in LA)
(Ain't nothing wrong wit makin out in public)

I like the way the chain sits, between her bra and tits
Takin' bong hits with her and I'm on assist
I must admit she got me on that sprung shit
I can't deny she got me on that young shit
It's all good cause she got my back

Like a JanSport backpack culdesec
It's funny cause we both used to ditch class
The kiss in the back of the cabbage patch
Rat-a-tat-tat on the window pane
Outside lookin' in but I won't complain
Too many highs turn down the game
And don't be surprised when I say that name
Jane Bang Cali-forn-i-a

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