

Britney Spears F/ Pharrell Williams

"California"

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[Lil' Rob Talking]

Southern California

Home of low-ridin'

Gang-bangin' and shit

California

[Chorus](Lil' Rob)

I was raised in the streets of California

(Southern California, home of car-hoppin' and
bomb-droppin')

West coast pop lockin', walkin' how we're talkin')

I was raised in the streets of California

(I was raised in Californ-I-A

Where homeboys die everyday over some shit they
say)

[Verse 1]

I've always been down with hydros

And cholos, the low-lows

The six-threes, the six-fours

The rucas with no clothes

Used to drop the two-door

Gang-bang in a four door

Puttin' bullet holes

In the doors of a Ford Explorer

Hard-core, and I got more and more

Where that came from?

Welcome to my kingdom

The streets are my freedom

I need em', I feed em', I feedback

They need that, like I need my weed sack

Take a toque, wacha

Where were we at?

Oh, California the golden state

Controllin' states, pushin' weight

Where vatos like me hallucinate

Double up while you fumble up

Fuckin' up, you fuckin' punk

If there's no room

Then we'll stick em' by the fuckin' pump

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Slippin' and dippin', grippin' the wheel
Lockin' it up
Dump the back corner
Pop the front one up
Put the convertible top down
It's too good to stop now
This California livin'
Smoke up on the ceilin'
Party at the roof, off the hook
Got every drug up in the book
You don't believe me
See for yourself and take a closer look
Low rider car shows
Hoppin' till the truck blows
Catch me at the bar
Havin' a drink with my uncles
Pacifico with no lime
That's what I drink at all times
Creased up Davis'
I'm always out like where the pavement is
I come from the underground
The underground like where the basement is
It's California, people have a hard time facin' it

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Lowrider bicycles, tricycles
Cold as icycles
Smokin' chronic shit
So high, you would think my eyes are closed
I got my eyes on those
Who be thinkin' that my eyes are closed
But there not ese
Trucha when you get too close
You'll know, that I know
What you think? I don't know
I might explode, unload
Reload, and unload
You broke the code, you got's to go
Ain't no future in your frontin'
Crazy California homeboy
Where the cuete's bustin'
California stylin', California ridin'
Whittier Boulevard to 'Frisco
Then back to Highland
I gots to do it like the locos do
Don't race your ride

Hop your ride like you're supposed to do, through

[Chorus]

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