

## Game, The "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 - man - 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 - 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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