

Manuella

"Western Ways"

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[Verse 1]

Book me a flight to 30 cities round this land
Give me a fat sack of weed and some cash in hand
Some vatos that can handle themselves out on the
road
And I guaran-damn-tee you the spot will explode
I wanna rock Sur Califa Midwest known to deliver
Gettin stoned lookin' out over the Hudson River
See we poppin' worldwide West to East
Anywhere there's stomach acid in the belly of the beast
Where teeth is grittin' rundown but still hittin'
In their rides top tippin' with my cut straight dippin'
Be the type to leave you dazed out blowin' snot bubbles
Like a late-nite bud binge face down in the puddle
If there's one thing I've learned in my travels that's
ironic
We all the same it's just we smoked different chronic
We are carnales homes it's like you didn't know
You're the reason I came I think it's time to flow

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

I've been around in the game much longer than you
can figure
All across the map to keep my pocket book bigger
The late-nite binges the all-nite party
Daily gettin' twisted off the herb and Bacardi
Rollin with my homeboys but they more like family
Started in the West now to the East is where they're
flyin' me
A first class ticket we flyin' overseas
Crossing the Atlantic feeling Germany's breeze
Pissin' in the snow right down beside the Autobon
Shook the spot in Hamburg ended up in Amsterdam
Hit the skies again back home to my Califas
A little champagne the huero's high off the reefa
Let's take a little trip down south of the border
Chillin' con mis compas tequila is in order
That's how it goes now I'm headed back home
Livin' on the road till my record sells gold

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

No matter how you see it now it's quite the same
You can tour with or for that platinum fame
I give a damn about the fame homeboy now you can
keep that
I tour for the crema the masa the fucking straight cash
Fame don't pay the bills that's on the real
Only cash from my rola with that mass appeal
I got all yall in my sights tonite
You should be pumpin' like a hydro if all goes right
I plan to rock my funky rolas from the gates of
California
Jams like a bug-a-boo all up on ya
Passin' entrance aw you know
I can't fight it yo I think it's time we go...

[Chorus]

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