

# California (feat. The Lox & Ricco Barrino)

## Colonel Loud

Stay getting that work in California  
And all the killers they show me love in California  
I flew a bitch from the A to California  
And I be smoking on the best loud in California  
Ayy California, oh California  
I swear  
I got to get back to that place to smoke on that Cali  
Palm trees in the air, the top pushed back  
Blowing smoke out the roof cookies to be exact  
I'm always in Cali cause this is where it's at  
Bitches, bud, good weather, what you know bout that  
Where all the fly bitches ride Benzs and Beamers  
They either wanna be an actress, or a singer  
I'm at the strip club on Sunset, throwing singles  
With this bad bitch from Compton, pouring lean up  
Breaking down backwoods, rolling gasoline up  
Left the Laugh Factory, pulled up in Inglewood  
I fuck with some crips and I fuck with some bloods  
And I fuck with some esé  
My stash house in the Valley  
Welcome to my palace  
Just went and killed two shows out in Dallas  
Selling OG from LA and crates from the Bay  
Stay getting that work in California  
And all the killers they show me love in California  
I flew a bitch from the A to California  
And I be smoking on the best loud in California  
Ayy California, oh California  
I swear  
I got to get back to that place to smoke on that Cali  
You know I gotta show the West love  
I had to take a trip to Cali for the best bud  
I been chilling with the goons, yeah the real thugs  
Went to Sacramento nigga met a real plug I said I'm looking for the gas where the kill at  
Want the strong gotta go where the hill at I met a bad bopper chilling out in Frisco  
Like to sip the lime-a-ritas and the sisco  
I hopped my ass on the 101 and headed north  
And when I hit the hill I found what I was looking for  
I'm feeling like a leprechaun with a pot of gold  
Bags of the gas yeah the Colonel got a soul  
I fly a bitch from the A with 100 racks  
Put her ass in a rental told her run it back

Fly another bitch in with 200 more  
Welcome to California the State of gold  
Stay getting that work in California  
And all the killers they show me love in California  
I flew a bitch from the A to California  
And I be smoking on the best loud in California  
Ayy California, oh California  
I swear I got to get back to that place to smoke on that Cali Somebody fly me out to 'Frisco  
Oakland, San Jose, or Vallejo  
Shout out to Easy E, Sacramento  
Where they keep a nigga laced with all the good smoke  
I wanna fly out to LA  
Meet a bad little honey with a pretty face I wanna slide out to Inglewood  
Long Beach where it feels good  
Compton where the hell you at  
Show me love we be looking for the loud packs  
Shout out to South Central, shout out to Watts  
Where the killers always got my back  
I wanna chill out in Fresno (Stockton)  
I wanna go to San Diego  
I got to get back to that place to smoke on that Cali

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>