

Delinquent Habits, Western Ways

(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

Pissin' in the snow right down beside the Autobon
Crossing the Atlantic feeling Germany's breeze

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 f**king 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)