

T-Bone, Welcome 2 California

Welcome to the golden state
West Coast California where the one time hate
Bloods, Crips, Eses, quick to regulate
Lowride and hit switches till the bumper break

I'm leanin back in my Chevy Impala hittin the curb
Swooping up all the homie's see my doggs so I swerve
To the left on 3 wheels
Yal know the deal
Got the spokes wit the chrome grill
That's how we do it
Hittin switches on a day 2 day
From Compton, Carson, Inglewood, Down to the Dirty Bay, Ridin the Cali way
Dippin initiation sparks on the interstate
Music blastin & California written on the license plate
I love the Golden State
Sunny skies and the palm trees, Beaches and Lowriders
Singing songs like the Eastsiders
Sayin What, What?
Straight outta of the land of the unforgiven
Homie's in prison
Wishing they ain't had 3 strikes
But this Cali thug way of livin got 'em 25 to life
It's rags and bandannas, Chuck Taylors, Dickies and Thug Grammar
G's full of they evil ways like Santana

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From Long Beach down to West Covina
Inglewood, Riverside, Palm Springs, Hollywood down to Pasadena
Frisco, Oakland down to the Marina
Sactown, San Jo back to Catalina
Ya gotta love it yall, The sunny weather no sweaters or leather
Just mink brims and a pimp feather
The land of Super Stars and nice cars
Wit Chrome tires and bad traffic back up for miles
But we, still rollin till the wheels fall off, gotta floss
In the Benz or Escalade
No need to playa hate
This Killa Cali where gangstas rally and tally
The murders, in streets or alleys
From the Projects to the Valley
Chuck Taylors, Kaki Suits, Skip the Wind Breakers
This California home of the 3 time champ Lakers

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I'm from the land of Drive-By's and actmatics
Thug Lords, Blood and Crip Ryders and drug addicts with bad habits
Charismatic wit automatics and bandits
Holding these cannons it's scandalous how they be dumpin till the
Last man standin
That's why, gotta get to preachin while they still alive
Cuz tomorrow not promised specially where them hollow points fly
It's do or die in the Golden State
Most riders regulate off of the smallest things
Like Red or Blue colors, Then catch a case
It's California though, I love it like the ridas do

Poppin our Collars, dippin in Impalas, Dogg I'm stayin true, Throw up the "W"
This here's that anthem, for every Ghetto, Projects, Neighborhood and Street
Alley, where guns be clappin
Where they packin a mack or magnum, braggin
How they be jackin, attackin, smackin
Takin action just to get reaction, C-A-L-I-F-O-R-I-N-I-A
Welcome to Frisco, Sacramento and the streets of L.A.

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