

The Game, Cali Sunshine

[Chorus]

California sunshine, in the summer time (4x)

Last year, Jazze Phe got stuck up inside the grand lux,
Most recent was 50 in Angola, thats whats up,
Any rapper could touched, any bitch could get fucked,
Under the California sun, impalas and big trucks,
They say Suge got knocked out, but dont play that nigga cheap,
Cuz youre body might wash up by the courts at Venice Beach,
Aint shit sweet but my Swisher, aint shit buzzin but my liquor,
Cali chickens got to the 80s strip and come back a little thicker,
With more ass then Delicious, thats my Flavor of Love,
We make it rain like Rainman, when he play with the glove,
Im the king to you pawn niggas, punisher, spawn, niggas,
Playin in green, Paul Pierce to you Lebron niggas,
We them barbeque, front and back lawn niggas,
Summer Jam, throw your ass offstage Akon niggas,
We drink Kool Aid with the ice on your arm nigga,
Take that Champion hoody off in the California sunshine

[Chorus]

Im in my drop top Phantom, down Wilshire boulevard,
We cant find Biggies killers so we gave Diddy a star,
And Im by far, Hollywood boulevard,
but Im from a boulevard that tought yall to shoot out of moving cars,
Remember, New Jersey drivers like a East Coast menace,
And Belly was like the sequel without O-Dogg in it,
Give me a New York minute,
to show you Cali got more dead bodies then the Yankees got New York pennants,
Cuz we Dodgers and Impalas with the windows tinted,
I duck shots where Venus and Sarena used to play tennis,
And they never came back, like throwin a boomerang flat,
See me, Im posted like a Cincinatti pitcher in the same hat,
Its like a scene from a movie, when the screen fade black,
Niggas roll up on you, Now you stuck in that Harold and Cane trap,
If you slippin in Hollywood, and you get your chain snatched,
I know some niggas that know some niggas, Ill get your chain back.

[Chorus]

Niggas already know who had the marijuana first,
We birthed haze and sour diesel, I was there when the water burst,
Hell nah we dont surf, We half way go to church,
Tell you the truth, shiit, right now Im in the fuckin hearse,
And it aint my night to get buried in the dirt
But it is your day to get buried by a verse,
Itll be another ten years before you see an MC Ren here,
Where he been, I been there, that Lambo, Im in there,
Hotter then the beginning of my career with 50, Dre and Em there,
Top off the Murcialago like Victorias Secret swim swear,
So listen, Im so sincere, bout to work out like gym wear,
Murder MTVs top ten, and tat my face with 10 tears,
Thats 10 funerals, 10 caskets,
10 3-piece Ralph Lauren suits, 10 motorbikes stopping traffic,
And 10 reasons why I got California hotter than acid,
Dont you ever, ever leave me out of the top 10 you fuckin bastards
Blaow.

[Chorus]