

Woodie, Northern California

(Woodie)

As I drop the top
In my '69 Buick Sky Lark late mornin'
I could feel the heat brewin'
It's gonna be a hot one
A 40 ounce right now I ain't got one
It's time to bounce
To the liquor store and swing this
I'm havin' fits
I need a cold Old English
Once I get it
Hit my next tail bling list
Homies outside
We turn the park into a freak fest (freak fest)
So call your team of hoes
Let 'em know that's it's crackin'
Food, alcohol, and weed free
With bikini action
If you show up with more
Than daisy dukes and a skinny top
Flip a bitch and shake the spot
Obviously you ain't got
What we wanna see
On this beautiful day
We tryin' to take a break
From that gangsta life in the bay
We got that charcoal on standby
And meat by the pounds
I'm talkin' gallons of liquor
And all the freaks from the town
It's goin' down, different sets
Congregatin' to kick it
Just the Northeners and allies
Ain't nobody set trippin'
Got pitbulls chained to the trees
And if you fear
I'm guaranteed that they're lockin' our knees
So don't go near 'em
Grab a seat on the bench, relax
Fire up the stench
Of that Northern Cali rope
As the super soaker drench
These notches might as well be topless
With nipples on swole
Stiffer than those on triple gold's

Chorus: (Shannon Sanders)

Ooooooh, Northern California
We got somethin' for ya
Northern California
We got somethin' for ya

(B-Dawg)

Wake up in the mornin'
And I stretch
Wipe the sleep from my eyes
Stagging to the frigerator
Grab a 40, a St. Ides
Still twisted from the night before
Tryin' to regroup
The telephone rings
Niggas talkin' 'bout they gon' swoop
So I hops in the shower
Fit, ironed, and creased

I gots to make a good impression
On these top notch freaks
See it's an everyday thang
To ride and side in the Bay
And best believe come the weekend
Boy we know to parlay
At have it always, all day
Boy it don't stop
Mackin' hoes in your
Six Tray Chevrolet drop
Spittin' game to the finest
Northern Cali has to offer me
Ocean front party on the beach
Hoes jockin' me

Lil' Los and Wood
Got some freaks of they own
The way it's lookin'
Boy this party's goin' all night long
So get your purve on
Go ahead and blaze up the Q
And like they say
"Don't be afraid of the way that you feel"
Now

(Chorus)

(Lil' Los)
It's your boy from around the way
Where I was born and raised
To live and die in the Bay
This Cali game you can't stop it
Pocket full of profits
Haters try to knock it as were
Poppin' out some notches
50 always watch us
Cuz were constantly in somethin'
Folks shootin' dice
Tryin' to constantly win somethin'
Brains blown as we roll through our pro
Chronic clouds in my dome
On my cellular phone
Tellin' the homies, "Come on!"
As we creep to the spot
In the back of a brawl
Gettin' stoned in the parkin' lot
Course I like to watch it
And walk up to the function
Doja go me feelin' good
Tellin' my boys that it's jumpin'
Hop out the ride
And let them clouds bellow out
When that liquor's in my veins
All you broads have no doubt
I'm a walkin' and talkin'
Playa plottin' up on ya
Soakin' yo brain with game
Northern California

(Shannon Sanders)
Northern Cali-forn-I-A
Northern Cali-forn-I-A
Northern Cali-forn-I-A

(Woodie)

It's blazin' saddles today
That sun could melt ya
So lets cool off
Launch the boat and hit the delta
We lovin' the breeze off the water
As we cruise
Keep an eye out for sheriffs
In case we gotta hide the booze
As we slide through the back slooze
In between the Yoc and Stockton
We headed to the spot
Where hoochie tops are droppin'
Los Banos
Where hoes act wild and silly
Body shots and blow jobs
Drinkin' styles so filthy
Everybody's boat hoppin'
There ain't no stoppin'
This party once it's jumpin'
Wish it happened more often
Fewer and fewer clothes on
As the day goes on
Next thing you know
Hoes are naked and the show's on
Now who's got the bomb breasts
Who's legs are longest
Who's got the booty
You can use for an arm rest
As long as there's no hatin'
With no police in sight
We for surely gonna ride
This one throughout the night

(Chorus)