

Northern Califoolya

E-40

Machine - "Hello."
Rick Rock - "Rick Rock."
Machine - "Has a message for:"
Rick Rock - The Bay Area
Machine - "To accept the message press 1"

Ugh, ugh
We flow for about five years ago
When we lost a down
But I had fifth of the game
But I knew that one day
That sooner or later it got to come back around
E-40 Water held his ground
Kept my foot in the fast lane
Flew uppidy on mesmerized
Cuz I snuck up in up out the game
You makin' a 40 Water cd
And get you penalized (penalized)
I promise you that you get your face kicked man (face kicked man)
Astonishing, you never know who know who beat you black and blue
Demolish you
Have you lookin' just like the bottom of my shoe
The game, the game feeds off us (feeds off us)
The industry and all the slangin' speeches' (speeches')
So we had to do what we like (do what we like)
Unite; come together like a fist to a mic

I'm from the block where they raise you up
Tuck glocks shot's blaze you up
Big shot niggas fade you up
I'm in the cut where they fade you up
5-0-9, you can page me but
I'm a hustla
Bust you wit the Mac
Never trust you wit the sack
In fact, when you ready get feddy out the Lac
I'll block patrol
Dead presidents and pesos
Stack money and I chase hoes
I give 'em blues, tattoo's on who to choose
Quitters never win and I don't plan to lose
I check shoes, rich watch, and pocket books
Been a crook
Califoolya made ya look

The land of the hustlas and slick choppas
Ambulance gurneys and helicopters
Gangstas and playas and street ballas
Game spittas like 40 the colla popper

Hey boy, I'm a Bay Boy
And I rep every block that I'm on
Every city I roam
From the state that is golden
State where the youngstas keep holdin'
Feds and the narcs be patrollin'
Northern California, come and take a look (come and take a look)

Crankin' off the hook (crankin' off the hook)
Everybody's crooks (everybody's crooks)
They be bringin' you robberies
You can come mob wit me
We can be violent we broke
Plus we smoke
Blow on the best of dro
It's Frisco
Now who's the next to go?
The calico would make a playa hater rest fo' sho
Califoolya, San Quinn reppin' the Moe

Yeah I run up in a party mane and rep my district (and rep my district)
And run up on yo boy like "Nigga what is it?"
I sell each zones (uh huh)
They sell like stones (uh huh)
Frisco, California we stay off them phones (ha-ha)
And I'll show you some thangs
Draw down, pull out the pilly son
And show you the rain
Show you poor hustla niggas the game
Like turnin' one into two
It'll cost you more if I'm squattin' 'em through
West Coast nigga! (West Coast nigga!)
I'm just lettin' you know
The home of Scalen, Sic Wid It, and Death Row (whoo!)
You still get that blow
And that doe
And wear them watches wit the tic-tac-toe (what!?)

Yea
This nice guy role's been a God damn cover up (ugh)
We ride on yo block wit the Mac
Hit a nigga up (huh)
God damn it! It's Northern Califoolya (right)
This Mac gon' do ya (ugh)
I swear it's gon' do ya (yea)
The thought's all wrong when it comes to this north side (north side)
I ain't lettin' mutha fuckin' shit slide (naw)
Gangsta, hustlas, pimps, dope dealers (ugh)
Tec's, glock's, A-R's are real nigga
We shoot through your chest (ugh)
Cardiac arrest
Now you floatin through the sky
May God Bless
Who am I? Mr. Ski, apply pressure
The 40 Water call mi "SKI" (hey)
The most aggressive

I was raised up where we say "blood" and "cuz"
Gang bang, slang cane
Breed killas and thugs
I gave up sports, and started sellin' drugs
Use to be a car thief
But now I spendin' love to bars
I'm a star; I was born one (born one)
My jersey is throw back
But never toss my gun
The task force hit the dock
My moms got stopped, ironic
And rep East O
But not from New York son
I get money like Suge, Master P, and Russell

And build up my franchise cuz since the money is muscle
I fuck wit the switch in the front before
And everybody says "fo' sheezy"
But where my credit go?

Northern Califoolya game
We've all been properly introduced
To uphold this yay mane
Cuz if we don't check it from the womb
We gon' check it from the balloon
Still serve in mind
I'm pushin' the number one tea spoon
Northern Califoolya playin'
Mac's, pimp's, and ho slayers
Were made sharper than the Gillette blue blade straight out the pack
Cuz Northern Califoolya's the snake
To start the strike
Clear folks and judges up have plenty of this light
So don't get caught up goin' to the spoon by noon
Ya dig?
Because you'll be missin' that coochie
Cuz you be on yo way to the bitter hoochie
[echoes out]