

Follow Me Home

Jay Rock

Mothafucka this is Watts, California, Nickerson Gardens
Follow me home back to my project apartment
Land of the palm trees, buyin weed we smokin, home of the low-lows
6-4s we rollin, chuck taylors and nikes, wife beaters and white tees
Up in the Yay area boys gettin hyphy
Los Angeles where them boys rockin them colors hard
Runnin from 1 time, we ain't livin behind them bars
Take you on Crenshaw, then show you how to ride a car
Hit a couple of switches, you won't have to buy a?
Take you on Slauson, I'm flossin, lookin like a star
Witta bad bitch with ass and cash in her bra
Pocket full of cash, we smash, we all at the mall
Hit a swapmeet, snatch some khakis up off the wall
Turn your music up cus we don't give a fuck about the law
Only Lord knows, this is California soul

C-A-L-I-F-O-R-NIA, my name rang in MIA, I'm the talk of New York
Down in ATL, they smell me, so ain't shit niggas could tell me
Ask in Mo-town, they'll tell you how it go down, ain't no California love
We California thugs, we throw California slugs, so throw up a California dub

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Gotta get money homey, we hustle regardless
Changin my number nigga the streets steady callin, but
Moneys my target, nobodys flawless
Step in my building still got the work under my carpet
Still living heartless, rats, roaches crawlin
Killa Killa Cali, plenty souls deparment
South Central active, gang bang capitol
Bloods and Crips runnin the city dawg, it's factual
What set you claim? Little homey they askin you
Wrong color, wrong sign, boy they blastin you
And when you passin though better have a pass if u
Because these boys in the hood they'll casket you
Nothin but the truth is what I'm givin you
Lord knows, the life of a California soul

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Still in my hood on my beach cruiser, pedal in
Niggas think I'm a rookie but got the heart of a veteran
Nigga I'm a doctor?, I got that medicine
For them patients they say the go around me but that's irrelavent
Balls hangin low just like a elephant, still ridin high like a pelican
Nigga I ain't studder man, I do it for the gutta men
I do it for my people on a hustle on a struggle, we go? dawg
I do it for the W, west coast my coast, Watts, California
My hood my burrough, plus I gotta keep it thorough man I gotta keep it gangst
a
That's what I am no wanksta, never that
Momma never raised a chump, watch what you sayin huh

Only Lord knows, California soul