

# In Cali We Live Rowdy

Mr. Shadow

What's cracking  
Mr. Shadow, with my dog Fingaz you know  
You know how we do it in Killa Cali  
We live how we live  
Check it, check it  
I was born and raised up in the ghetto  
Never leave the scene till the bomb smoke settled  
California, we're nothing but devils  
Though we sport blue rags and carry prison credentials  
Continental, hit your back bumper in the parking lot  
I give my boys twenty G's for marking up your spot  
Smoking pot, I don't stop banging  
2320 is the hood that I'm claiming  
Beyond Entertainment, make it soft  
Motherfuckers kiss the pavement in the worldwide engagement  
Confrontation, defeat is what you're facing  
Fool, it's Mr. Shadow with ammo, ready to blaze it  
In case it gets out of hand  
I'm that bald motherfucker that'll scold you like step-dad  
You best have gangster already in you  
Ain't no stopping in Dago homey, the saga continues  
[Chorus]  
In California  
In California we live rowdy  
With nothing but riders and bangers and slangers around  
In California we live rowdy  
With nothing but riders and bangers and slangers around  
I'm unloading, provoking all you mark ass bitches  
Now stay your ass behind doors and out of my business  
What you sniffing, thinking you could walk up  
You best kick rocks or your ass'll get locked up  
I'm unstoppable, stalker of your darkest hours  
One Man Battalion, smoking weed with potent powder  
Straight out of Dago, believe that I'm a married man  
Not to my señora, disrespect and you're a buried man  
I carry plans that make your mind struggle  
Leave a motherfucker in pain seeing double  
A couple shots to let a fool know  
Better pack a fucking weapon wherever you go  
I'm in another state of mind, I'm surrounded by thugs  
In the 619 area we ain't giving a fuck  
Handcuffs holding homey down  
I represent Wop Town, Amici Park, Downtown fool  
[Chorus x2]  
In California  
Hell no I won't surrender to any contender  
Motherfuck my enemies, the drama goes on forever  
Spend a day in my hood and I put that on my last name  
You're better off jumping from the highest cascade  
A self-made millionaire from the one and only  
America's finest with nothing but riders around me  
It's getting rowdy, motherfucker take your time  
Cough em back to let you know that you stepped beyond my line  
Tec 9 in my waistline, now feel the heat  
Flashing in a '62, bouncing down the street  
Treat guppies like a hoe-bag, I hope that  
You don't press your luck, little bitch I never hold back

Toe tags'll be a sign  
For every single phony motherfucker trying to take mine  
Your state line I cross, I'm the boss  
Shut your mouth and sit down ain't no finding what you lost, punk  
[Chorus x2]  
Everyday all day we live rowdy in Killa Cali  
Mr. Shadow, Fingaz, Street Life  
You know  
And I'm out