

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
Continentials, 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