

California

Nick Carter

It's hot as hell and we don't see a single raindrop
And we don't care if we choke on this air
Sun burning, bodies hotties rocking purple Mohawks
Can't play the rent, sleep in the bent
Everything is fine, in my golden state of mind

We got the cool, we got the creed
Bigger than a million broken dreams
We got the sex, we got the beach
Concrete valley, Silicon freaks
That's California, that's California

Chihuahua's diamond collars barking down the boardwalk
Don't need no crib, got dads for kids
We keep our teacher stripping, weekends for that night job
We pay them well, so what the hell?
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The addicts, traffic, the surf and the sand
They have it, they hate it, but everyone comes
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