

# Cali' Trippin'

Shwayze

Cali' Trippin' and I think my mind is slippin' away  
Cali' Trippin' and I'm wishin' I was back in LA

Once upon a time, I wrote a lil' rhyme  
About a pretty girl, she was in her prime  
I'm a skinny boy, in my skinny jeans  
And mini-me was poppin out my corduroys  
She was a dime, I ain't have a nickel  
But I had jokes, so i made her giggle  
And her folks were very influential  
So when I smoked that adam made her feel like a bad girl  
But she's a good girl, in a bad world  
So I felt bad for correcting her  
Not really, but her dad would kill me  
So I told her we had to slow it down

She said; I wanna Rock (I wanna Rock)  
And roll a joint, and get high (And get high)  
Don't talk, just vibe  
Let's get in the ride, and just drive

If you got nothing good to say  
Then don't say shit  
And it's always easier to forget  
We cali' trippin', you gotta love it  
And ain't nothing wrong with making out in public

Taking pictures of girls on a trip around the world  
And it, just reminds me of everything I miss back home  
Cali' trippin' and I think my mind is slippin' away  
Cali' trippin' and I'm wishin' I was back in LA

She was so fine, but she was out of mind  
Goin' full speed, crash on the autobon  
She get what she wants, she get it from her mom  
And her dad show us love with the credit card  
Where do I fit in? I'm the token black  
With a coke and jack, lookin' for the right girl  
The reason that I'm loving you, is the way that you do you

I wanna Rock (I wanna Rock)  
And roll a joint, and get high (And get high)  
Don't talk, just vibe  
Let's get in the ride, and just drive

If you got nothing good to say  
Then don't say shit  
And it's always easier to forget  
We cali' trippin', you gotta love it  
And ain't nothing wrong with making out in public

Taking pictures of girls on a trip around the world  
And it, just reminds me of everything I miss back home  
Cali' trippin' and I think my mind is slippin away  
Cali' trippin' and I'm wishin' I was back in LA

I'm Cali' Trippin', I'm Cali' Trippin'

I'm Cali' Trippin', I'm Cali' Trippin'  
I'm Cali' Trippin', I'm Cali' Trippin'  
Cali' Trippin' Baby, Cali' Trippin' yeah  
Cali' Trippin' Baby, Cali' Trippin' yeah  
Cali' Trippin' Baby, Cali' Trippin' yeah  
Cali' Trippin' Baby, Cali' Trippin'

I wanna Rock (I wanna Rock)  
And roll a joint, and get high (And get high)  
Don't talk, just vibe  
Let's get in the ride, and just drive

If you got nothing good to say  
Then don't say shit  
And it's always easier to forget  
We cali' trippin', you gotta love it  
And ain't nothing wrong with making out in public

Taking pictures of girls on a trip around the world  
And it, just reminds me of everything I miss back home  
Cali' trippin' and I think my mind is slippin away  
Cali' trippin' and I'm wishin' I was back in LA

(Ain't nothin wrong wit making out in public)  
(Wishin' I was back in LA)  
(Ain't nothin wrong wit makin out in public)  
(Wishin' I was back in LA)  
(Ain't nothing wrong wit makin out in public)

I like the way the chain sits, between her bra and tits  
Takin' bong hits with her and I'm on assist  
I must admit she got me on that sprung shit  
I can't deny she got me on that young shit  
It's all good cause she got my back  
Like a JanSport backpack culdesec  
It's funny cause we both used to ditch class  
The kiss in the back of the cabbage patch  
Rat-a-tat-tat on the window pane  
Outside lookin' in but I won't complain  
Too many highs turn down the game  
And don't be surprised when I say that name  
Jane Bang Cali-forn-i-a