

California (feat. Tdot Illdude)

Mike Stud

I just got a brand new phone number
If you ain't talkin' 'bout business got the wrong number
Off tour for the whole summer, fuck a homecoming
Told mama she gon' have her own coming, oh yeah
And I just got a brand new bitch
She match the wheels cause she foreign
Once she see a line she either skip it or she snort it
Never spitting lies, I just live it then record it
Ooh lawdy, back room at Bootsy Bellows
The owner come and get us, tell 'em put us right here
Across the way from the Jenners, nah
Never been a storyteller
Always been the type of dude if I want it I'mma get it
That's why I'm heading to California, house up in the hills, this is how it feels
Out in California
I got it, I got it, and that's why I'm out in California
California, California, California
I got it, I got it, and that's why I'm out in California I just got a brand new phone number
If you ain't talkin' 'bout this money got the wrong number
Real shit, counting blue hundreds, saw something
She want the wood, it's understood I give the long lumber
I could get a new bitch if she a log jumper
California bitches crazy but I fuck with 'em
Keep a nigga on his grind if I wanna shine
Pull up on Fairfax, hop out at the dock
Enter through the kitchen like the fucking mop
Politicking about my mission to the fucking top
Poolside I just tanned it with a sexy Spaniard
And I can barely understand her
Out in California House up in the hills, this is how it feels
Out in California
I got it, I got it, and that's why I'm out in California
California, California, California
I got it, I got it, and that's why I'm out in California

Songwriters

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