

Golden State of Mind (feat. Dom Kennedy)

Fashawn

Golden State of Mind
Fashawn I still hit the swap meet to get some socks cheap
Kids playing hopscotch where they cock heat
Do a figure eight, let the tire screech
In the 559 tryna find a beach
Young efÃ©, young jefÃ©
Half black, half esÃ©
To the norteno's, to the trece's
Blue rag, red rag, all sets, hey
Can't be no punk
In the back yard boogie with the double dutch jump
To a old time freak playing humpty hump
In Pomona, Suga Free, LBC, G-Funk
In the F grizzly's where they throw them G's up
Hair all permed looking like Jesus
Not yet what I'm destined to become
Know exactly where to go if I'm ever on the run
Golden state of mind
The only state that I can call mine
See they keep makin' it
And they keep takin' this
Golden state of mind
(Gold state of mind)
Everybody love the sunshine
But it ain't all palm trees and women
Indeed we livin' in the
Golden state of mind
We meet up at the cemetery just to stay in touch
Visiting loved ones cause we miss 'em so much
And how you love that, the progress is obvious
That's why girls see the Huarache's and wanna body us
Never heard Uptown Anthem, but she the naughtiest
It's like God gave us our own land to grow
Marijuana plants and sweet potatoes you know
Some corn for tortillas and blank campus Adidas
And a little bit of time to enjoy what's left
A train on Crenshaw huh, what's next?
Been weighing in the plants though
So I'mma spend 750 on a house in View Park, fuck a Lambo
This guns and there's butter get yo' ammo

Bandanna's like Rambo
Cause Cali's gon' stand strong
From Bobby Seale and Eldridge Cleaver
To Dom Kennedy and Fashawn
Yeah, no place like home
A OG say these California streets ain't paved for gold
Dayton's and Vouges only way you can roll
Say a prayer young nigga, try and save your soul
Soldiers die everyday, swear nobody is safe
When killers migrate just to live and die in L.A
(Big city of dreams)
L.A, learn how to hold your weight living in the golden state
Get 25 or the L for unloading the 8
Come and pay us a visit, Coast of the Pacific
Just to be specific, loads of pretty bitches
In addition to the CHP
Roll a eighth, hit the bay, bump some E-A-Ski
And send a R.I.P to Mac D-R-E
Real recognize real, we don't need I.D
And if it wasn't for the west you wouldn't need a vest
For your Jimmy in the city of sex, once again it's the F
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>