Kalifornia

Saukrates

[Saukrates]
Kalifornia
I first saw my baby on the Subway train
On my way home from a cue in White Plains
A pretty young thing, brown eyes and skin clean
With the poise of a queen though she was only 15
And I was 16, my mind was in a swirl
And by the looks of this girl, I was a peasant
Who did not have a chance or a prayer in the world
Just another nigga with them rasta curls
So she on the train did avoid me
Sick to her brain assumin' I would most likely be
A hustler, I said fuck it, she could never like me
Or much less love
I knew she was special, never all of the above
And then I closed my eyes to envision me and her as one
On a California beach in the sun
When I opened my eyes, yo, the train ride was done
I glanced her way, only to receive nothing in return
Knowing that one day I would earn
A chance with this woman trapped in a teen's body
I would play America, you could be John Gotti, I'm sayin...
I was trapped when I turned my headCHORUS [Saukrates]
"You're My Lady"

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