

# 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 head  
CHORUS [Saukrates]  
"You're My Lady"

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