

Californication (Ft. A\$AP Rocky)

ScHoolboy Q

Hop up out the Benz
Turn my swag onSomething I would pass on
Fuck her with a mask on
Oh, I be trynna' chill
And your ho be in the front
Row look like she off a pillYeah, uh, yeah, uhJust gimme that bass I need that 808
Sipping on that syrup, worries fade away
Got on my chains, I just got off a layaway
Do it the player way, okay okay okay okay (okay okay)
Just know that ASAP be that TDE
We got the game in headlocks, I'm talking DDT
She on my TV screen; I'm talking DVD
Prettiest bitches love my cock, I'm talking BBC
I'm in that BBC, niggas know I bathing ape
I'm sleeping with that Nina and I never put my blade away
Silly nigga fix your face, you drinking all that haterade
My candy paint your favorite shake
My baddest bitch your favorite shape
This day and age, they raise the bar now raise the stakes
I'm eating off that paper chase, bread and butter, bacon eggsCa-ca-ca-californication
Ca-ca-ca-californication, fornicatingQuincy where you been? I been Groovin with my team ho
You bitch staring, I was on stage blowing indo
Trust me bro your bitch is weak but her booty got potential
Every state I go now rack it up, everything I wear now stacking up
These new niggas can't fuck with us
Yo flacko why they wanna dress like you? Rap like Q? Wear bucket hats like Q?
Probably be the reason why I fucked yo
Only had 1 ? and I fucked them too
Nigga gon do what a nigga gon do
I'm a real nigga from around the way
Do it the player way. ASAP, TDE we here to stay
You fade away like Jordan J
Still gangster of the year, I'm in your favorite gear
Whispered in her ear, then drove it in hear rear
Wipe my dick off threw my hoody then I disappear
See this is very very very rare, young listenerCa-ca-ca-californication
Ca-ca-ca-californication, fornicatingFor sho I bring the baddest through
I sold dope on your avenue, the white girls call me radical
The black girls say I'm mad at you

The illest gangster, no debate
A natural you must concentrate
I came in this unorthodox with 2 left shoes, no matching socks
But now my Glock will never stop, and now my stomach always show
I'm eating look my tummy swole, I guess that's where my money go
Eenie minie minie ho, I wrap my dick with mistletoe
Come pull it out and kiss it ho
There He GO!? G shit through ya stereo
All my shit historical, your shit need a miracle
Toss that out my vehicle, make you feel some type of way
Make you feel some type of K
That body guard won't work today, Yawk Yawk Yawk what more can I say?
Money I make that shit replay
Rewind back it up no mistake, bitch come right on my ?
All my niggas be balling bitch
All y'all bitches be calling bitch
Y'all niggas can't control a bitch
Hope all my young niggas notice thisCa-ca-ca-californication
Ca-ca-ca-californication, fornicating

Songwriters

QUINCEY HANLEY, MARIO LOVING, RAKIM MAYERS, NESBITT WESONGA JR. Published by
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