

California

Adam Calhoun

Oooh, you got a kill on your hands
You gon' hafta understand
We ain't got the same plans
Oooh, you can like it or not
The fightin' ain't gon' stop
You get pop, pop, pop, popped!
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Whatchu know about bein' on the road and they told you
They cancelled like a whole buncha shows? Think they know you—
They got you on the news, callin' you homophobic
Xenophobe racist and everybody knows it
How da fuck I'm racist? At a very young age
I was rappin' in the trap house, you'd prolly be afraid
You would never be allowed there, you ain't built the same
I was with killers and gangstas, summa them passed away
They'd say, "You see that kid, right there? That white boy can spit"
Who knew 20 years later that white boy's the shit?
Did you forget I'm the same dude that wrote "Racism"?
You just fake-too afraid to have the conversation

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Whatchu know about bein' on the road and they told you
The news just did a whole show tryin' to expose you?
Bad news is good news, gets you more exposure
Felt like I was losin', I'd rather get ran over
I know y'all remember when I said the n-word
They all thought I'd fall like November
But Autumn didn't call, I said, "Fuck it, I'mma send 'er"
Now these white dudes follow me like I'm a trendsetter
I hope y'all get better, half the shit you make is whack
I'm just tryna be remembered, Wailin' Jenny's, Johnny Cash
Mad as hell I'm on they ass, they just runnin' outta gas
You can put it all on me, I ain't losin' wit this rap

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