

Book me a flight to 30 cities round this land  
Give me a fat sack of weed and some cash in hand  
Some vatos that can handle themselves out on the road  
And I guaran-damn-tee you the spot will explode  
I wanna rock Sur Califa Midwest known to deliver  
Gettin stoned lookin' out over the Hudson River  
See we poppin' worldwide West to East  
Anywhere there's stomach acid in the belly of the beast  
Where teeth is grittin' rundown but still hittin'  
In their rides top tippin' with my cut straight dippin'  
Be the type to leave you dazed out blowin' snot bubbles  
Like a late-nite bud binge face down in the puddle  
If there's one thing I've learned in my travels that's ironic  
We all the same it's just we smoked different chronic  
We are carnales homes it's like you didn't know  
You're the reason I came I think it's time to flow

I've been around in the game much longer than you can figure  
All across the map to keep my pocket book bigger  
The late-nite binges the all-nite party  
Daily gettin' twisted off the herb and Bacardi  
Rollin with my homeboys but they more like family  
Started in the West now to the East is where they're flyin' me  
A first class ticket we flyin' overseas  
Crossing the Atlantic feeling Germany's breeze  
Pissin' in the snow right down beside the Autobon  
Shook the spot in Hamburg ended up in Amsterdam  
Hit the skies again back home to my Califas  
A little champagne the huero's high off the reefa  
Let's take a little trip down south of the border  
Chillin' con mis compas tequila is in order  
That's how it goes now I'm headed back home  
Livin' on the road till my record sells gold

No matter how you see it now it's quite the same  
You can tour with or for that platinum fame  
I give a damn about the fame homeboy now you can keep that  
I tour for the crema the masa the fucking straight cash  
Fame don't pay the bills that's on the real  
Only cash from my rola with that mass appeal  
I got all yall in my sights tonite  
You should be pumpin' like a hydro if all goes right  
I plan to rock my funky rolas from the gates of California  
Jams like a bug-a-boo all up on ya  
Passin' entrance aw you know  
I can't fight it yo I think it's time we go...