

Keep on rockin'
We keep 'em rockin' [x3]
Just come on, shake, shake it baby, baby baby
Shake it mama, shake it mama, shake it mama
Yeah, yeah, Cali
Shake, shake it baby, baby baby
Shake it mama, shake it mama, shake it mama
Yeah, yeah, Cali

I like a lot of places, don't get me wrong
But at the end of the day, California my home
DJs better play this song
When you're at a Cali party, if you don't, it's on
We some trendsetters, but the haters
Talk about us then they duplicate us later (BIATCH!)
We been selling dope on wax
Cooking ki's of crack, selling trees and sacks
Shake it for me mama, baby girl, don't play
Born in the Bay, go to school in LA
Sophisticated, but not no bopper
When she go down south, they say she talk hella proper
(What we got here, mayne?) Out here we got the best tree
The 707, Humboldt County
Fa sheezy, I made that word famous
Ask my potnas Jeezy and Weezy what they nicknamed us
(Them my folks)

Cali
Shake, shake it baby, baby baby
Shake it mama, shake it mama, shake it mama
Yeah, yeah, Cali

California, I smoke it, live it, dress it
Been all the around the world, all I bang is this West shit
It's East Oakland all day, even though LA is 400 miles from the Bay
I'mma ride for the whole state
Fuck what these muthafuckin' hoes say
I don't wanna be in no Hollywood flick
And I don't wanna date no hot blonde chick with fake tits
I'mma keep it hood, in Beverly Hills or Hollywood
If it's snowing, I might go skiing
Pull up in the mansion, say "Bitch, let me in"
A lot of weed, yeah, we smoke bigga
It's just Vallejo and East Oakland niggas
So bitch, open the door
Shake that ass and let's smoke some more
BITCH!

First off, arch your back, make your chest poke (Then)
Shake it for my bros, shake it for the West Coast
Sheesh, from the hoods to the valley
Seems wherever I go, they all love Cali, bruh
This is where I'm born, this is where I'm raised
They in the mix, my dead bruh added the DJ
San Diego raised me, I rep the O-A-K
My state doing numbers, got dots on the murder rate

Shake it for Burger, Yellow Boy, and 2-11
They in the heavens, may God bless 'em
Take the pain away, hold up one leg
Show me that smile, now I see ya girl, ya doin' it
Down south they wanna fuck with a Cali boy
Make it clap like homecoming rally noise
P.A. to V.A., B.K. to D-Day
Do it like the Dirty Dirty...
(Wifey, yeah, hey...)

He want a Cali girl swag, heels and handbags
Hollywood life, all type of lights flash
Yeah, they love me with a passion
The way we do it got the whole world on the bandwagon
I ain't bragging, I tell him how it is
Wanna tell his homeboys that I'm all his
He got a West Coast queen, I'm West Coast clean
I look good but I look way better with a ring
Got him walking like me, talking like me
Tryna wonder how the hell the car start without a key
LA to the Bay, Westside where I be
My name say Wifey on my Cali ID
Dudes wanna taste it, copy and paste it
Bitches want the blueprint, go home and trace it
These niggas love me, that's a well-known fact
Once you go Cali you'll never go back