

California

SABA

See the horizon from the road, and hope that we drove... the right direction
'Cause I don't wanna slow... down for no gas
And plus I'm runnin' low on cash
But I know that my bucket gon' make it to California, California
Hmmm mm mm Cali, Cali

What does love look like in the 22nd century? Merely a memory
I intervene cause I tend to be a lil' more optimistic than the wildest child
or the most imaginative
I sip the tea after my opinion
They Pistol Pete, dishin' out assistance
Government aid, what does it take
To break the mold, ay I hate the po'
Like the base is low, but I'm out the park
Like the acre gone
Saba with the sabre sword
Focusin' on what we can't afford
In the scheme of things, guess it just ain't important
Who wasn't broke for a moment or three
Start staining like, "oh it was free"
Then stop for a moment of peace
And plus they would call the police if you kept showin' ya face
I said I stopped dreamin', instead I decided to chase
And I ain't look back, that's how you turn to stone
My first friend up in high school was a Stone
He said come and join, I ain't come along
Not cause I'm high and mighty, just cause I knew right from wrong
Somewhere I belong, looked but I didn't find
But instead of getting discouraged I got my city behind
Now I'm feelin' worldwide, next stop NY
Next month LA, then back West Side
You change when a friend dies, new man since I lost Kobe
He got out of prison then called my phone like, "where ComfortZone?"
And since then I lost touch, but this year I'm gettin' it back
I finally feel like myself, what I've been on, don't even ask
They ask me "why the Bucket List?"
You know the bucket list, I finally climbed the rock, made it to the top of
the precipice
I came from the pessimism of inner city as it is
Accident prone youth, adult say don't take a chance
But we never listen, we went and did it, they vision impaired
So what do you fear, and why are you scared?
Why are you scared?
Why are you scared?

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Yo yo yo what up? This is Lupe Fiasco

And my bucket list... has many things in it

One of 'em is uh, wantin' to win the Nobel Prize, for somethin'. Uhhhh, I al
so want... yeah that's it, I just wanna win the Nobel Prize

Yeah!

House, in a gated neighborhood, not the hood, in the hills

Plus an ocean view, your wife and you is good

And your bills, ain't never stress you and you get karate lesson

Here's... to, no more tears

Look at what you done started?

Look at what you done started?

Lookin' at how you've gone, gone

Do you want a shooting star?

Look at what you done started?

Look at what you done started?

Lookin' at how you've gone, gone

You can leave it runnin'...

Yo yo yo, shoutout to my boy Saba, man. It's ya boy Donterio Hundon, man. Ya
know I fuck with ya bro, but I gotta bake another one, on baby. Boy, yo ass
look like a deep-fried West African squirrel with kinky twists, yo lil' ugly
ass boy. Yo ass look like a sophisticated hamster with micro braids, yo lil'
' ugly ass boy. Yo ass look like a- yo ass look like a cool chimpanzee with
a mop in it's head, yo lil' ugly ass boy, and we heard what happened to you
mhm. You thought we wasn't gonna find out, we found out, boy. Yo ass was per
forming Sugar Pie Honey Bun every Tuesday on karaoke night at TGI Fridays. Y
ou got kicked off stage 'cause they ain't pay you enough Corona top and they
didn't give you no free Heineken, yo lil' ugly ass boy. Yo ass look like th
e unpaid Future with no future, yo lil' ugly ass boy. On my mom, you ass sme
ll like a bag of whoop-dat-ass and train smoke, yo lil' ugly ass boy, on bab
y. You look like the type of nigga that be gettin'- orderin' nachos with no
cheese on them bitch. You look like the nigga to get on the CTA bus and put
200 pennies in that bitch, yo lil' ugly ass boy on baby, you bogus