

# 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?

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  
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  
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

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 also 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 anotha 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 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 performing Sugar Pie Honey Bun every Tuesday on karaoke night at TGI Fridays. You 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 the unpaid Future with no future, yo lil' ugly ass boy. On my mom, you ass smell like a bag of whoop-dat-ass and train smoke, yo lil' ugly ass boy, on baby. 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