

I wasn't raised in the city lights
I didn't come from struggle
I got a pretty wife, wassup baby I love you
I'm a good guy but I stay in trouble
Music gave me life, Malibu made me humble
Kids driving Jags in the twelfth grade
I take a drag celebrating that I'm self made
You could do anything, just put your mind to it
The way she move that thing I think there ain't no spine to it
I like to grind through it, fine tune it
Bump to the beat then I rhyme to it
Her body dumb, mind stupid
But when she give me brain, she like a Harvard student
It's a little past noon down in little Dune
Hawaiian suntan looking beautiful
When you see me say wassup, I say the usual
Eyes low kickin' flows in the studio

All this gold on me got me feeling like Bolt
Fuck moving fast, I'm just tryna take it slow
Ain't think about the past cause it's all up in smoke
So I'm raising up my glass, toast to the west coast
City views to the palm trees
I just wanna bad bitch and some bomb weed
West coast, west coast, plenty booze and it's all free
I just wanna bad bitch and some bomb weed

I'm a shining star dreaming of a brighter day
Where I can go through the meditation is my hideaway
Mind elevation, getting paid off creation
While all you suckas hating me and Shwayze rocking aces
There is a method to my madness, opposite of sadness
Sometimes it's weed, sometimes it's a bad bitch
Sometimes it's giving somebody hungry a sandwich
The world is so cruel man I don't understand it
People doubted me, people doubted me
By any means necessary I will succeed
It's in my DNA, it's what I breathe it's what I bleed
And bringing the world together is the legacy I lead
Grew up a skateboarder by the beach
Always gazed at the stars so I decided to reach
LMFAO, everyday I see my dream
And my message to you is just believe

All this gold on me got me feeling like Bolt
Fuck moving fast, I'm just tryna take it slow
Ain't think about the past cause it's all up in smoke
So I'm raising up my glass, toast to the west coast
City views to the palm trees
I just wanna bad bitch and some bomb weed
Plenty booze and it's all free
I just wanna bad bitch and some bomb weed

All this gold on me got me feeling like Bolt
Fuck moving fast, I'm just tryna take it slow
Ain't think about the past cause it's all up in smoke
So I'm raising up my glass, toast to the west coast

City views to the palm trees
I just wanna bad bitch and some bomb weed
Plenty booze and it's all free
I just wanna bad bitch and some bomb weed