

Spice 1, Killerfornia

(Intro):

Killa-forni-A

Biaaatch !!

Hustlers,players,gangstas,ballers,pimps,players

All of those shit, I see all that shit

You know, killerfornia

Blooow !!

Bloooooow !!

(Verse 1):

I'm hell-bound

Niggas wanna kill me in my sleep in killerfornia

Where the murderers be ambitious to creep

And leave you six feet

Sleep with the sharks in the Bay

I'm out the yea where they back up shit they talk with AK's

Niggas in L.A. trigger fingers itchy to spray

Call it the golden state

But niggas be rich off the game

You get your cash on the Crips and Bloods be bangin'

Nigga get your mash on G-locks and Uzi we sayin'

Leavin' your brains hangin'

You'll get caught up in the cross fire

Cause you'll be dog meat

Lose your life in the jungle

Niggas is savages

Thugged out and it's hard to be humble

When niggas ride up gaffle your shit

And then leave you tied up

Money and murder I pop them sherm sticks

Niggas tend to bring the drama

When I bury your dick

But I'm hardcore

Ready to kill shit up and war

Wonder what else this motherfuckin' state got in store

(Chorus)

So much drama in northern california

cause killa kali is the state for the drive-by

Such a scandalous state but I love the place

that's why I duck when they fly by

So much drama in southern california

cause killa kali is the state for the drive-by

Such a scandalous place had ya smilin' your face

that's why I duck when they fly by

(Verse 2):

From Sacramento to San Diego

From Compton to the Oakland city

Loc'ed up and thugged out

Killer's ready to ride with me

Stackin caps player pieces

Rolexes and saggy pants

Poppin' collars drunk as hell off henneseey

Smokin' up Grams an ounces

of Purple Kush, White Willow n <???

Weed or straight up chronic (chronic)

Niggas still out to get paid

Fuck the world I wanna die high

It's sunshine in killa kali

But still the bullets fly

Palm trees and sandy beaches

But niggas stay strapped with heaters

Born sinnin' and ready for drama that's how they leave us

500's and Lexi coupes
Niggas roll up with they troops
Ballers be flashin' loot (flashin' loot)
If you gon jack that nigga be ready to shoot
And bring the pain (pain)
Cause it ain't no comin' back in killerfornia
Fuck with the wrong niggas they turn and blast on ya
Dump executioner style and leave your ass goner
Still do my dirt all by my motherfuckin' lone in killerfornia

Chorus

(Verse 3):

No self-defense laws
Bullet proof vests is illegal
But you can go to the gun sto'
And purchase yourself a desert eagle
All of my homies is felons
Some even died in my face
Some niggas still ridin' around
With a whole trunk full of yey
Frisco to Fresno niggas do dirt
And ride with their head low
Indictments on mobstyle tactic murder for cash flow
Cause jail bars
Gangstas and ghetto stars
Niggas don't give a fuck
Bullet wounds and stab scars
Hell of players and pimps
Hustlers and gangstas with limps
Snitches that disappeared into thin motherfuckin' air
Haters be dreamin'
Schemin to catch ya slippin'
Just to get to dippin' after midnight AK's spittin'
See the fire from the barrel
Standin' down the block I got a flock
Of desert eagle fifty cal shots
Can't let these sucka ass niggas put one in my dome
When I'm sittin' at home with a whole arsenal of my own
In killerfornia

Chorus