

Killafornia (Feat. B.Real)

Transplants

This is killafornia home of the killas
Killafornia home of the killas
Smoke clears only one winner
Killafornia home of the killas So many dreams that I'm chasing,
So many fuckers are hating
Somebody show me you hate me,
Show me your dog cause I'm waiting
Throw me a bowl I'll be bakin'
Only so much that I'm takin'
Handing your privates to Lincoln,
Misunderstood and complacent
You wanna stand for what medal,
That ain't no medal of honor
You want to strike like a general,
But you end up a goner,
Bringing a donor to ?
It's only fair that I warn ya
That I'm a killa from California,
Waiting for action and drama If you want it we got it,
From prostitutes to narcotics
Have you empty your pockets,
I'm fucking pro with the product
There ain't no way you can stop it
I just suggest that you drop it
These fuckers making me cock it
Cause they mistakingly mock it
I leave em' blazed and baffled
Like when they cut me with scalpels
Never trying to be grappled
That's why I aim for the apple
From the hood to the castle
I'm still considered an asshole
Grand prize of the raffle
Napalm and shrapnel This is killafornia home of the killas
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Smoke clears only one winner
Killafornia home of the killas Got the dreamers and schemers
And the ballas with Beamers
So many leeches beneath us

And they wishing they heed us
You'll Salute like a fetus
You can never defeat us
Bring all your heaters to heat us
When you attempt to defeat us
You be try to imagine what happens
When you impart with some garbage
Everything in life is so tragic
No matter who is the hardest
No matter who your god is
I'm telling you fuckers regardless
Don't even get me started
I can be so retardedIt's like a blessing from satan
The world is mine for the taking
Bent over model of makin'
And yet still I'm a shake 'em
We take the name that we breakin'
Any rules that you makin'
Ain't nothing pertaining
I turn a pig into bacon
I'll save my aim for the fuzz
And always make with the glove
Down to spray up the club
And let 'em say who it was
Bitch I'm a failure at love
Unless you cater to thugs
You can mess me with hugs
I'll fuckin' kiss you with slugsThis is killafornia home of the killas
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Songwriters

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