

# Killaifornia (feat. B-Real)

## Transplants

This is Killaifornia, home of the killas  
Killaifornia, home of the killas  
Smoke clears, only one winner  
Killaifornia, home of the killasSo many dreams that I'm chasing  
So many fuckers are hating  
Somebody show me you hate me  
Show me your dog 'cause I'm waitingThrow me a bowl I'll be bakin'  
Only so much that I'm takin'  
Handing your privates to Lincoln  
Misunderstood and complacentYou wanna stand for what medal  
That ain't no medal of honor  
You want to strike like a general  
But you end up a gonerBringing a donor to honor  
It's only fair that I warn ya  
That I'm a killa from California  
Waiting for action and dramaIf you want it we got it  
From prostitutes to narcotics  
Have you empty your pockets  
I'm fucking pro with the productThere ain't no way you can stop it  
I just suggest that you drop it  
These fuckers making me cock it  
'Cause they mistakenly mock itI leave 'em blazed and baffled  
Like when they cut me with scalpels  
Never trying to be grappled  
That's why I aim for the appleFrom the hood to the castle  
I'm still considered an asshole  
Grand prize of the raffle  
Napalm and shrapnelThis is Killaifornia, home of the killas  
Killaifornia, home of the killas  
Smoke clears, only one winner  
Killaifornia, home of the killasGot the dreamers and schemers  
And the ballas with beamers  
So many leeches beneath us  
And they wishing they heed usYou'll salute like a fetus  
You can never defeat us  
Bring all your heaters to heat us  
When you attempt to defeat usYou be try to imagine what happens  
When you impart with some garbage  
Everything in life is so tragic

No matter who is the hardestNo matter who your god is  
I'm telling you fuckers regardless  
Dont 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 'emWe take the name that we breakin'  
Any rules that you makin'  
Ain't nothing pertaining  
I turn a pig into baconI'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 wasBitch, 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  
Killafornia, home of the killas  
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