Killafornia

Scarlett

Living in the city of the Scandalous
Shisty motherfuckers can't even trust my own brothers
So who can I choose to trust me that's who?
Niggas want a piece of the pie, fuck off and dieJealous, envious fools want to rush this
Loco, trooping ass nigga with the cash, shit
Motherfuckers just get your own, and leave mine alone
Forty-five places to get doneSend out your invitation to the party of your elimination
I got peeps that play for keeps
Now I'm laying your ass down to sleep
But every hustler wants to be bawlingBut I got the balls for the shot calling
I pull strings, the don king
Only in America
Then I hustle, and flex my muscleYeah, man, I've been out here
Running game for eight years
I know I'm getting tired of standing
On this cornerNigga, I want a fat pad, and fly ass pool
Finest motherfucking bitches, jewels
And all that shit, if I got to take it
From a niggaShit, let him run for me then
I can work for myself, don't have to
Work for nobody
I'll be my own hustlerWhere can I roam to get my hustle on
Killafornia, stacking the chips, got the full clips
Loaded and cocked, I'm used to running with the glock
Nina Millimeter, lighting up the fucking blockNow, who you gonna trust? Who can you trust?
I don't know, but if you coming on my corner
I think I'm gonna bust
You can't handle us, devious, dangerousCriminal mentality, insanity
I move weight, from state to state
All the niggas moving weights
Can you relate?Damn, what's up? I see you
Pushing that big time weight
I told you, I wasn't bullshitting
You coming up, aightWhen I seen you three or four
Months ago I told you
Got respect for a man now
Handle your shitWhere can I choose to get my hustle on?
In the alleyway, lighting up all night long
Fuck working at McD's, I'm rolling with the O.Z's

In the QP's, puffing on treesWho can I trust?
Who can you trust?
Not that shady motherfucker
In the city Los ScandalousWell, well, little man came up a little bit
It feels good having money in the pocket
Fuck that nine to five bullshit, right?
Yeah, kick that shit to the curbBut you got to look out for the scandalous motherfuckers
'Cuz niggas is tricky than a motherfucker
Yeah, but motherfuckers got to look out for us too
You know what I'm saying
I'm just as shisty as a niggaShit, set me up and niggas are gonna die
You get set up back, 'cuz we ain't having that bullshit
I got your back, you got mine, that goes without saying
Twenty-seven and mo' baby, twenty-seven and mo'
Oh get the fuck out of here, stay, bust out man

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