Killa Kali

Celly Cel

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Good evening
Welcome to channel 187 Murder 1 News
Tonight we focus on the city of Vallejo in the state of California
Where five black men were found dead at the water front
From various gunshot wounds
This brings the homicide rate in the state of California
To one of the highest in the nation
And is now known to you as Killa KaliThe state of California niggas call it Killa Kali
Murder weapons in the river bodies found in the alleys
Bring the yellow tape, body bags gettin' zipped up
Heads blown off wit', they insides ripped up
Mobile phones flipped up, factors callin' shots
Bitch made niggas, it's some real niggas on the block
'Cuz every hood got a trigga happy nigga
That don't give a fuck about puttin' two in your liver
But how you figure you can do dirt and stay cleanNiggas like that get pronounced dead on the scene
Ain't no winnin' teams 'cuz everybody taken losses in they hood
Reminiscin' on they niggas, man, I wish I could
Bring back the homies that I lost up in that funk season
Gotta check myself or let that alcohol be the reason
So I just poor a little liquor on the concrete
For my dead homies and the ones who ain't gone see the streets
Locked up with the rest of the locsBut whatever the reason my folks are walkin' the yard
Or gettin' they guts, some tryin' to make it home but I think
They safer in that pin 'cuz niggas on gin be lettin' them Mack 10's
Bust 32 times and niggas who ain't in it gettin' shot by
Standards on the block, smokin' like bomb, fools given up they cell
Gettin' sideways leaven them T-shirts, soakin' wet
Retaliation is a must
So now you know them niggas you was funkin' wit'
Gone be at yo do so, keep yo hand on yo nina in the valley
Or get dumped in the alley, fuckin' around in Killa KaliMothers on they knees

Wit' tears in they eyes, why?
('Cuz Killa Kali is the state of the drive by)Mothers on they knees
Wit' tears in they eyes, why?
('Cuz Killa Kali is the state of the drive by)It's Killa Kali, it's Killa Kali
Buddahba
It's Killa Kali, it's Killa Kali
Buck, buckIt's Killa Kali, it's Killa Kali
Budduhba
It's Killa Kali, it's Killa Kali
Buck, buckThe killin's on, ain't even safe when you at home
Whatever dirt you do gone follow you until you gone
So pack ya chrome and handle your own
'Cuz potnas tend to run
Walked in the party 10 deep and only left wit' one
Real nigga on your team but you know how it is
Can't even trust them niggas that you knew since you was kids
It ain't no thang, I let them niggas have it toBitch up and I switch up on that ass before I blast you
And fools better watch them hoes in they mix
Seen them choosen and you bid on that set up for a
Six foot ditch with your family in front of you
So many niggas slip, that's how they slide a bitch up under you
I wonder whose the next nigga to catch a bullet for sex nigga
Thought you was cock until they chopped you
With them tecs nigga, I think the game is on its last legTrigga happy niggas wit' no heart, it ain't no used to be
For your life 'cuz out here they quick to take they own
Snortin' that Peruvian on Hennessey you know they gone
Can't tell a nigga shit in the 9-5
All about they scrilla doin' niggas in on the side
Bellin' through yo hood buckin' fools down
Gettin' caught, slippin' with they mutherfuckin' pants down
Sleep with one eye open in the valley
'Cuz everything you love'll get smoked up in killa kaliMothers on they knees
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Buck, buckCalifornia niggas be plottin' on fools
Jackin' mutherfuckers for them daytons
And leave that ol' school sittin' on with yo face in the dash
Two in the back of yo head, rip yo pockets of then laugh

Then you got them fools on the track pullin' out glocks
Pistol whippin' niggas till they drop
Reach in they draws and take they rocks
They money, they rings and they chainsWithout a skimask on but can't complain
It's all in the game
Follow one of them ballers to they residence
Tyin' niggas up, lookin' for them dead presidents
It's for the money
You know the scratch but now we call it scrilla
It turned them Kali niggas into straight killas
Set trippin' on a daily basisVietnam ain't shit on what a nigga in the hood faces
1-8-7 case, cop into a lesser charge
Three strikes hit you with that L
Lock behind bars, bellin' wit' a strap
Punks seem like it's waitin'
To catch a nigga slippin' or get killed over conversationFuckin' wit' bitch will get you killed quick
Niggas let they hoes mow down they homies on the real beitch
Fools come to Kali thinkin' club med
Caught up in the cross fire when them sets bump heads
Keep yo hand on ya nina in the valley
Or everything you love'll get smoked up in Killa KaliMothers on they knees
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