

Killa Kali

Celly Cel

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 Kali
The 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 clean
Niggas like that get pronounced dead on the scene
Ain't no winnin' teams 'cuz everybody taken losses in they hood
Reminisce 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 pour 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 locs
But 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 Kali
Mothers 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, buck It'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 basis Vietnam 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 conversation Fuckin' 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 Kali Mothers on they knees
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