

# 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 triggga 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

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 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

Wit' tears in they eyes, why?

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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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