

# Killa Cali

Jay Rock

I know about killa California  
Badmon no fear fi haunt ya  
But we no care about not a thing at all  
No if it kill, we buss ya boy

When I leave the house, I can't forget the weapon  
Been through more shootouts than Hot 97  
Equipped with the black Mac 11  
Ain't no half steppin', Watts what I'm reppin'  
Pull up, whip same color as fire  
Obesity rims, anorexic tires  
Bob Marley in the Swisher, I gotta get higher  
The Grim Reaper handin' out tickets like flyers  
Crips killin' Crips, Bloods killin' Bloods  
That's how it is now in Killa Cali, bruh  
You gotta stay strapped, homie, never slip up  
Bullets love skin, you'll get that ass touched  
I glide through the streets, gat in my lap  
One under the seat, K in the trunk like who want it with me?  
Don't make it to trauma, you'll lying in sheets  
We the last of a dying breed

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Bo bo buss a shot for your area  
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Rah rah buss a shot for your area  
Cause we no scared of yah

I'm from the city where they concentrate on nothin'  
But that red flag, blue flag, gang bang, murder state  
Elementary kids liable they catch a case  
So don't be surprised if a ten year old put one in your face  
Kick in your door then put it to your face  
Shake you up a little bit then ask you where the safe  
Streets ain't safe and so I got the toolie on me  
Movin' like a Mario brother, pardon me brother  
But you gon' have to come out that whip, your mama might love ya but  
I'm lovin' what's on your wrist, I'm lovin' what's on your neck  
I'm lovin' what's in your head rest  
You might as well give it to me or or be in peace with the rest deceased  
Dippin' in lanes, duckin', dodgin' police  
After we get away we celebrate over chronic tree  
Who did you think rollin' with me?  
K-Dot, Compton, visit my streets

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Rock welcomes you to Killa Killa Cali  
Thi-thi-this the murder capi' where them boys trigger happy  
Concrete jungle, tell me who barrell a sparrow  
It don't matter, we ghetto gotta gotta stack bundles  
Don't matter the weather, man you gotta keep Berettas  
Bullets rainin' like showers, they kill for money and power  
Man that's murder murder get murdered at any hour  
Any minute and any second I'm standin' tall as a tower  
Ghetto strong survive, the weak get swallowed, devoured  
Sorry there's no love for no cowards, if you one that's a problem  
If you got a problem, we'll solve it for you, partner, no problem  
If I can't reach you then my little homies got 'em  
Niggas up on the hustle moving packs of that powder  
Plus these bitches ain't shit, man it's all about a dollar  
Bust a shot for my area with those 40 calibers  
You gotta be a leader, got no respect for followers

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