

# Killa Cali

YG

I'm from killa, killa Cali  
We ride Low Lows, Chevys, and Caddies  
Palm trees and kush smoke  
Good weather and baddies  
In the city you could lose your life  
Gotta move to the valley

Killa Cali where I live, that's where I'm from  
Don't overdose, don't get killed where I'm from  
The lights is bright, the parties is fun  
Becoming a bum, the chances is young  
Gang bangers on every corner, that's who we become  
Influenced by the big homie, how it prolly begun  
Go through hell, but if you make it out, you won  
Floor seats at staples center where Gigi was  
In Oakland inside shows on the daily  
Out in the bay, the splash brothers goin' crazy  
Out in L.A., it's red and blue paisleys  
Out-of-towners new here 'cause the weather and ladies  
In L.A. the next superstars in the making  
Athletes and actors, we produce the greatest  
Rappers and trappers, nigga, we produce the greatest  
From the same place, some of the greatest got taken

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Biggie got killed here  
Whitney got killed here  
Whitney overdosed, she died 'cause she got lit here  
Pop Smoke got killed here  
They took Nip here  
And that's my dog, man, I wish I would've been there  
Pac got killed in Vegas, it's like he got killed here  
Shug got black balled, he went to jail and y'all still scared  
Buddhist den put my homies in wheelchairs  
Got survivors guilt 'cause I'm still here  
Purple vault, I see cloudiness in codeine  
How they let Michael Jack be a dope fiend  
Nigga, you trippin', what the doctor should've told him  
Eazy died while tryna make it right with his old team  
Nate gone, Dolla gone, Big Braze too  
Mac Miller, Marilyn Monroe, my city painful  
From a city where legends get haloed  
In Los Angeles, we lost angels

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