

Black Knights, Killa Cal Lifestyle (Original)

Artist: Black Knights f/ P Nut

Album: Wu-Tang Clan - The W (HMV Canada Bonus CD)

Song: Killa Cal Lifestyle (Original)

Typed by: Tha Masta

[Intro: Doc Doom]

Uh, what? Black Knights, nigga
Killa Cal Lifestyle, yea, West Coast
Uh-huh, yea, Killa Cal Lifestyle
Yea, uh-huh, yea, yea, yea
Killa Cal Lifestyle, yea
Yea, yea..

[Crisis]

The ghetto got us trapped that's why we bust gats
Flush crack, fuck raps, blast first, bust back
Trust that it's a must that, we regulate
Never hesitate, on the paper chase
Go all out, hollow-tips until ya fall out
Wildly raised, highly praised, addicted to rowdy ways
A lot of cold nights and cloudy days
Get me set-trippin, wet dippin, Moet sippin
When the Tec's spitten, we leave more than sweat drippin
On and off, Northern course, blast gats at their horse
We usin force, no remorse and niggas slackin on these laws
Against the top notch, cream of the crops
So keep ya glocks cocked, keep ya spot hot
Scorch to pistol-whippin and hit ya fortune

[P Nut]

Yo we got somethin for you, hear more of this, fag
Hit a nigga with a quick stiff rigormortis jab
Knock his eye out his socket, take the chocolate tai out his pocket
And Knights watch, now we're real nigga rocket
It's a shame, paid all that money for that chain
End up slain, Fuckin With the Wrong Nigga, man
Black khakis with peanut clang
We bang with Black Knights, the West Coast Killa Bee Gang

[Chorus 5X: Doc Doom (Crisis)]

Killa Cal Lifestyle (Killa Cal Lifestyle
Where it's hunt or be hunted, drunken, weed blunted
Nigga bring it if you really want it)

[Doc Doom]

What the fuck, fool?
Yo, I'm from the home of the set-trip, where ya man-hood is tested
Constantly on some next shit, anybody could catch it
Killa Cali warfare, orange hair smoke
Fuck and leave hoes broke, Cali ain't no joke
There's no hope, niggas gon' slang dope
Gang bang and hit licks to get chips, like "Why not risk it all?"
Money's the principal, fuck if I slip and fall
Fuck it I'm dippin dog, my click and all
Will empty out clips on y'all clowns
Poppin that bullshit, in Killa Cal we pull quick
Let off a round and let 'em know where the fuck they're at
We keep it strapped in this Killa Cal habitat
Because it's like that

[Chorus 4X]

[Monk]

Niggas don't play in Killa Californ-I-A

Where I stay, yes bodies lay in the alley way
The way of life I live is fucked up
That's why I smoke blunts and get drunk
In Killa Cal we dip down blocks and let the sounds bump
On seventeens, our rocks spin like these
Bitch Please, you know you pause when you see the D's
Stocked up on the ring-a-lo and six-fo'
It's summertime, you know we floss down Crenshaw
4 Sho Sho, we catch ya slippin at the wrong light
Your things is my thangs and that's on, Black Knights
Live by the code, the rider's code is what I live by
If I'm empty, reload and let the slugs fly

[Chorus 4X]

[Holocaust]

Eight-cylinder lyrics, fell through, firearm
The Warcloud drifts through the sky, a closet full of axes
Might kiss a cactus, rob you lick taxes
Rats in the bucket, meltin like plastic
Microphone theatrics, heavy red boulders
Tight rope walkin with owls on my shoulders
Bust off eighty-two shots, didn't blink
Still straight razors, on the rusty sink
Beatles in the blue cheese, stab you with a stop-sign
Screws in the gate, that's good, cuz I forgot mine
West Coast smog, rise, no regrets today
We lunge at you, D's of Compton, another grudge to take