

Kottonmouth Kings, Killa Kali

And the Beat goes "Blam"

Sweet sunshine climate makes bomb.. smoke that crypto California

we dippin through the west
im fittin to blaze up the spot
representin Killa Kali holdin it down for my crops
with the beats that knock you know the kings shit bangs
run and get my motherfuckers with the insane strain
take it straight to the brain maybe clear out your vision
KMK mob another funky expedition
dont get the superstition kottonmouth is a king
prime time fight night we in the middle of a ring

Killa kali soldier born and raised
living life in a daze kickin the walls of your maze
but when its straight in your face living life with no shame
take some attitude and truth and watch the power i bring
Hail from California a rebel on the lose
tell your governor in service to prepare another noose
try to catch me if you can tell me what you wanna do
They're runnin after me cuz im coming after you

Killa Kali the place where the kush grow
all the heads know we hold the best endo
north cali all the way to Diego
slang elbows lay real low
nobody move in the room till we say so
king klick flip scripts rips sick flows
dont mistake the krown for a logo
were kings of this shit if you didnt know now you know

for the last fuckin time we from p-town
drop down by if you wanna, you could come
around but better get me high if you wanna,
say it, P-Town, you better know when i wanna
i could break it from the pound on down
so as for the weed i could get you what you need
in a hurry, got that sticky green and talk about hairs the shits furry
so what you think you see i like my mothafuckin vision blurry
so im bout to get my 215

It's a survival test comin straight from the west
we bump this straight with crowns and Ks on our chest
everywhere that we creep we never get no sleep
another twenty towns and then well be home free
i shake em up everyday anyway every configuration
straight to the pad like your girls ass
next bang theory hear me spoken out the nation
kottonmouth kings killa kali rotation

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here comes the Judge biatch, hell as it approaches
intelligent and humble, temperament call it ferocious
i hit up on the roaches so i can stay high
i promise that we smoke bud until the day that we die

proper etiquettes a must when youre puffin with us
when you step into the session kid im callin out bluff
its like that when i blaze my shit we roll your spliff
it better be legit
when im deep in a session no questions please
could you shut the fuck up and back up five feet
let me smoke my weed in peace with my peeps
big spleefs complete with keef is a kings treat