

# Spice 1, Killerfornia

(Intro):

Killa-forni-A

Biaaatch !!

Hustlers,players,gangstas,ballers,pimps,players

All of those shit, I see all that shit

You know, killerfornia

Bloooow !!

Bloooooow !!

(Verse 1):

I'm hell-bound

Niggas wanna kill me in my sleep in killerfornia

Where the murderers be ambitious to creep

And leave you six feet

Sleep with the sharks in the Bay

I'm out the yea where they back up shit they talk with AK's

Niggas in L.A. trigger fingers itchy to spray

Call it the golden state

But niggas be rich off the game

You get your cash on the Crips and Bloods be bangin'

Nigga get your mash on G-locks and Uzi we sayin'

Leavin' your brains hangin'

You'll get caught up in the cross fire

Cause you'll be dog meat

Lose your life in the jungle

Niggas is savages

Thugged out and it's hard to be humble

When niggas ride up gaffle your shit

And then leave you tied up

Money and murder I pop them sherm sticks

Niggas tend to bring the drama

When I bury your dick

But I'm hardcore

Ready to kill shit up and war

Wonder what else this motherfuckin' state got in store

(Chorus)

So much drama in northern california

\*cause killa kali is the state for the drive-by\*

Such a scandalous state but I love the place

\*that's why I duck when they fly by\*

So much drama in southern california

\*cause killa kali is the state for the drive-by\*

Such a scandalous place had ya smilin' your face

\*that's why I duck when they fly by\*

(Verse 2):

From Sacramento to San Diego

From Compton to the Oakland city

Loc'ed up and thugged out

Killer's ready to ride with me

Stackin caps player pieces

Rolexes and saggy pants

Poppin' collars drunk as hell off henneseey

Smokin' up Grams an ounces

of Purple Kush, White Willow n &lt;???

Weed or straight up chronic (chronic)

Niggas still out to get paid

Fuck the world I wanna die high

It's sunshine in killa kali

But still the bullets fly

Palm trees and sandy beaches

But niggas stay strapped with heaters

Born sinnin' and ready for drama that's how they leave us

500's and Lexi coupes  
Niggas roll up with they troops  
Ballers be flashin' loot (flashin' loot)  
If you gon jack that nigga be ready to shoot  
And bring the pain (pain)  
Cause it ain't no comin' back in killerfornia  
Fuck with the wrong niggas they turn and blast on ya  
Dump executioner style and leave your ass goner  
Still do my dirt all by my motherfuckin' lone in killerfornia

Chorus

(Verse 3):

No self-defense laws  
Bullet proof vests is illegal  
But you can go to the gun sto'  
And purchase yourself a desert eagle  
All of my homies is felons  
Some even died in my face  
Some niggas still ridin' around  
With a whole trunk full of yey  
Frisco to Fresno niggas do dirt  
And ride with their head low  
Indictments on mobstyle tactic murder for cash flow  
Cause jail bars  
Gangstas and ghetto stars  
Niggas don't give a fuck  
Bullet wounds and stab scars  
Hell of players and pimps  
Hustlers and gangstas with limps  
Snitches that disappeared into thin motherfuckin' air  
Haters be dreamin'  
Schemin to catch ya slippin'  
Just to get to dippin' after midnight AK's spittin'  
See the fire from the barrel  
Standin' down the block I got a flock  
Of desert eagle fifty cal shots  
Can't let these sucka ass niggas put one in my dome  
When I'm sittin' at home with a whole arsenal of my own  
In killerfornia

Chorus