

# The Transplants, Killafornia (Feat. B.Real)

&quot;Killafornia&quot;  
(feat. B.Real)

Album: Hounted Cities

[Chorus]

This is Killafornia, home of the killas  
Killafornia, home of the killas  
Smoke clears, only one winner  
Killafornia, home of the killas

[B. Real]

So many dreams that I'm chasing,  
so many fuckers are hating  
Somebody show me you hate me,  
show me your dog cause I'm waiting  
throw me a bowl I'll be bakin'  
only so much that I'm takin'  
Handing your privates to Lincoln,  
misunderstood and complacent  
You wanna stand for what medal,  
that ain't no medal of honor  
You want to strike like a general,  
but you end up a goner,  
bringing a donor to honor  
It's only fair that I warn ya  
that I'm a killa from California,  
waiting for action and drama

[Rob]

If you want it we got it,  
from prostitutes to narcotics  
Have you empty your pockets,  
I'm fucking pro with the product  
there ain't no way you can stop it  
I just suggest that you drop it  
these fuckers making me cock it  
cause they mistakingly mock it  
I leave em' blazed and baffled  
Like when they cut me with scalpels  
never trying to be grappled  
that's why i aim for the apple  
from the hood to the castle  
I'm still considered an asshole  
grand prize of the raffle  
napalm and shrapnel

[Chorus]

[B.Real]

got the dreamers and schemers  
And the ballas with Beamers  
so many leeches beneath us  
and they wishing they heed us  
You'll Salute like a fetus  
you can never defeat us  
bring all your heaters to heat us  
when you attempt to defeat us  
you be try to imagine what happens  
when you impart with some garbage  
everything in life is so tragic  
no matter who is the hardest  
no matter who your god is  
I'm telling you fuckers regardless  
Dont even get me started  
I can be so retarded

[Rob]

It's like a blessing from Satan  
the world is mine for the taking  
bent over model of makin'

and yet still I'm a shake 'em  
we take the name that we breakin'  
any rules that you makin'  
Ain't nothing pertaining  
I turn a pig into bacon  
I'll save my aim for the fuzz  
And always make with the glove  
down to spray up the club  
and let 'em say who it was  
bitch i'm a failure at love  
unless you cater to thugs  
you can mess me with hugs  
I'll fuckin' kiss you with slugs  
[Chorus x2]