

Xzibit, Cali Kings

Verse one: Xzibit

If it wasn't for the West

These rap niggaz wouldn't need a vest around they chest

Keeping bustin about, where you at? and what you owe, and what you drive?

So the day some niggaz come for you I'm really not surprised

Mr. Black Bruce Willis

Please don't kill us

I show mercy like Kevorkian

Like a scorpion

I sting you from behind and put it in you

Meet me at the venue, put you on the spot to put you on the menu

Its the MC, I be the one that keeps the bitches hot

Xzibit living life, like a ball inside a ?riders slot?

Dripping everything cause you ain't even got a dime to drop

Go ahead and call the cops; you ain't did nothing

Jerry Spring you out the studio, me and Suge Knight into the parking lot

Niggaz ain't ready for all the shit I've got

Look at yourself crushing Xzibit with your tough talk

That's like Christopher Reeves doing a Crip walk

Chorus:

Cali Kings is fresh out the box

Yeah, straight up, night on the rocks

repeat

Verse two: Likwit

Knock your songs

Is defendin minor foes

Every squeeze I let a minute

?To freeze and stay cold?

I prepare to blast hoes

Cause they say these flows is lethal

I'm peepin through my peephole

They sneekin up on me though

Rico got a pistol, NASA got a missile

Likwit got too drunk so now the party is official

I bounce until the end and still set it with bad credit

Got a wack-ass record deal but I signed before I read it

But don't regret it, everything is so pathetic

When the water's gettin deep you can drown or you can tread it

I battle with finesse, like my niggaz giving quest

In these ??? we got props, we taking less

So, don't touch that stereo

Or your people will becoming to your burry, yo

The ever sorry yo can blast, I'm here to blow it through the roof

I snatch the money and the hoes and disappear like boo! *echoes*

Chorus 2X

Verse three: Baka Boy

Yo its the ?? with Baka Boys, rings and Cali Kings

I've never been the one for police but like sing

Every breath you take and every move I make

Shot heard around the world from the Golden State

I'm off the ringer with mine, your Jerry Springer with yours

Your gettin missed like a bitch and I can keep out your jaw

You hold your mop and run shop

Before I known to blow spots

Baka Boys ain't no choice so blastin on your block

I hold it down in the crowd for Cali Kings

And John P. and no P, no Sing-Sing

Laser tape, my name shall be ?regularly great?

I buy no plate, green trees roll, into lock and gate

B-A-K-A-B-O-Y

Who would believe Baka Boys with the four eyes?

And like Primo and Guru You Know My Steez

Big shot to the city in the valley, Cali Kings

Likwit Crew coming through I pay due

Cali Kings, Cali Kings
Chorus 2X