

Celly Cel, Killa Kali

(Talk)

Good evening

Welcome to channel 187 Murder 1 News

Tonight we focus on the city of Vallejo in the state of California

Where five black men were found dead at the water front

From various gunshot wounds

This brings the homicide rate in the state of California to one of the highest in the nation

And is now known to you as killa kali

(Verse 1)

The state of California niggas call it killa kali

Murder weapons in the river bodies found in the alleys

Bring the yellow tape

Body bags gettin zipped up

Heads blown off wit they insides ripped up

Mobile phones flipped up

Factors callin shots

Bitch made niggas its some real niggas on the block

Cause every hood got a trigga happy nigga

That don't give a f**k about puttin two in your liver

But how you figure you can do dirt and stay clean

Niggas like that get pronounced dead on the scene

Aint no winnin teams cause everybody taken losses in they hood

Reminiscin on they niggas man I wish I could

Bring back the homies that I lost up in that funk season

Gotta check myself or let that alcohol be the reason

So I just poor a little liquor on the concrete

For my dead homies and the ones who aint gone see the streets

Locked up with the rest of the locs

But whatever the reason my folks are walkin the yard

Or gettin they guts some

Tryin to make it home but I think they

Safer in that pin cause niggas on gin be lettin them Mack 10's

Bust 32 times

And niggas who aint in it gettin shot by

Standards on the block

Smokin like bomb

Fools given up they cell

Gettin sideways leaven them t-shirts soakin wet

Retaliation is a must

So now you know them niggas you was funkin wit

Gone be at yo do so

Keep yo hand on yo nina in the valley

Or get dumped in the alley

F**kin around in killa kali

(Chorus 1)

Mothers on they knees

Wit tears in they eyes why

(cause killa kali is the state of the drive by)

Mothers on they knees

Wit tears in they eyes why

(cause killa kali is the state of the drive by)

(Chorus 2)

It's killa kali It's killa kali

buddahba

It's killa kali It's killa kali

buck buck

It's killa kali It's killa kali

budduhba

It's killa kali It's killa kali

buck buck

(Verse 2)

The killins on
Aint even safe when you at home
Whatever dirt you do
gone follow you until you gone
So pack ya chrome
And handle your own cause potnas tend to run

Walked in the party 10 deep and only left wit one
Real nigga on your team
But you know how it is
Can't even trust them niggas that you knew since you was kids
It aint no thang
I let them niggas have it to
Bitch up and I switch up on that ass before I blast you
And fools better watch them hoes in they mix
Seen them choosen and you bid on that set up for a six
foot ditch with your family in front of you
So many niggas slip
That's how they slide a bitch up under you
I wonder whose the next nigga
To catch a bullet for sex nigga
Thought you was cock until they chopped you with them tecs nigga
I think the game is on its last leg
Trigga happy niggas wit no heart
It aint no used to be
For your life
cause out here they quick to take they own
Snortin that Peruvian
On Hennessey you know they gone
Cant tell a nigga shit in the 9-5
All about they scrilla doin niggas in on the side
Bellin through yo hood buckin fools down
Gettin caught slippin with they mutherf**kin pants down
Sleep with one eye open in the valley
cause everything you love'll get smoked up in killa kali

(Chorus 1)

(Chorus 2)

(Verse 3)

California niggas be plottin on fools
Jackin mutherf**kers for them daytons
And leave that ol' school
Sittin on with yo face in the dash
two in the back of yo head
Rip yo pockets of then laugh
Then you got them fools on the track pullin out glocks
Pistol whippin niggas till they drop
Reach in they draws and take they rocks
They money
They rings and they chains
Without a skimask on
But cant complain
Its all in the game
Follow one of them ballers to they residence
tyin niggas up
Lookin for them dead presidents
Its for the money
You know the scratch but now we call it scrilla
It turned them kali niggas into straight killas
Set trippin on a daily basis

Vietnam aint shit on what a nigga in the hood faces
1-8-7 case
Cop into a lesser charge
Three strikes
Hit you with that L
Lock behind bars
Bellin wit a strap
Punks seem like its waitin
To catch a nigga slippin or get killed over conversation
F**kin wit bitch will get you killed quick
Niggas let they hoes mow down they homies on the real beitch
Fools come to kali thinkin club med
Caught up in the cross fire when them sets bump heads
Keep yo hand on ya nina in the valley
Or everything you love'll get smoked up in killa kali

(Chorus 1)