

Tina Arena % Marc Anthony

"Cali Kings"

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"The first up on the mic, is my homeboy Xzibit
echoes"

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

