

Transplants f/ B-Real

"Killafornia"

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[Chorus: Rob Aston]

This is Killafornia!
Home of the killers
Killa killafornia
Home of the killers
smoke clears
only one winner
Killafornia
home of the killers

[Verse 1: B-Real]

So many dreams that I'm chasin'
So many fuckas are hatin'
Somebody show me the hatin'
Show me a gun cause I'm waitin'
Throw me a bone I'll be beggin'
Only so much that I'm takin'
Pain in your privates still achin'
Misunderstood and complacent
You want to settle with mettle
There ain't no medal of honor
You want to strike like a general
but you end up like a goner
Bring your frirnd if you wanna
It's only fair that I'll warn ya
I'm a killer from California
Ready for action and drama

[Verse 2: Rob Aston]

If you want it we got it
from prostitutes to narcotics
Have you empty your pockets
I'll fuckin' blow with the product
Runnin' away you can't stop it
I just suggest that you drop it
These fuckers making me cocky
Cause they mistakin' me, mockin'
I'll leave 'em brain dead and baffled
When they come here with scaffles
Never tryin to be gaffled
that's why I aim for the apple

From the hood to the castle
I won't stand for the hassle
Grand prize for the raffle?
Napalm and schrapnel

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[Verse 3: B-Real]

got the dreamers and schemers
And the ballers 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
Don't even get me started
I can be so retarded

[Verse 4: Rob Aston]

It's like 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 nothin pertaining
I turn a pig into bacon
I'll save my aim for the cause
And always make with the glove
down with the spray at 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 piss you with slugs

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