

Atheist

"Killa Cal Lifestyle"

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[Intro: Doc Doom]

Uh, what? Black Knights, nigga
Killa Cal Lifestyle, yea, West Coast
Uh-huh, yea, Killa Cal Lifestyle
Yea, uh-huh, yea, yea, yea
Killa Cal Lifestyle, yea
Yea, yea..

[Crisis]

The ghetto got us trapped that's why we bust gats
Flush crack, fuck raps, blast first, bust back
Trust that it's a must that, we regulate
Never hesitate, on the paper chase
Go all out, hollow-tips until ya fall out
Wildly raised, highly praised, addicted to rowdy ways
A lot of cold nights and cloudy days
Get me set-trippin', wet dippin', Moet sippin'
When the Tec's spitten, we leave more than sweat
drippin'
On and off, Northern course, blast gats at their horse
We usin' force, no remorse and niggas slackin' on
these laws
Against the top notch, cream of the crops
So keep ya glocks cocked, keep ya spot hot
Scorch to pistol-whippin' and hit ya fortune

[P.C.]

Yo we got somethin' for you, hear more of this, fag
Hit a nigga with a quick stiff rigormortis jab
Knock his eye out his socket, take the chocolate tai out
his pocket
And Knights watch, now we're real nigga rocket
It's a shame, paid all that money for that chain
End up slain, +Fuckin' With the Wrong Nigga+, man
Black khakis with peanut clang
We bang with Black Knights, the West Coast Killa Bee
Gang

[Chorus 5X: Doc Doom (Crisis)]

+Killa Cal Lifestyle+ (+Killa Cal Lifestyle+
Where it's hunt or be hunted, drunken, weed blunted

Nigga bring it if you really want it)

[Doc Doom]

What the fuck, fool?

Yo, I'm from the home of the set-trip, where ya man-
hood is tested

Constantly on some next shit, anybody could catch it

Killa Cali warfare, orange hair smoke

Fuck and leave hoes broke, Cali ain't no joke

There's no hope, niggas gon' slang dope

Gang bang and hit licks to get chips, like "Why not risk
it all?"

Money's the principal, fuck if I slip and fall

Fuck it I'm dippin' dog, my click and all

Will empty out clips on y'all clowns

Poppin' that bullshit, in Killa Cal we pull quick

Let off a round and let 'em know where the fuck they're
at

We keep it strapped in this Killa Cal habitat

Because it's like that

[Chorus 4X]

[Monk]

Niggas don't play in Killa Californ-I-A

Where I stay, yes bodies lay in the alley way

The way of life I live is fucked up

That's why I smoke blunts and get drunk

In Killa Cal we dip down blocks and let the sounds
bump

On seventeens, our rocks spin like these

Bitch Please, you know you pause when you see the D's

Stocked up on the ring-a-lo and six-fo'

It's summertime, you know we floss down Crenshaw

+4 Sho Sho+, we catch ya slippin' at the wrong light

Your things is my thangs and that's on, Black Knights

Live by the code, the rider's code is what I live by

If I'm empty, reload and let the slugs fly

[Chorus 4X]

[unknown female singer - 6X]

The life we live is just the life that we live

[Chorus 4X]

[unknown female singer - 4X]

The life we live is just the life that we live

