

## **Celly Cel** **"Killa Kali"**

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(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 fuck 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  
Fuckin 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 mutherfuckin 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 mutherfuckers 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  
Fuckin 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)

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