

## The Game

### "Killa Kali"

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(Intro)

"It ain't never mother fucken cold enough to rock no mother fucken chinchilla out here nigga and timbos to heavy to run from the fucken police man in my mother fucken converse"

(Chorus)

In killa kali we don't wear timbos or furs  
All stars khaki Chuck Taylors what's the word  
Keep a gun on me and I love NY  
But it's California till I die one more time  
In killa kali we don't rock timbos or fur  
All stars khaki Chuck Taylors what's the word  
Push that range rover when I'm in NY  
But I love the way Impalas drive

(Verse)

I take the fat laces in n out them converse  
I put them hollow tips and a nigga if he converse about me and my nigga  
And how we use to have priors like richer yeah I paint that picture  
I use to have visions of retiring like jigga  
Five albums later acquiring those figures  
I'm that nigga if I don't get no bigger  
I'm back in the hood lettin the 4 0 flicker  
From a brown paper bag 4 0 sipper  
And push a rock without knowing no clippers  
On my nephews life I never met no nigga rich or poor nigga  
That couldn't make a O bigger

(Chorus)

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(Verse)

It's just me chuck and some nigga I'm raised with  
First niggas red chucks New York pavement  
Whips and chains like we on that slave shit  
Never seen Queens Bridge on that brave shit  
Niggas see the grave quick livin the fast life  
In cali we burnt out New Yorkers mad trif  
Tells niggas once so they don't ask twice  
Ain't that right Chuck?  
I'm a hot non 7 never been out of Compton  
If it wasn't Game I probably never see Harlem  
We goona take jones to the knickers in garden  
Let him fuck a blood bitch in a dirty apartment  
Niggas know forvidi on that hard shit  
But don't don't know Billboard give em a hard clip  
Sometime revolvers no shells no nothin  
And I love the East Cost but fuck Joe Budden

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