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"Killafornia"

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(Rob sing the chorus):

This is Killafornia home of the killas
Killafornia home of the killas
Smoke clears only one winner
Killafornia home of the killas

(B. Real sing in this part):

So many dreams that I'm chasing,
So many fuckers are hating
Somebody show me you hate me,
Show me it all cause I'm waiting
Throw me a bone I'll be beggin',
Only so much that I'm takin'
Handing your privates to Lincoln,
Misunderstood and complacent
You wanna stand for what medal,
That ain't no medal of honor
You wanna strike like a general,
But you wet the corner
Bringing a donor to honor
It's only fair that I warn ya that I'm a killa from
California ,
Waiting for action and drama

(Rob sing in this part yeah is great):

If you want it we got it,
From prostitutes to narcotics
Have you empty your pockets,
I'm a fucking pro with the product
There ain't no way you can stop it
I just suggest that you drop it
These fuckers making me cock it
Cause they mistakingly mock us
I live from ? and baffled
When they got me with scalpels
Never trying to be grappled
That's why i aim for the apple
From the hood to the castle
I'm still considered an asshole
Grand prize of the raffle
Napalm and shrapnel

(Rob sing the chorus):
This is Killafornia home of the killas
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[B.Real]
Got the dreamers and schemers
And the baller's with Beemers
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

(Rob sing in this part):
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 fuzz
And always make with the flog
Down with the spray at the club
And let em say you were huevon
Bitch i'm a failure at love
Unless you cater to thugs
You can mess me with hugs
I'll fuckin kiss you with slugs

(Rob sing the chorus):
This is Killafornia home of the killas
Killafornia home of the killas
Smoke clears only one winner
Killafornia home of the killas.

(Rob again):
This is killafornia home of the killas

Killafornia home of the killas
Smoke clears only one winner
Killafornia home of the killas

Suenan patrullas

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