

Sacred Blasphemy "Kings Are Back"

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[Rhinoe]

Daily hustle, Daily Grind, on the edge of the map.
Left side to be exact, West coast ready to snap
Drop your head leave you dead, We don't do it for the
bread,
We do it for respect get it through your head.
Thugz life is in the air, California's home be the
danger zone,
don't stay home alone
cuz I bust through your window 45 extended clip
in your house on your couch, crack a 40 have a sip,
don't give me lip, shut the fuck up and move
actions speak louder than words ill break you in your
hood
I'm a golden state g dissecting your brain
human flesh at stake, mistakes leave stains
come around this scene dislike take flight
3 strikes you're out, be ready to fight
if you aint from the west don't come to the coast
if you are from the coast put your glass up and toast.

[hook]

We drink we smoke we straight west coast,
We run the streets, take flight the most
If it wasn't for the west you wouldn't need a
vest, Bullets at your head aint no aiming at your chest.
If you get high then don't come down, If somebody
disrespect bet beat them down
Cuz the wet id back to reclaim its crown, going hook for
hook, going pound to pound.

[Skandalouz]

If it wasn't for the west these rapper wouldn't
need protection
This interception will be your depression
My vocab will toe tag your whole world's
perception,
mother fuckers witness this west side aggression,
The Raw, The Real. They feel it when we kill,
they spit about the cars, we spit about the steal.
They talking bout some bull shit, no talking when the
bullets hit.

We run up in your spot, hit the ground or be the murder vic.

We vicious when we enter, unload on the scene

We got these posers trippen like some methamphetamines

Anaheim be the dungeon where they hit you up with pistols

best to run for safety when you hear them funny whistles,

Take flight, hit the blunt and then pass it

Slap the mother fucka if he act a silly bastard

the west is back and the kings have arrived.

head hunting wack emcees homie, dead or alive.

[Hook x1]

[Zoot Zoot Classic]

I be drinking and smoking, stirring all this commotion with the ruckus I'm bringing, now the wheels are in motion

for the few that are chosen not the lames that be posing,

dancing, prancing around like strippers for tokens and you gotta be joking while I'm locked and re-loaded

Devoted to murdering anything sugar coating

cuz I find it repulsing so I'm planting explosives

You rookies and novice in case you didn't notice

Police looking for motive while your heads in the ocean,

and the rest of your body is rotting with maggots and roaches

So my slogan will be and always remain,

fuck with us and get damaged to brain

Ravaged with pain, this savage can't be tamed

or held down by chains, a virus you can't contain

So I maintain a balance with the good and bad

sick side all day cuz homie it's on like that.

[hook x1]

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