

## Spice 1

### "Killafornia"

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ride killafornia

biotch

thugstas playas gangstas ballas pimps thugs

all that old shit

see all that shit

ya know in killafornia

(verse 1)

im hellbound niggas wanna kill me in my sleep in  
killafornia

where the murderas be ambitious to creep

and leave you 6 feet sleep wit the sharks in the bay

im out the yey wit the backed up shit they talk wit ak's

niggas in l.a. trigga fingas hit g and spray call it the  
golden state

but niggas be rich of the game u get yo cash on

the crypts n bloods be bangin nigga get yo mash on

g-locks and uzi's be sayin leavin yo brains hangin

dont get caught up in the cross fire cus you'll be dogg  
meat

loose yo life in the jungle niggas is savages thugged  
out

and its hard to be humble when niggas ride up gun  
down yo shit

and leave you tied up money n murder

i pop a shurn stick niggas tend to bring the drama

whena bury yo dick but im hardcore ready to kill shit up  
in war

wunder what else this muthafuckin state got in story

(Chorus)

so much drama in northern california

(cus killacali is the state wit the drive by's)

sucha scantless state, but i love this place

(thats why i duck when they glide by)

so much drama in southern california

(cus killacali is the state wit the drive by's)

sucha scantless place, and a smile on ur face

(thats why i duck when they glide by)

(Verse 2)

from sacramento to sand diego from compton

to the oakland city loked up and thugged out

killas ready to ride wit me stackin caps

playa pieces rolex's and saggy pants poppin collars

drunk as hell off henessy smokin up grams and ounces

of purple cush wipe wit a grenade weed or straight up  
chronic

niggas still out to get paid fuck the world i wanna die  
high

its sunshine in killacali but still the bullets fly

palm trees and sandy beaches wit niggas they  
strapped

wit heataz born sayin they ready for drama

thats how they leave us 500's and lexii coupes

niggas roll up wit they troops ballas be flashin loot

if you go jack that nigga be ready to shoot

and bring the pain cus they aint no commin back tah  
killafornia

fuck wit the wrong niggas they turn n blast on ya

dump executioner style and leave yo ass gonner

still do my dirt all by my muthafuckin own in killafornia

(chorus x1)

(verse 3)

no self defense laws bullet proof vest's is illegal

but u can go to the gun store and purchase yo self

a desert eagle all a my homies is felons so even died

in my face some nigga still ridin around wit a whole

trunk full of yey and still they friends know niggas do  
dirt

and ride wit they head low indictments and mob style

tactic murder for cash flow cars jail bars gangstars

and ghetto stars niggas dont give a fuck bullet wounds

and stab scars how the playaz n pimps hustlaz and  
gangstas

wit lips snitches that disapear into thin muthafucking  
air

hataz be dreamin schemein to catch you slippin

just to get the dip in afta midnight a.k. spittin

see the fire from the barel standin down the block

i got a flock of desert eagles 50 cal shots

cant let these sucka ass niggas put one in my dome  
when im sittin at home wit a whole arsenal of my own  
in killafornia  
(chorus til end)

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