

Hill Cypress "Killafornia"

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B Real]

Living in the city of the Scandalous

Shisty motherfuckers can't even trust my own brothers

So who can I choose to trust me that's who

Niggas want a piece of the pie fuck off and die!

Jealous envious fools want to rush this

Loco trooping ass nigga with the cash shit

Motherfuckers just get your own and leave mine alone

Forty five places to get done

Send out your invitation

To the party of your elimination

I got peeps that play for keeps, (Hardball)

Now I'm laying your ass down to sleep

But every hustler wants to be bawling

But I got the balls for the shot calling

I pull strings, the Don King, only in America

Then I hustle, and flex my muscle

[Hustlers]

--Yeah, man, I've been out here

running game for eight years

--I know I'm getting tired of standing

on this corner

--Nigga, I want a fat pad, and fly ass pool

Finest motherfucking bitches, jewels

and all that shit, if I got to take it

from a nigga

--Shit, let him run for me then

--I can work for myself, don't have to

work for nobody, I'll be my own hustler

[B-real]

Where can I roam to get my hustle on

Killafornia, stacking the chips, got the full clips

Loaded and cocked, I'm used to running with the Glock

Nina Millimeter, lighting up the fucking block

Now, who you gonna trust?, who can you trust?

I don't know, but if you coming on my corner

I think I'm gonna bust

You can't handle us, devious, dangerous

Criminal mentality, insanity

I move weight, from state to state

All the niggas moving weights, can you relate?

[Hustlers]

--Damn, what's up, I see you

pushing that big time weight

--I told you, I wasn't bullshitting

--You coming up, aight!

--When I seen you three or four

months ago I told you

--Got respect for a man now

--Handle your shit!

[B-Real]

Where can I choose to get my hustle on?

In the alleyway, lighting up all night long

Fuck working at McD's, I'm rolling with the O.Z's

In the QP's, puffing on trees

Who can I trust?, who can you trust?

Not that shady motherfucker in the city Los Scandalous

[Hustlers]

--Well, well, little man came up a little bit

--It feels good having money in the pocket

--Fuck that nine to five bullshit, right?

--Yeah, kick that shit to the curb

--But you got to look out for the scandalous
motherfuckers

Cuz niggas is tricky than a motherfucker

--Yeah, but motherfuckers got to look out for us too

You know what I'm saying

I'm just as shisty as a nigga

--Shit, set me up and niggas are gonna die

--You get set up back, cuz we ain't having that bullshit

--I got your back, you got mine, that goes without
saying

--Twenty-seven and mo' baby, twenty-seven and mo'

--Let's get the fuck out of here

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