

# Killa Cal Lifestyle

## Black Knights

Uh, what? Black Knights, nigga  
Killa Cal Lifestyle, yea, West Coast  
Uh-huh, yea, Killa Cal Lifestyle  
Yea, uh-huh, yea, yea, yea  
Killa Cal Lifestyle, yea  
Yea, yea..

The ghetto got us trapped that's why we bust gats  
Flush crack, fuck raps, blast first, bust back  
Trust that it's a must that, we regulate  
Never hesitate, on the paper chase  
Go all out, hollow-tips until ya fall out  
Wildly raised, highly praised, addicted to rowdy ways  
A lot of cold nights and cloudy days  
Get me set-trippin', wet dippin', Moet sippin'  
When the Tec's spitten, we leave more than sweat drippin'  
On and off, Northern course, blast gats at their horse  
We usin' force, no remorse and niggas slackin' on these laws  
Against the top notch, cream of the crops  
So keep ya glocks cocked, keep ya spot hot  
Scorch to pistol-whippin' and hit ya fortune

Yo we got somethin' for you, hear more of this, fag  
Hit a nigga with a quick stiff rigormortis jab  
Knock his eye out his socket, take the chocolate tai out his pocket  
And Knights watch, now we're real nigga rocket  
It's a shame, paid all that money for that chain  
End up slain, +Fuckin' With the Wrong Nigga+, man  
Black khakis with peanut clang  
We bang with Black Knights, the West Coast Killa Bee Gang

+Killa Cal Lifestyle+ (+Killa Cal Lifestyle+  
Where it's hunt or be hunted, drunken, weed blunted  
Nigga bring it if you really want it)

What the fuck, fool?  
Yo, I'm from the home of the set-trip, where ya man-hood is tested  
Constantly on some next shit, anybody could catch it  
Killa Cali warfare, orange hair smoke  
Fuck and leave hoes broke, Cali ain't no joke  
There's no hope, niggas gon' slang dope  
Gang bang and hit licks to get chips, like "Why not risk it all?"  
Money's the principal, fuck if I slip and fall  
Fuck it I'm dippin' dog, my click and all  
Will empty out clips on y'all clowns  
Poppin' that bullshit, in Killa Cal we pull quick  
Let off a round and let 'em know where the fuck they're at  
We keep it strapped in this Killa Cal habitat  
Because it's like that

Niggas don't play in Killa Californ-I-A  
Where I stay, yes bodies lay in the alley way  
The way of life I live is fucked up  
That's why I smoke blunts and get drunk  
In Killa Cal we dip down blocks and let the sounds bump  
On seventeens, our rocks spin like these  
Bitch Please, you know you pause when you see the D's

Stocked up on the ring-a-lo and six-fo'  
It's summertime, you know we floss down Crenshaw  
+4 Sho Shot+, we catch ya slippin' at the wrong light  
Your things is my thangs and that's on, Black Knights  
Live by the code, the rider's code is what I live by  
If I'm empty, reload and let the slugs fly  
The life we live is just the life that we live  
The life we live is just the life that we live