

## Wooden Circus

### 'N' The Bay

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[Woodie]

It's that W-E-S-T, T-W-O-M-P  
Represent and I'll pretend  
That W double O-D-I-E  
That took the wild C up out of East Co. Co.  
And let it be known  
That there's some major shit  
Crakin' off in the deep East Bay and G's roll  
From block to block with automatic chops,  
Removable stocks, and extra clips  
And mob shots pushin' crank bombs  
And yet these bottles make all of us flip  
I never did much slangin' for bangin' pursued hard  
Why the fuck you think they always keepin' nortenos off  
the yard  
Cuz we smash on the enemy  
Northern Cal is our vicinity  
Tryin' to run shit on our side of the map  
Get blown back with artillery  
It's a known fact we're rivaled by many  
But that don't mean a thang  
A little more quantity  
But a higher quality's got to keep domain  
So when we gather our troops  
To rowdy your boots  
Don't be shot cuz I warned ya  
Come to the topside of California  
See northsiders on every corner  
Throwin' up that mighty eNe  
Packin' heat, holdin' a fort down  
And if you disagree your out of pocket  
Comin' up short now

[Woodie]

[Chorus]

All who wear them bloody rags hang  
Larks and cutty's back swang  
Mind your own and do your thang  
If you don't wanna gangbang  
But if you get the set trippin'  
And that sound come out your mouth

Or you disrespectin' north  
Than bet your death will come about  
All who wear them bloody rags hang  
Larks and cutty's back swang  
Baller's rap the fat chains  
And the money stacks claim  
Different lies everyday  
Police always on the way  
But hey  
That's how we live in the bay

[Lil' Los]  
If you can't stand the heat  
Then get the fuck out the kitchen  
Cuz ammunition that I'm dishin'  
Best believe it ain't missin'  
The clock is tickin'  
I'm trippin'  
The steel that I'm grippin's askin me  
How the fuck I got myself in this position

It's easy the town I'm in gave me a complex  
They gots me snappin' and flashin'  
Over some nonsense  
So buckle up  
And keep your chest covered up  
I'll grab my clip, stuff it up  
Now it's time to fuck shit up  
And times are tough  
But their only gonna get tougher  
My barrels payin' thunder  
Leavin' suckas smothered for colors  
I'm comin' out the gutters with cutters  
That be cuttin' muthafuckas in my way  
In the bay  
In that game where you don't play  
And it's too late  
You clocked in  
Now there ain't no stoppin'  
Choppers from choppin'  
When you make it to my top ten  
I'm lost in the zone goin' crazy  
Good, I'll shake it  
There ain't nothin' that can save me  
From the way the streets raised me  
[Chorus]

[Woodie]  
Death could come at any moment  
I've been walkin' there for years  
Since I swallowed all my fears

And started holdin' back my tears  
It seems the only way to keep my heart pumpin'  
Now is to represent  
And keep the names alive  
Of the those homies already dead  
And when I know I ain't evil  
But it's evident I ain't heaven sent  
How could I be when I done committed  
Each of the deadly seven sins  
A product of my environment  
That's bullshit I ain't buyin' it  
Been a killa since birth  
It's in my blood  
There's no denying it  
We got our own constitution  
Northerners organized  
And believe it or not  
This love amongst us  
All sometimes disguised  
Tried to hold a job  
A couple of times  
But fuck a nine to five  
Suckas tellin' me what to do  
I'd rather be shot and buried alive  
Just let me ride  
Let me kick it  
Drink my 40's  
I admit it  
I'm addicted  
I can't get enough  
To shake it out my system  
And my fellow homies feel the same  
And out the trenches of the bay  
Takin' it day by day  
One step at a time  
Closer to our grave

[Chorus] 2x

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