

## Wooden Circus

### "Tales Of A Killa"

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Listen to the tales of this northern cali killer  
Take it for what its worth but recognize a blood spiller  
So far I've been lucky but enemies might take me  
Take chances again if they under estimate me

Say your Prayers count your blessings  
Grab your weapon grip it tight  
Cause tonight I sport my put in work sweatshirt right  
But you won't catch me barking duels in a lark tonight  
Creep up on foot and down the street I got a stolen bike  
Thats my getaway but first I go to sit and wait  
Lurking in the shadows on mission to do my hit and  
shake  
Patience always pays so I'm stiffer than a statue  
By no means I won't f\*\*k this up this suckers life is past  
due  
I know he's home the TVs on I see a shadow through  
the blinds  
Walking towards the front door  
Yeah I think its about that time  
Sure enough door opens wide  
Now he's stepping outside  
Barrel flashes from the bushes all he seen before he  
died  
Bent a corner run down the block hop on the BMX  
Meanwhile his bitch is in shock hugging his bleeding  
chest  
Pedal to my safe spot  
Get the fireplace hot  
Burn up my clothing scrub my body  
Gunpowder trace gone  
On the way home I disassembled and disbursed  
Of my weapon in the gutters from 10th street to 1st  
So i'm feeling pretty confident my mission was  
successful  
Kick up my feet crack and Old E and drink a chest full

(Chorus)

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Take chances again if they under estimate me  
Why they want to test me stress me to the point I'm  
homicidal  
Don't they recognize death is nothing new in my eyes  
When it comes to defending my title

Another sloppy late night in the drive thru waiting for  
our food

Me and 2 homies and a bitch drinking 40's an Boones  
Out at 2 One ounce left so I'm burning holes in my head  
I turn around fools are looking at me like they want me  
dead  
Words were said without a doubt I'm knowing that the  
funks jumping

They must be packing f\*\*k that I'll be the first to dump  
something

Told my homie drive and pull the car to the side of the  
road  
They pulled up said a word or two until I proceeded to  
unload  
Bullets lighting up the backseat windows are shattering  
Since I'm thinking that they pack heat I'm skipping the  
chattering

I emptied the clip  
Not sure how many were hit  
Told my homie drive and lets split he started to trip  
He just stopped froze  
Like he was comatose  
I said its not the time to break down like a ho lets go  
He finally put the pedal to the metal but that tripped me  
out  
I told him drive a half a mile pull over and let me out  
Shake the spot and take the under routes park up in the  
cuts  
No this motherf\*\*ker starts driving in circles going nuts  
I told him your bitch has more nuts than you  
Saw red and blue behind us  
Thanks to my homie dumb bitch it wasn't to hard to find  
us  
And then he proceeds to take them on a slow speed  
chase  
Twenty Five I'm going to face the DA's got a clean case  
With about seven different patrol cars in pursuit

He pulls over and Five 0 draws their weapons ready to shoot  
Over the bullhorn I can hear them say  
Come out with your hands raised  
I did exactly that but then I broke and made them give chase  
Striking through a field I hit a barbwire fence  
I hopped it like a champion only got a rip in my pants  
Then I advanced up on a bike trail  
Slowly losing 50's tail  
Noticed water to the left threw my strap in the canal  
Half the evidence gone apartment complex straight ahead  
I'm more than halfway to home I'm only giving up dead  
I stop in the apartments to take a breath and then I listen  
I can hear the ghetto bird but it ain't knowing my position  
Continuing on my mission  
I'm hopping yard to yard  
Crawling bush to bush  
Hiding underneath car to car  
And now three hours later and about 2 miles down the road  
I'm in front of my homies house my hearts about to explode  
Knocked on the door at 4am  
He wasn't one bit suprised  
He said he heard me on the scanner  
And he knew I had to ride  
You say you're a gangster and don't feel that?  
You're faking it

(Chorus until end)

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