

## Wooden Circus

### "Yoc Influenced"

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[Woodie]

I sling my nuts over my shoulder [shoulder]  
To charge like a soldier  
Enemies fall to the back from the impact  
Of a tre 5 sev revolver  
W double O-D-I-E it's me  
I be that one and only  
Soldier from the Yoc producer  
To breakin' off freebies to the homies  
But still hated  
In many different ways  
I've seen shady days  
Homies switchin' up  
Who I never thought were bitch enough  
Got me amazed  
I blame it on the crack bag  
The gobble go the town snap  
The so called homies backstabbin' each other  
Damn what happened  
It got me laughin'  
I ain't trippin' Norte sidin'  
Sky Lark dippin'  
High performance line  
Dormanson's  
I tap that gas from dippin'  
'69 if you find  
That white Lark with cherry wine tide  
Sidin' through the Yoc  
It's a norteno type of the line style

Chorus: x2 [Woodie]

I'm riskin' 25 to life with the ride  
You ask me why I do this  
And I respond with a mind half gone  
For the fact I'm Yoc influenced  
I'm riskin' 25 to life with the ride  
You ask why I pursue this  
And I respond with a mind half gone  
For the fact I'm Yoc influenced

[Woodie]

My homie snoop gotta be deceased  
And come back 5 times before he's released  
At age 18  
So I thought the streets  
And set up by these punk police  
Convicted of 5 counts of murder  
All premeditated  
Plus some gang enhancers  
Damn this shit kept me understated  
And unlike you phony homies  
Status Snoop aint never ratted  
Steady he stay ya'll like a soldier  
Pushin' steel ain't gettin' tallied  
Addin' stripes for my homie  
May the Lord see his loyalty  
And over look his sins  
When he dies  
And let him live in royalty  
That wild C, L-I-F-E

Got my gang livin' violently  
For homies stabbin' the [?] with me  
Got me amongst the dying breed  
If it was up to the Yoc, beats me  
All said locked up in a prison cage  
And tear drops from my eye  
Every time my homie's on the front page  
The media's bringin' plenty of feedback  
Makin' us look like mobsters  
Label it as West 20th street  
Fuck it  
Yeah we West Twompsters  
We the ones that skip the talk  
Gotta get the cock and hammers  
If they mess with the clip of hollow tips  
Cuz you punks don't have no manners  
Watch your standards  
Think of the rankings earned  
By how much more you've lost  
Better count that as a loss  
When I creep in  
Dirty cactus split yo knot

[Chorus] x2.5

[Lil' Los]  
Yoc influenced  
I'd never know I'd grow up to do this  
Pursue this life of struggle and strife  
And hunt when I sooth this pain in my brain  
When I sprinkle hot grain

Remain, tame my pistol smoke  
Toke yo folks in vain insane, no  
It's killa Cali mentality  
East Co. Co. 5-1-0  
The place ya never heard of  
Yes suburbia with murderers go  
Where the be servin' the most of  
Methamphetamines  
On triple beams  
So feeling they'll be dreams  
And this Antioch scene gots me trippin'  
They got me slappin' clips in  
I'm plottin' out some victims  
And wishin' and hopin'  
While I'm scuffling with my semi-auto  
Hollow tips rip shit  
With visions of some sick shit  
But in meanwhile no smiles  
Cuz these hater's shady styles  
Got me loadin' magazines  
For apposing tears I got for miles  
And these rat infested trials  
Set it up to leave Snoop, fuck  
But it ain't over  
Smokin' dosia  
Plottin' on his come up [echoes out]

[Chorus] x3

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