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Woodie "Bring The World To Its Kneez"

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[Verse 1: Woodie]

I grew up way out, my body, often caught me talkin' 2 my shotty

Gone off half a gallon of Bacardi

Slightly mumblin and stumblin threw them boarded alley wayz

Back in 92, seventeen years northern Cali raised Guided by the moon light threw them dark gloom nights

Catch a fool slippin leave him twitchin in his blue nikes Who dies tonight? Not me, but you might I'm young and ruthless trigga happy shootin 4 a new stripe

Balls hangin low, double odds ready 2 go A little finger pressure (boom) body shred from head 2 toe

Original river-town Yoc nut locked up in a state of mind Where problems get resolved chalked up wit 38's and 9's

Bloody bandannas, dickies, chucks and hand cannons Gettin manish doin damage 'til the last man standin Peace is hard to visualize in a world where hate looms Northern warriors on the rise show respect and make room

[Verse 2: Lil' Dee]

Murder and money... money and murder, street violence.

Code of silence, thangs you can't interpret
Let me pull the curtain, change your views,
Enlighten you, it's in our roots, I'm livin proof,
Still payin dues, I stand with few, this cannon's loose,
It's bound to shoot, best stay up late,
You may not wake, don't be in shock,
We can not stop and will not stop until we get our point

across,
Until your family mourns a loss, exterminate like holocaust,

We rebels wit a cause, we outlaws so rare it's raw, Don't get involved carry on, before you carried off with a carrot top, Poof you gone, we takin charge,

I'm out at large, rumor says they want me dead, Like I ain't bled enough, I'm touched, come and test these f*ckin nuts,

I'm callin bluffs, don't leave here wit your feelin's crushed,

I'm way too much for you to grasp, on top of that I'm like a tax,

Take a percentage of your cash, then I laugh cause I'm a sav,

On the other hand don't leave your house, Keep my name up out your mouth, and unless you really puttin it down,

Don't holla out my f*ckin town.....

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