

## Woodie

### "Callin' Your Bluff"

Visit "[Callin' Your Bluff](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro]

Yoc life or no life that's the way I'm livin'  
Northern Cali style ain't no bullshitin', yeah,  
Antioch tales up in this motherf\*cker and I'ma let it be  
known  
It don't matter what town you from, there's killa's  
everywhere

[Verse 1]

Wanna nut up? Sucka what up? Run up punk or shut up  
Cause I'ma put a slug in your lung and have you  
coughin' blood up  
Cause I'm fed up with you suckaz talkin' threats behind  
my back  
But when you see me you avoid me, punk you said you  
gonna snap  
I ain't no heavyweight so demonstrate your plan to bust  
my grill  
I guess you heard it through the grapevine, that  
Norteno Woodie kills  
I ain't tryin' to knock your teeth out, I'm tryin' to blow  
your brains out  
With a tre-five-sev I'll leave your skull hollow and body  
laid out  
It's that Yoc life that got me like this ain't no point in me  
to fight it  
My veins are pumpin' a virus and I call it homicidus  
For my scrap killin' tendencies, ain't lookin' for no  
remedies  
I'm thinkin' of ways to get more straps to execute my  
enemies  
The APD wanna see the end of me so I gotta watch my  
step  
I take back-roads and speak in code 'cause phone calls  
they will intercept  
And I bet, they're posted down the block with black  
binocs  
Stakin' out the spot if shit gets hot their scope is on my  
knot  
I still plot strategies of dissipating gun powder  
Hit that block wit an s-k chop and watch these hollow

tips devour

[Chorus] x2

Best be able to walk, where you talk don't highside  
Dank and liquor got ya' feelin' brave you gonna die  
high  
You speak of my death, I'm callin' your bluff  
So before you issue threats be prepared to back it up

[Verse 2]

That evilness prevails, can't you tell? follow them  
bloody trails  
That I left behind you'll find my life is full of wicked  
tales  
Dirty deeds fulfill my needs of tragedies to enemies  
Beggin' me for mercy on their knees before the triggaz  
squeezed  
Creepin' through the cuts, man that Yoc life got me  
nuts  
Got me juiced and gettin' looser than the pussy of a  
slut  
I'll break you off a fatal shot to show what I'm about  
Don't underestimate 'cause that's how most these fools  
get taken out  
A tre-five-sev will spread a suckaz guts across the  
block  
A twenty-two will break his skull and rattle up his knot  
Either way he's gonna die if my intent is homicide  
He could have forty-five calibers but only got one life  
I know you killaz feel me, that sickness got me pumped  
up  
And sucked up into fatal ways of dealin' with what  
comes up  
It's f\*cked up, but that's life and life now days just ain't  
right  
I'm gonna live behind the trigger til I'm in my grave-site  
So if you want me come and get me suckaz if you dare  
Yeah I shot your homiez and you know what I don't  
f\*ckin' care  
F\*ck ya'll and them haters too, do or die I choose to do  
Norte sidin' ridin' down your block, Woodie's comin'  
through!

[Chorus] x2

Best be able to walk, where you talk don't highside  
Dank and liquor got ya' feelin' brave you gonna die  
high  
You speak of my death, I'm callin' your bluff  
So before you issue threats be prepared to back it up

