

Woodie

"Demonz 'n' My Sleep"

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[Blackbird:]

Gabe's a west 20th street legend now, you know,
Gotta keep that shit alive,
Keep the story alive for the youngsters and shit,
Show em what a real soldier does when he's caught
behind enemy lines.

[Woodie:]

Tick tock, the clock is tickin in the Yoc,
My pistol's stocked, the hammer's cocked
The top is dropped from block to block,
How long will it be before I'm shot
Hole in my knot, enemies got me slippin,
By the park in my skylark distracted by my CD skippin
They got me good, cracked my skull,
Member Wood time to go, with my final breath in slow
motion
I could feel my soul, driftin from my flesh,
So much for a bulletproof vest
I left my ride to Lil Bird, homeboy sorry about the mess,
I just got one favor to ask,
Could you handle the simple task and make sure
Those who took my last breath die a gruesome mass
death
Don't know where I'm headed, I'm lookin around for
hell or heaven,
And then I woke up with a pain in my gut, headache
and sweatin

[Chorus]

I crack an old e to release, to keep my mind in one
piece
Cuz sanity is hard to keep when fightin demons in your
sleep
I try to view life in better ways with bright sunny days
But memories of dead homies invade ignitin my rage.
[repeat]

[Blackbird:]

You guys know what happened
You know shit got f*cked up after while

Brother got shot and I just went crazy
I didn't give a f*ck no more

[Woodie:]

I'm starin at my homie laid out stiff on a gurney
2 shots to the head, no he can't be dead,
The thought of it got my stomach turning
With a 1 million dollar bail he couldn't be caught for
years
With detectives following dead end trails,
Where the f*ck did he disappear?
It's gotta be one of his tricks to get them Antioch dicks
up out his mix,
When the APD is callin it quits
He's tucked away at a motel 6 that's gotta be it,
It's gotta be, it's the only way it all fits,
I placed 2 fingers upon the lips of the body and then it
hits.
This is my homie, the body it ain't a phony,
Holy shit his wig is split, my legs forgettin to hold me,
I gotta sit down, my disbelief's completely erased, I felt
displaced,
A salty taste builds up as tears run down my face,
While it's sinkin in, I'm thinkin in a murderous fashion,
The swat team only shot one thing
Act as a legal assassin, now Raymond, Blackbird and
his babies,
Rest in peace, their days are over
Every homie got more gang obligations laid on my
shoulders
Gotta get Snoop released by slappin g'z down on
criminal lawyer fees,
Keep my gang outta police sight
Produce and write, make money increase, handlin funk
at the same time
Makin this Yoc life shit go nationwide in case I die
before we rise,
I apologize homeboys I tried

[Chorus]

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piece
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But memories of dead homies invade ignitin my rage.
[repeat]

[Blackbird:]

You remember me
The mainyest one in the click

Those days are gone now, I'm kinda weak minded now
You know after all these years of runnin and shit,
I'm still crazy don't get me wrong
I'll still kill a mutherf*cker real quick
Every once in a while you guys have a barbecue and
remember me,
You know what I'm sayin
I love you guys all of you

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