

Woodie

"Fuck How You Feelin'"

Visit "[Fuck How You Feelin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: Lou-e-Lou]

F*ck a snitch ass n*gga, f*ck a b*tch ass n*gga
F*ck an ass backward talking out his neck ass n*gga
You wanting problems with me well come an' see me
bout something
Cause if I'm seen on the streets I ain't doing no running
Can't keep your talk to a minimal, talking b*tches is
typical
Got your tail between your legs when it's time to get
physical
I'm known to pack them chops, I'm known to blow up
spots
And this rap shit here east Co.Co. got it on lock
What we got right here is laced by real ass n*ggaz
The type you feel ass n*ggaz
North Cali bay ridah, the type 2 kill ass n*gga
No type of trick ass n*gga, never been a b*tch ass
n*gga
You'll get your ass kicked n*gga
Every time I've done time not one statement was given
To work with the oppressor is not acts of my religion
Swing 'em four ways through these Kilafornia door
ways
Bring it with a heater or from the shoulders like the old
days
F*ck what you holla, you could miss me with all that
It's a well known fact I kept it solid since way back
You a punk muthaf*cka don't pull no stunts
You know them punk muthaf*ckas get lifted out there
dadadadunts.

[Verse 2: X.O.]

They call me X to the O already O.G.
I keep them pistols blazin' crime pays little homie
Got 50s on my d*ck like girls that be on me
I bang like my curls n*gga money over b*tches
N*ggas out they mind thinkin' they gon' blast for me
All that bullshit you talkin' bout relax homie
Ain't no threat or a law in the world that control me
N*ggas out they mind thinkin' they can blast for me
I'm a mad man addicted to drama addicted to ballin'

Ask my momma I'm just like my father - speak with my
momma
My pops used to school me all the time when I was
young
That's why I got a big head and break bread with thugs
Competition none - ain't nobody f*ckin' with us
Married to the mob of East Co. Co. so raise a gun
Buck sideways at everyone ya gase a number
You better play ya position or f*ck around and get
smuggled

[Verse 3: Lil' Los]

I here 'em talking as I'm walking, stalking with my nine
millimeter
With my cruel intentions boy I wouldn't wanna be ya
Wanna see a muthaf*cka loc up, see Lil' Los go nuts
Well if not then I suggest you shut the f*ck up
But hold up, I know it's been a few years
But like a Chevy in a highspeed I'm known to switch
gears
I sheaded tears for my homies, spent years in this
f*cked up game
It got me deranged, eatin' at my brains
Livin' in the strange, you better pray, especially when I
black out
In the background gettin' tact out, bout to pull my strap
out
And when I pull my mask down things are bout' to get
ugly
I try to hold it in but these suckas start to bug me
To the point where I had enough, these haters got me
playing rough
Get ready cause here I come, with my issues and my
guns
Better run and protect your lungs, do whatever the f*ck
is necessary
To avoid your lil' scary ass getting buried up in that
cemetery

[Verse 4: B-Dawg]

Come and ride with ya' n*gga, get a taste of the floss
in boss.
Gotta keep my guard out the drama, I don't want no
part of it.
Feelin' shady? Then you start up be smarter than all the
rest.
You tryna test me, f*ck around and get holes in ya'
chest.
Stop blowin' your breath, gotta know when to step and
when to move over.
Can't you see there ain't no stopping us. N*ggas like us

on top of shit.
Mobbin' in a 69 droppin' shit scared your b*tch gonna
jock this shit.
See her in the back we poppin' shit and lace you while
they off this shit.
Slight mistakes can escalate and quickly put you in
the wrong place and at the wrong time.
They're frontin' on my face and Andres you know it's
two niners
But it's too late for trippin'.
I get to spillin out the guts out of all the b*tches I'm
grippin'.
And now the n*ggas slippin in the darkness better pray
you stay alert.
Cause me and my n*ggas we rollin' hardness when it
comes to doing dirt.
We puts in work and best believe we gonna be coming
with heat.
East Co.Co. Records, respect us or bring the stretchers
and sheets.

[Verse 6: Woodie]

F*ck how you feelin' keep your opinion to yourself
East Co. Co. Records runs deeper than some rappers
just out for wealth
I swear to god I'll slap the taste out your mouth
If you get to speakin' on somethin' you know nothin'
about
Knock them teeth out
And if you're twice my size realize that don't mean shit
to me
Sixteen hollow-tips in my clip are quick to bring you to
your knees
And if I get caught and hit the pen, f*ck it, I done
expected it
I can only do so much for my town I'm tired of protectin'
it
Still can't get over blood spilled of homeboyz that I
loved killed
I spit on you suckaz that don't know shit 'bout leavin'
mugs peeled
But talkin' about you got the Yoc on lock step into my
days
Where enemies drivin' the cruise on tenth street got
shot at every Friday
In the back of bonfare clicked up in the alley deep by
the gravel lot
We'd emerge up out the shadows with revolvers lookin'
to rattle knots
Now how many battles ya'll fought? where muthaf*ckaz
done got shot

For disrespectin' the Yoc, none, so bite your tongue
and don't talk

Visit [Woodie](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.