

Woodie

"Gats & Rivals"

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[Al Pacino in Scarface]

Hey Sosa, let's get this straight now.

I never f*cked anybody over in my life didn't have
it coming to them. You got that?

All I have in this world is my balls and my word and
I don't break them for no one.

Do you understand?

[Verse 1]

Blackbird is gone and sometimes I wanna die

Just so I can kick it with my homie, tell me why

I can be suicidal though I got my moms to think about

I keep in focused mind for my homies I'm lookin' out

Keep the chopper in the cuts and a pistol in my nuts

If confronted never stutter this is west twompsta!

Hit it up and put it down although I love I hate my town

I love my homies but I hate these phonies turning shit
around

Switching up and talkin' to pigs makin' this shit gone
strange

And now you targeted outsiders while us riders doin'
things

How's it feel to be left in the dust dig your grave shady
foes

You never heard that norte sidin' on the radio

[Chorus x2]

I'm locked up in that Yoc life, adversaries wish me
dead

I'm still crackin' liquor caps, strapped in a skylark
rippin' tread

Will I live through that Yoc life, is the gun-sight on my
head?

I'm packin' lead snacks for them scraps, pumpin' my
wig back flauntin' red

[Verse 2: Woodie]

I ain't known for shootin' craps but I'm known for
shootin' scraps

With an everlastin' passion blastin' puttin' 'em on their
backs

Forever ridin' with the northerners on these southside
foreigners
Leavin' 'em dead soaked in red got a pick up for the
coroner
I admit a dirty life I lead jampacked with dirty deeds
Only things I truly care about is family and homiez
Makin' g's sounds appealin' but that money comes and
goes
So I stick close to my homiez and quick to talk shit to
these hoes
When my thoughts are in a flicker I wash my brains out
with malt liquor
Olde e bless me with the strength and vigor to keep me
in the picture
Cause these rivals tryin' to box me up and five-o's tryin'
to lock me up
Tryin' to get me stuck in a cell washed up like Snoop
whether or not that block we bucked
Gotta be on my p's and q's never give pigs a reason to
Rush up in the house wit a warrant, think deep don't
believe the news
That's the way I'm livin' daily struggle to keep my
freedom
For the funk got a pet named clip hollow-tips I feed
'em enemies come meet 'em

[Chorus x2]

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dead
I'm still crackin' liquor caps, strapped in a skylark
rippin' tread
Will I live through that Yoc life, is the gun-sight on my
head?
I'm packin' lead snacks for them scraps, pumpin' my
wig back flauntin' red

[Bridge]

We tried to tell you motherf*ckers back in '94
We keep our pistols cocked up in the Yoc ready for war
We get the loaded clips and dump em in the sewer
side
That's how it is living a life of gats and rivals

[Verse 3]

[Bridge x2]

We tried to tell you mother f*ckers back in '94
We keep our pistols cocked up in the Yoc ready for war
We get the loaded clips and dump em in the sewer
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That's how it is living a life of gats and rivals

[Chorus]

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[Bridge x2]

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