

Woodie

"Hiya petra, guess who! haha, i've been to your si"

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[Woodie]

It's that W-E-S-T, T-W-O-M-P
Represent and I'll pretend
That W double O-D-I-E
That took the wild C up out of East Co. Co.
And let it be known
That there's some major shit
Crakin' off in the deep East Bay and G's roll
From block to block with automatic chops,
Removable stocks, and extra clips
And mob shots pushin' crank bombs
And yet these bottles make all of us flip
I never did much slangin' for bangin' pursued hard
Why the fuck you think they always keepin' norte?os off
the yard
Cuz we smash on the enemy
Northern Cal is our vicinity
Tryin' to run shit on our side of the map
Get blown back with artillery
It's a known fact we're rivaled by many
But that don't mean a thang
A little more quantity
But a higher quality's got to keep domain
So when we gather our troops
To rowdy your boots
Don't be shot cuz I warned ya
Come to the topside of California
See northsiders on every corner
Throwin' up that mighty N-A
Packin' heat, holdin' a fort down
And if you disagree your out of pocket
Comin' up short now

[Woodie]

[Chorus]

All who wear them bloody rags hang
Larks and cutty's back swang
Mind your own and do your thang
If you don't wanna gangbang
But if you get the set trippin'
And that sound come out your mouth

Or you disrespectin' north
Than bet your death will come about
All who wear them bloody rags hang
Larks and cutty's back swang
Baller's rap the fat chains
And the money stacks claim
Different lies everyday
Police always on the way
But hey
That's how we live in the bay

[Lil' Los]

If you can't stand the heat
Then get the fuck out the kitchen
Cuz ammunition that I'm dishin'
Best believe it ain't missin'
The clock is tickin'
I'm trippin'
The steel that I'm grippin's askin me
How the fuck I got myself in this position

It's easy the town I'm in gave me a complex
They gots me snappin' and flashin'
Over some nonsense
So buckle up
And keep your chest covered up
I'll grab my clip, stuff it up
Now it's time to fuck shit up
And times are tough
But their only gonna get tougher
My barrels payin' thunder
Leavin' suckas smothered for colors
I'm comin' out the gutters with cutters
That be cuttin' muthafuckas in my way
In the bay
In that game where you don't play
And it's too late
You clocked in
Now there ain't no stoppin'
Choppers from choppin'
When you make it to my top ten
I'm lost in the zone goin' crazy
Good, I'll shake it
There ain't nothin' that can save me
From the way the streets raised me
[Chorus]

[Woodie]

Death could come at any moment
I've been walkin' there for years
Since I swallowed all my fears

And started holdin' back my tears
It seems the only way to keep my heart pumpin'
Now is to represent
And keep the names alive
Of the those homies already dead
And when I know I ain't evil
But it's evident I ain't heaven sent
How could I be when I done committed
Each of the deadly seven sins
A product of my environment
That's bullshit I ain't buyin' it
Been a killa since birth
It's in my blood
There's no denying it
We got our own constitution
Northerners organized
And believe it or not
This love amongst us
All sometimes disguised
Tried to hold a job
A couple of times
But fuck a nine to five
Suckas tellin' me what to do
I'd rather be shot and buried alive
Just let me ride
Let me kick it
Drink my 40's
I admit it
I'm addicted
I can't get enough
To shake it out my system
And my fellow homies feel the same
And out the trenches of the bay
Takin' it day by day
One step at a time
Closer to our grave

[Chorus] 2x

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