

Woodie

"If I Wasn't"

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And if I wasn't high I'd probably blow my f*ckin' brains out

[Verse 2: Woodie]

Now if I wasn't drunk I'd probably blow my f*cken brains out

The A.P.D wanna ring my neck for the way I handle thangs now

You think I give a f*ck? My whole life I've been known to press my luck

I'm walkin' up the block with a limp from the SK chop tucked in my nuts

I hope this goes as planned, it's been about 2 weeks I've been plottin'

About how far to park the getaway and how many fences I'll be hoppin'

How many backyards got dogs? F*ck that, kill 'em with the steak and d-con

Then do my dirty deed commence to hit that fence and be gone

For the future blastin', gotta keep my ass up out the casket

Or my click gonna be one less deep that's one less soldier in action

And we can't afford that, too many riders already swallowed

But we hangin' on wit a left hand grip while our right hands buckin' hollowz

Hollerin' Yoc life... Norte... f*ck thirteen, catorce

I earn a stripe for the norte side every scrap life I make forfeit

Plus there's more shit I must tend to due to the backstabbin'

I've been through

Antioch's my place of venue for ex-homieez on my menu
Chalk it up to the evil that men do when I ventilate your chest

And you can't help but piss and shit all over yourself and meet your death

Take your last breath.

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