

## Woodie "No Suckaz"

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feat. The Jacka, Courtney Triggas, X.O.

[Courtney Triggs]

You wanna play wit the dopest  
And I'm a put up the bounty  
From Play To Win Records  
All the way to Co. Co. County  
I'm a let these niggas know  
They ain't never been a factor  
Called up X.O. and he hit that nigga Jacka  
These niggas understand  
I don't like the goodie goodies  
On the highway, top drop,  
Headed to see Woodie  
Northerners and pit bulls and everything they like  
These niggas came together  
Made for give me the mic

[The Jacka]

It's the Jack, it's the Jack  
Nigga it's The Jacka  
One love to K-I-N-G  
Don't let 'em catch ya  
It's the bitch ass detective that's  
Really tryin' to stretch it  
Got my nigga Bo locked  
The whole Mob scattered out  
Catchin' cases,  
Change of faces, gettin' plotted out  
So many nations  
I guess a nigga gotta sav it out  
On the run, hittin' banks  
Still givin' thanks to the Mo Side  
Survivin' in a place where most die  
I'm suspended from space and time  
Suspended form school so I just quit tryin'  
Addicted to drugs, and the life of crime  
Blastin' slugs at the police  
And slugs at the other side  
Slugs wit the big lead  
20 G's will make your kin bleed  
Keep sellin' crack, keep smokin' weed  
F\*\*k the world

Life ain't all what it seems  
I could have been a king  
But I'd rather push cream, muthaf\*\*ka

Chorus: [Courtney Triggs]  
Who would of thought  
We'd get together causin' all this ruckus  
From the streets to the pen  
We ain't f\*\*kin' wit no suckaz  
Who would of thought  
We'd get together causin' all this ruckus  
From Play To Win Records  
We ain't f\*\*kin' wit no suckaz  
Who would of thought  
We'd get together causin' all this ruckus  
From the streets to the pen  
We ain't f\*\*kin' wit no suckaz  
Who would of thought  
We'd get together causin' all this ruckus  
From East Co. Co. Records  
We ain't f\*\*kin' wit no suckaz

[X.O]  
You must have me twisted

I only f\*\*k wit the real twisted cap  
Bottoms up, until I hurl on the flask  
In a instance, niggas get lifted  
And they start on my experience  
Niggas die if I wish it  
Run the streets off instinct  
We ain't niggas who wishin'  
My heart weighs a ton  
These niggas scared to bust the gizzun  
I play for keeps, I play for G,  
I play to win nigga  
I swear I'm like the wizzun  
I'm always f\*\*ked up  
Cuz I lost when that shit gets dizzun  
So muthaf\*\*k that bass  
And muthaf\*\*k prison  
I smash for the cash  
Stay instructed wit all the casings  
I'm always basin'  
This shit is crazy  
Why niggas hate me I just don't know  
Maybe it's my flow  
Maybe cuz I got that bitch on blow  
Gang recognize game, bangin' X to the O  
Unload and reload  
I'm way worse than before

Don't f\*\*k wit hoes still ill  
All about my doe  
X.O.

[Chorus]

[Woodie]

You can catch me in some dirty khakis  
Wife beater wit a red belt swingin'  
Bruce Lee say some cheese  
But still drinkin' Old English  
I'll bark ya like some rotts  
I'm lockin' like a pit  
So think again before you get to  
Knockin' my shit bitch  
I'm quick to leave you leakin'  
Incapable of speakin'  
While your bleedin'  
Your homie's speedin'  
Seekin' hospital treatment  
Should have kept they mouth shut  
Some just don't know when to quit  
Usually I'm out the gate  
Maybe one pass but that's it  
I'm a hit  
Ya'll gon' feel the wrath of fury  
Of this crazy ass pale skinned NorteÂ±o  
What the f\*\*k you got to say ?bout that  
Shut your trap, save your breath  
I would love to make your death excruciating  
Bones protruding, shakin' nerves  
A day no less  
I fiend to make a mess again  
I guess I lost my love within  
Survivin' in the depths of these streets  
It's a must to sin  
I'm punchin' in and I ain't clockin' out until I'm finished  
Pursin' danger slowly crossing names out my hit list

[Chorus]

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