

## Woodie

### "Open Woundz"

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[Verse 1: Woodie]

Still in touch with them sidewalks but most the time  
Block to block my ride squats, I'm supposed to find  
A way up out these streets but the Yoc keeps callin' my  
name  
F\*ck the money and the fame if suckaz want me to  
change  
Cause I only know how to act one way  
Ready for the gunplay, Monday thru Sunday  
Many open woundz that still haven't healed, my life is  
filled with  
Eventually people I have to kill I shall deal with  
Just let me get this mil ticket, so I could do this dirt  
Then hit the block and still kick it, leave many mothers  
hurt  
Their boys didn't make the cut,  
They should have raised their sons to keep their f\*ckin'  
mouth shut  
Them tears, I could give a f\*ck  
For years I've been feelin' f\*cked in the game  
Since sixteen I've kept a pistol tucked within' range  
F\*cked in the brain in more ways than one  
I reminisce back to the days when I could taste the  
blunt  
When we would blaze our guns down at the tracks and  
practice  
Shootin' wild rabbits, police could never catch us  
Northside rivertown, highway 4 to second street  
Is the area of the Yoc that infected me

[Hook]

These opened woundz a tale certain people kill they'll  
never heal  
They turn material witness just to catch a better deal  
They'll never find your body do to decomposer  
Your death gettin closer cuz Wood need some closure  
These opened woundz a tale certain people kill they'll  
never heal  
They turn material witness just to catch a better deal  
They'll never find your body do to decomposer  
Your death is gettin' closer cuz Los need some closure

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