

Woodie

"Savagez"

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[Verse 1] - still missin' this verse

[Chorus]

If there's funk let it jump, funk we embrace it
It's a common occasion up in this criminal oasis
Rival confrontations we grew up facin' on daily basis
Which molded young savagez prepared to fight the
nation

[Young A.Z.] Buck one, buck two with my pistol!
[Lou-e-Lou] Shift kit slapped low with the nitro!
[Young A.Z.] Quarter ounce in my nutz as the blunts lit!
[Lou-e-Lou] Homicide on our mind while we hustlin'!

[Verse 2: Woodie]

All I know is I was told as a youngsta don't be a punk
Keep a pistol and if you brandish it you better dump
Leave their battleship sunk, all that matters is that you
win
Three hundred pound golden gloves, f*ck 'em sink
some hollowz in
Leave their chest split, the main rule to follow is stay on
top
Don't frequent hot spots you know soon will be raided
by cops
But stay flared up, tearin' it up, paired up with the
homiez
Patrolin' the streets for rivals roaming, tippin' back
fortiez
Lookin' to rid the town of any sewer rats infiltratin'
Tryin' to poison our land this ain't for southern
congregatin'
This is norte side! Get it right or take flight
Or you gon feel the fatal bite of hungry hollowz through
my site
Rippin' your flesh, leavin' bloody chunks on the
pavement
And I wish nothin' but death for anyone that you came
with
Mental anguish, eats at my mind like a disease
I have visions of all my enemiez lined up on their kneez

Gagged and tied up and I'm a one man firing squad
With an assortment of weapons to shred my rivals
apart
That might seem a bit twisted to some, so if you ain't
feelin' it
Stay the f*ck up out my way, you won't have to deal
with it

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3] - still missin' this verse

[Chorus x2]

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