

Woodie

"Tales Of A Killa"

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Listen to the tales of this northern cali killer
Take it for what its worth but recognize a blood spiller
So far I've been lucky but enemies might take me
Take chances again if they under estimate me

Say your Prayers count your blessings
Grab your weapon grip it tight
Cause tonight I sport my put in work sweatshirt right
But you won't catch me barking duels in a lark tonight
Creep up on foot and down the street I got a stolen bike
Thats my getaway but first I go to sit and wait
Lurking in the shadows on mission to do my hit and
shake

Patience always pays so I'm stiffer than a statue
By no means I won't f**k this up this suckers life is past
due

I know he's home the TVs on I see a shadow through
the blinds

Walking towards the front door

Yeah I think its about that time

Sure enough door opens wide

Now he's stepping outside

Barrel flashes from the bushes all he seen before he
died

Bent a corner run down the block hop on the BMX

Meanwhile his bitch is in shock hugging his bleeding
chest

Pedal to my safe spot

Get the fireplace hot

Burn up my clothing scrub my body

Gunpowder trace gone

On the way home I disassembled and disbursed

Of my weapon in the gutters from 10th street to 1st

So i'm feeling pretty confident my mission was
successful

Kick up my feet crack and Old E and drink a chest full

(Chorus)

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Wh y they want to test me stress me to the point I'm
homicidal
Don't they recognize death is nothing new in my eyes
When it comes to defending my title

Another sloppy late night in the drive thru waiting for
our food

Me and 2 homies and a bitch drinking 40's an Boones
Out at 2 One ounce left so I'm burning holes in my head
I turn around fools are looking at me like they want me
dead
Words were said without a doubt I'm knowing that the
funks jumping
They must be packing f**k that I'll be the first to dump
something

Told my homie drive and pull the car to the side of the
road
They pulled up said a word or two until I proceeded to
unload
Bullets lighting up the backseat windows are shattering
Since I'm thinking that they pack heat I'm skipping the
chattering

I emptied the clip
Not sure how many were hit
Told my homie drive and lets split he started to trip
He just stopped froze
Like he was comatose
I said its not the time to break down like a ho lets go
He finally put the pedal to the metal but that tripped me
out
I told him drive a half a mile pull over and let me out
Shake the spot and take the under routes park up in the
cuts
No this motherf**ker starts driving in circles going nuts
I told him your bitch has more nuts than you
Saw red and blue behind us
Thanks to my homie dumb bitch it wasn't to hard to find
us
And then he proceeds to take them on a slow speed
chase
Twenty Five I'm going to face the DA's got a clean case
With about seven different patrol cars in pursuit
He pulls over and Five 0 draws their weapons ready to
shoot

Over the bullhorn I can hear them say
Come out with your hands raised
I did exactly that but then I broke and made them give
chase
Striking through a field I hit a barbwire fence
I hopped it like a champion only got a rip in my pants
Then I advanced up on a bike trail
Slowly losing 50's tail
Noticed water to the left threw my strap in the canal
Half the evidence gone apartment complex straight
ahead
I'm more than halfway to home I'm only giving up dead
I stop in the apartments to take a breath and then I
listen
I can hear the ghetto bird but it ain't knowing my
position
Continuing on my mission
I'm hopping yard to yard
Crawling bush to bush
Hiding underneath car to car
And now three hours later and about 2 miles down the
road
I'm in front of my homies house my hearts about to
explode
Knocked on the door at 4am
He wasn't one bit suprised
He said he heard me on the scanner
And he knew I had to ride
You say you're a gangster and don't feel that?
You're faking it

(Chorus until end)

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