

## Woodie "The Clock Is Tickin'"

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BULlets fly, quicker than the eye you wuz hittin'  
maryjane and easy pain  
your homie died, muthufucka' amma ride to the rallies  
on steel, I'm in  
the bushes camaflashed and think about no claim  
deal, If I fail I rot in jail  
and if I succeed, I'm burnin' hills so eighther way I'm  
fucked in these streets,  
the bower says I'll live my life most statistics say I'll die  
young, I can  
disagree cuz imma fuckin' walkin' time-bomb, the  
clock is tickin' fingaz itchin'  
2 unleash the grease and 32 empty homies at a time of  
three, the flesh is  
fresh you wanna kill me sucka' really, your the kind to  
pull your strap and  
and bounce up to the ceiling, and how could you ever  
kill it, sucka' give it up  
pull your strap aside ride to the club and live it up I do  
the cutz.

(Chorus X1)

The clock is tickin' fingaz itchin' in the bushes  
camaflashed waiting for my  
victim I do the cutz  
The clock is tickin' fingaz itchin' in the bushes  
camaflashed waiting for my  
victim I do the cutz The clock is tickin' fingaz itchin' in  
the bushes camaflashed  
waitin' for my victim, I do the cutz.  
The clock is tickin' fingaz itchin' in the bushes  
camaflashed  
waitin' for my victim, I do the cutz.

I never tought that I would live to see the age of 21,  
I grew up paranoide when I'm oversleepin' with my gun,  
50\$ bought my first strap I sawed off points off gage,  
since the day I layed off blaze I was stuck in evil wayz,  
and amazed at the power that it could debour,  
strip that O'G from his reputation in the late night hour,  
Shekl shower let the situation sour for,  
But ain't no stoppin' the poppin' that gets u droppin'

these  
punks, I found my call and then I hooked up with some  
natural born killaz' but first in 45 calibores over nine  
millaz'  
the 5 wuz out the pillaz' so I could precausion steppin'  
out  
the scaller cuz them red chugz flausin' huggin' I be that  
muthafucka' that u hate, Cuz u know I'll take that clip  
and  
slide it in the tensial fate and devistate the yoc  
influence  
state of mind that im stuck, I've been comittin' seal with  
a  
dealt of string I gives a fuck I do the cutz.

(Chorus X2)

Creepin' crawlin' strap not fallin' but got a box of emmo  
for the weapon that i'm hallin' the streets are callin'  
so i'm comin' with archellery and chugz and kakis as  
I move up off my enemies, a pedegry soldier yes with  
a proud norternCal' profile nothin' less I confess,  
I'm a sinner but I cannot show remorse cuz I cant aford  
to let the bower throw me off course Im gonna ride with  
what I got and make these suckaz skulls crack,  
The kill all 'em in bed and have my chips I gotta' have  
the whole stack, do or die make these muthafuckaz  
understand  
That their tryig to touch a banicle that they could  
comprihend and pretend to be a soldier when your a  
punk, cuz  
it'll hold ya' hugged tight in the trunk, and made one  
jump,  
ran yo' mouth and now your bent up like a slut,  
should of kept ur pystol cocked fuckin' with this yoc  
nut,  
I do the cutz  
(CHORUS X3)

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