

Woodie

"The Way You Feel"

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Tonight we blaze,
Drop fade on the dank in the bay all day, maintain,
Maryjane keep fazing the haze,
Hit the jay always, I stay on swade, got no shame,
And I won't change, cuz you can't tame game,
Plus we hang in a place where things are strange,
Your brains get blown from a pistol, place that scrill all
day
Hit the hill parlay, til there ain't no punks or cowards,
You hangin' around us better be down with us,
There ain't no insults jack on impulse,
Drama happens but I'm a savage,
Those scandalis pos tryin' to do damage,
I'm chokin' on rope in a cloud of smoke
But before you know it I vanish,
And my eyes still slanted grabbin' the 40
Posted wit my homies, smoke wit it closely,
Watchin' you phoney's act like you know me,
But still stayin' one step ahead of the police,
Slowly approach we don't stand too close,
Not even beside me and never behind me,
Too many robberies got me on paranoid
Cokin' my mettle toy,
Like a hoe watch me point,
Clear my voice and grip my groin,
Twist some moist to gettin' bizzzy
Remedying your homeboys with my homeboys,
When bustas make a choice, to avoid the game get
strange,
Pull up the snatch and hit the gas pass round the joint,
I'm passed the point of redemption,
Reject the stress
And slice the vega with a razor and blaze the vega,
Shake em fifty with my down and filthy native behavior,
We puts it down in the town where I'm from,
Nothin' but a g thang in the east maine,
Smokin dank up in the golden state,
Tryin' to get paid, watchin' the b*tch-made pimp,
They still stay in the midst of drama
Ridaz creep like spidaz,
On the late nighta but we fightas,

Timeless ridaz survivors, light the rope pop it at some
hoses
Can get exposed before those panties drop
It's the same one goes down
We blow our clouds in the town of Antioch

[Chorus x2]

Don't be afraid of the way you feel
Blaze up the jay and take a hit of that kill
Don't be afraid of the way you feel
It's the bomb

It's like mental that I get lit
That icky is my favorite
Gotta a cravin' can I shake it
She's beggin me to take it
Supposed to lift with caution
That killas got me coughin'
I ain't droppin' and I ain't stoppin'
Until them ballas start recroppin'
And I'm often gone off that rope
And I hope that this dank smoke
Will get me lifted, results of my addiction
I'm hitting baby crazy,
Something like daily, and lately I've been feenin'
For her love so I spend dubs and fill my lungs
Inhale and exhale, indo flows when we
Blow hydroponics, havin' none smokers astonished
Gone off 50 sacs get polished, I'm hella sauced
Tossed off that greenery, with dank clouds in my
scenery
They seem to be completin' me,
And I got these bomb sacs,
Givin' in some dental contact, to all them
Smokers that don't smoke and don't know how to react,
But don't be afraid, when MJ got your thoughts delayed
It's just that triple a grade, that steady f*ckin' with your
brain,
I got my flame to my savior, wrapped up in a vega
Cuz I love how she tell this to my kickback behavior,
And I can't stop, won't stop, I smoke pot til my casket
drops,
I love the steady callin'
So I gotta drop a 10 spot yea
Woodies caught off that oe those who know me
Know I don't smoke weed but them greenbud smokin'
homies
Keep on forcin the dank up on me,
What's a soldier to do?
The pressure has got me in a predicament
They're tellin' me to hit that sh*t

Tellin' me that it's the sticky sh*t
I'm thinkin' dam, it's only herb I'm already perked
I'll take one hit, that's it then quit,
But that's bullsh*t, they get me smokin' the whole spliff
So low d, who I be W-double O-die, off that old e.
That I be barely hittin' on that tall-e, so if you happen
To find me high endin' up wit my homeboys,
Better shake that spot and get off that block
That got me paranoid, grippin' a pistol under my jersey
Trigger finger ready to yank
Got me talkin' twice to a mobile
Like my homeboy lil' Nate Bates
And now I feel like mobbin'
55 degrees out with that top down
In a lark parking thru the Yoc town
With the heater on, who's a hog now?
That indo got me hella high
Smobbin gazin' at the sky
Thinkin' back on junior high
Me and blackbird side by side
Wishin' he was in the ride
That bomb that got me teary eyed
That bomb that makin' me snap sometimes
When I grab my strap prepare to die
Whenever I smoke up off this kill?
Most of all who wants to chill
So when you take a hit of this kill
Don't be afraid of the way you feel!

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