

## Woodie "Whatever Tho'"

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Chorus: [Woodie]

I might of shot your homies  
Once or twice you never know  
But I still walk the streets  
So I assumed they let it go  
But just in case they didn't  
I pack metal for clever folks  
So all that talk in breakin' Woodie off  
Whatever tho'

[Woodie]

I'm still puttin' it down  
Sidin' through the town Yoc bound  
Suckas wanna talk down  
But ain't prepared to cock down  
They wanna bang like killas  
But don't bang with no killas  
They wanna claim they killas  
But don't hang with no killas  
This is Antioch, the A-N-T-I-O-C-H  
And I'm the one who brought the Yoc  
Up out the Golden State  
You wanna hate this  
Hate yourself  
Think your from the Yoc  
Talkin' down on my name  
Cuz I ain't askin' you to jock  
Just recognize  
From two professional years of rappin'  
East Co. Co. Records puttin' this crap  
Back in time on the map  
And then some  
We takin' nationwide infected  
Each and every nook and cranny  
Were that Yoc life bakins'  
And I reckon  
We'll be collectin' dividends along the way  
And that's exactly were this haterism comes into play  
What's there to say  
Nothin' but hot ones  
I got for those talkin' down on me

[Chorus] X2

[Woodie]

Come on haters try to stop this  
Dig deep into your pockets  
Cuz that'll give me a legit reason  
To make yo knot twist, not this  
Northern fella Antioch dwella  
Won't fall hostage  
To the thoughts and plots of the jealous  
Your gonna watch this  
Independent label succeed  
Were re-precautions 10-4 for  
Every homey that bleeds  
We'll plant our seeds in some mattress  
And watch our killas grow  
Teach ?em everything we know  
So that they gonna run the show

I'm talkin' fathers and sons  
Uncles and nephews packin' guns  
Holdin' down the fort  
Prepared for war  
Protectin' loved one  
No more snatchin' up our dreams  
Through the dope on triple beams  
Or an enemy shot  
Cuz that's the power money brings  
We're the kings of our own plot  
We found a spot  
Don't make room  
If you think we're bluffin'  
I assume you have a skank too  
So if you wanna get me  
Come and get me  
Quit talkin'  
And send the messages through bitches  
Cuz that shit'll leave you chopped up

[Chorus] X2

[Woodie]

You wanna talk behind my back  
And jar jack amongst female company  
And every word up out your mouth  
Eventually gon' come to me  
How dumb could you be  
Maybe you really wanna see me  
But most likely you a sucka  
And you hatin' you can't be me  
Probably got that A-D-D

Attention Deficit Disorder  
And you've notice when you say my name  
That people won't ignore ya  
That's pathetic  
Just another sorry chump in the game  
Go ahead keep bumpin' my name  
Cuz your just pumpin' my fame  
But when we cross paths  
Haul that  
So people prepare to ache  
Cuz I'm a draw fast  
Cock blast  
With heat to tear your brain  
Cuz I've HAD IT UP TO HERE [echoes]  
Through your history  
I got my stripes  
Sucka you ain't pumpin' fears  
So come here and get a dose of  
This Antioch West Twompsta  
The demon in me wants to  
Go back to a mobsta  
And put this music shit on stand by  
To make a man die  
How do I cope with this  
I focus on the grand prize

[Chorus] X2

Nothin' but hot ones I got for those talkin' down on me

[Chorus]

Shit! [echoes out]

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