

Woodie "Yoc Influenced"

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[Woodie]

I sling my nuts over my shoulder [shoulder]
Discharge like a soldier
Enemies fall to the back from the impact
Of a treck 5 [?] revolver
W double O-D-I-E it's me
I be that one and only
Soldier from the Yoc producer
To breakin' off freebies to the homies
But still hated
In many different ways
I've seen shady days
Homies switchin' up
Who I never thought were bitch enough
Got me amazed
I blame it on the crack bag
The gobble go the town snap
The so called homies backstabbin' each other
Damn what happened
It got me laughin'
I ain't trippin' Norte sidin'
Sky Lark dippin'
High performance line
Dormanson's
I tap that gas from dippin'
'69 if you find
That white Lark with cherry wine tide
Sidin' through the Yoc
It's a norte±o type of the line style

Chorus: x2 [Woodie]

I'm riskin' 25 to life with the ride
You ask me why I do this
And I respond with a mind half gone
For the fact I'm Yoc influenced
I'm riskin' 25 to life with the ride
You ask why I pursue this
And I respond with a mind half gone
For the fact I'm Yoc influenced

[Woodie]

My homies still gotta be deceased

And come back 5 times before he's released
At age 18
So I thought the streets done said
About these punk police
Convicted of 5 counts of murder
All premeditated
Wasn't gang enhancers
Damn this shit kept me understated
And unlike you phony homies
Status Snoop I never [?]
Steady he stay ya'll like a soldier
Pushin' steel ain't gettin' tallied
Addin' stripes for my homie
May the Lord see his loyalty
And [?] look his sister
When he dies
And let him live in royalty
That wild C, L-I-F-E

Got my gang livin' violently
For homies stabbin' the [?] with me
Got me amongst the dying breed
If it was up to the Yoc, beats me
All said locked up in a prison cage
And tear drops from my eye
Every time my homie's on the front page
The media's bringin' plenty of feedback
Makin' us look like mobsters
Label it S. West 20th street
Fuck it
Yeah we West Twompsters
We the ones that skip the talk
Gotta get the cock and hammers
If they mess with the clip of hollow tips
Cuz you punks don't have no manners
Watch your standards
Think of the rankings earned
By how much more you've lost
Better count that as a loss
When I creep in
Dirty cactus split yo knot

[Chorus] x2.5

[Lil' Los]

Yoc influenced
I'd never know I'd grow up to do this
Pursue this life of struggle and strife
And hunt when I sooth this pain in my brain
When I sprinkle hot grain
Remain, tame my pistol smoke

Toke yo folks in vain insane, no
It's killa Cali mentality
East Co. Co. 5-1-0
The place ya never heard of
Yes suburbia with murderers go
Where the be servin' the most of
Methamphetamines
On triple beams
So feeling they'll be dreams
And this Antioch scene gots me trippin'
They got me slappin' clips in
I'm plottin' out some victims
And wishin' and hopin'
While I'm scuffling with my semi-auto
Hollow tips rip shit
With visions of some sick shit
But in meanwhile no smiles
Cuz these hater's shady styles
Got me loadin' magazines
For apposing tears I got for miles
And these rat infested trials
Set it up to leave Snoop, fuck
But it ain't over
Smokin' dosia
Plottin' on his come up [echoes out]

[Chorus] x3

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