

Talez of a Killa

Woodie

[WOODIE]

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 fuck 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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Why 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 fuck 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 motherfucker 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

Lyrics submitted by angel.

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