

Blackbird

Woodie

[Introduction]

Yeah, this one's for my boy Blackbird.
It's your boy Wood homie.
Still down here struggling Bro.
Be there in a minute.
It's me, Lil Los, Shadow. Lou E Lou, Lil Bird in this mother fucker too.
This is dedicated to you homie,
Blackbird!

(Woodie)Verse 1

Do you remember when I bought the "75 Capryse" glass house?
We came back to the Yoc after pulling in 800 cash out.
We took it to my pop's shop.
And sanded it down, got it sprayed apple green, we 16 threw the town.
That was when they clicked down and dirty album just dropped.
And the Mr.Flamboyant made it by non stop.
We were dipping so hard, we had the wheel coming off the ground.
Trying to peel every notch in town.
While attempting to keep the Yoc locked down.
Any Scraps who ran across, we hopped down and got down.
Drinking 40's, smoking bammer.
Earning stripes was our life, buying any strap we could, what good was a knife?
We were trying to take em all out the game.
And at the same time had the hoe's calling our name.
We were naive and young, maybe even dumb.
But there's nothing like the feeling when the respect comes.
Cause many recognized we got down to business.
And very capable of leaving enemy's wig split, we was kids.
Showing up to school the next day, like nothing happened.
It's all part of life in the bay, hey!
I guess our fathers breed some killers, but I'm still here.
And you're gone, and I don't feel a mother fucking thing of that.
I wanna bring you back, Blackbird! I wish I could bring you back.

[Chorus x2 - Woodie]

Blackbird! Dedicated, his life to the game.
So, if you're a Norteno, remember his name.
Carlos Joseph, Ramirez. A soldier, much love.

Amongst any homeboys who now rest above.

Lyrics submitted by SavLifee.

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