

Woodie, Journey

(A-Wax)

Yo feel my flury
Feel my fury
Middle finger to the world
Till I'm burried
Heaven or hell
Choose one or be a treat
By seven I'm in a spell, bumpin' a beat
Somethin' comes from deep within me
Talkin' sickly, stictly, talkin' to me
So possibly I could be goin' insane
Snortin' this cane
Stressed out like a muthafucka flowin' his pain
Misunderstood by most
Few people considered close
It's a very thin line between foes and folks
Slide up (?) and spokes, bangin' the curb
Stumblin' out the driver side tamin' the Burg
Mumblin' words, ready to reach
Dawg I'm deadly wit heat
Hold it steady I'll be
A fuckin' nut, patna what
Run up and get touched
Sent him on a journey stretched out on a gurney
I'm turnin' more savage as the days go by
Think I'm headed for the flames
Dawg, I ain't gon' lie
It's a cold world full a sin
What the fuck, what the fuck
What the fuck are you supposed to do
They after you and they want yo soul
But it ain't nothin' you can do
Wit that chrome 44
All the love in the world couldn't kill this rage
And I simply love nothin' but this kill I blaze

(Chorus: Woodie (A-Wax))

Let me take you on a journey (journey)
Heaven to the depths of hell burning (heaven to the depths of hell)
Westcoast to eastcoast where we makin' earnings (westcoast, eastcoast)
America, we ain't scared of ya we darin' ya (America) (darin' ya)

Better be prepared when you hit the Bay Area (better be prepared) (Bay Area)
Journey, heaven to the depths of hell burning (heaven to the depths of hell)
Westcoast to eastcoast where we makin' earnings (westcoast, eastcoast)
America, we ain't scared of ya we darin' ya (America) (we darin' ya)
Better be prepared when you hit the Bay Area (better be prepared) (Bay Area)

(Woodie)

That's the point ya existance
I could feel these haters in a distance
Plottin', schemin', dreamin' that they can get wit this
Witness through the eyes of a survivor
From these battlefields in the streets
I was born a fighter
And unlike many others
I've been through this shit
I've held a homie's hand
Till he died and lost grip
Homie rip, rest in peace
Things we used to say but fuck that!
That ain't enough I'm gonna ride to my grave
Think I'm gonna pay for the actions that you make
I'm way beyond the point of wonder why I'm (?) trait

This goes to all my enemies
Big or small, your up in the fault
I got nothin' to loose
I die or win it all
Look my mind is like a brick wall
Hard to penetrate
This stubborn muthafucka that I am is ready to demonstrate
You tend to fake
Sucka you'll be the first to go
Cuz I'm a lay it down, right now
Woodie let ya know

(Chorus) x 2
(pause between each chorus)