

Woodie, The Clock Is Tickin'

Bullets fly, quicker than the eye you wuz hittin' maryjane and easy pain
your homie died, muthafucka' amma ride to the rallies on steel, I'm in
the bushes camaflashed and think about no claim deal, If I fail I rot in jail
and if I succeed, I'm burnin' hills so eighther way I'm fucked in these streets,
the bower says I'll live my life most statistics say I'll die young, I can
disagree cuz imma fuckin' walkin' time-bomb, the clock is tickin' fingaz itchin'
2 unleash the grease and 32 empty homies at a time of three, the flesh is
fresh you wanna kill me sucka' really, your the kind to pull your strap and
and bounce up to the ceiling, and how could you ever kill it, sucka' give it up
pull your strap aside ride to the club and live it up I do the cutz.

(Chorus X1)

The clock is tickin' fingaz itchin' in the bushes camaflashed waiting for my
victim I do the cutz

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victim I do the cutz The clock is tickin' fingaz itchin' in the bushes camaflashed
waitin' for my victim, I do the cutz.

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I never tought that I would live to see the age of 21,
I grew up paranoide when I'm oversleepin' with my gun,
50\$ bought my first strap I sawed off points off gage,
since the day I layed off blaze I was stuck in evil wayz,
and amazed at the power that it could debour,
strip that O'G from his reputation in the late night hour,
Shekl shower let the situation sour for,
But ain't no stoppin' the poppin' that gets u droppin' these
punks, I found my call and then I hooked up with some
natural born killaz' but first in 45 calibores over nine millaz'
the 5 wuz out the pillaz' so I could precausion steppin' out
the scaller cuz them red chugz flausin' huggin' I be that
muthafucka' that u hate, Cuz u know I'll take that clip and
slide it in the tensial fate and devistate the yoc influence
state of mind that im stuck, I've been comittin' seal with a
dealt of string I gives a fuck I do the cutz.

(Chorus X2)

Creepin' crawlin' strap not fallin' but got a box of emmo
for the weapon that i'm hallin' the streets are callin'
so i'm comin' with archellery and chugz and kakis as
I move up off my enemies, a pedegry soldier yes with
a proud norternCal' profile nothin' less I confess,
I'm a sinner but I cannot show remorse cuz I cant aford
to let the bower throw me off course Im gonna ride with
what I got and make these suckaz skulls crack,
The kill all 'em in bed and have my chips I gotta' have
the whole stack, do or die make these muthafuckaz understand
That their tryig to touch a banicle that they could
comprihend and pretend to be a soldier when your a punk, cuz
it'll hold ya' hugged tight in the trunk, and made one jump,
ran yo' mouth and now your bent up like a slut,
should of kept ur pystol cocked fuckin' with this yoc nut,
I do the cutz

(CHORUS X3)