

# 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)