

Woodie, No Suckaz

feat. The Jacka, Courtney Triggas, X.O.
(Courtney Triggs)

You wanna play wit the dopest
And I'm a put up the bounty
From Play To Win Records
All the way to Co. Co. County
I'm a let these niggas know
They ain't never been a factor
Called up X.O. and he hit that nigga Jacka
These niggas understand
I don't like the goodie goodies
On the highway, top drop,
Headed to see Woodie
Northerners and pit bulls and everything they like
These niggas came together
Made for give me the mic

(The Jacka)

It's the Jack, it's the Jack
Nigga it's The Jacka
One love to K-I-N-G
Don't let 'em catch ya
It's the bitch ass detective that's
Really tryin' to stretch it
Got my nigga Bo locked
The whole Mob scattered out
Catchin' cases,
Change of faces, gettin' plotted out
So many nations
I guess a nigga gotta sav it out
On the run, hittin' banks
Still givin' thanks to the Mo Side
Survivin' in a place where most die
I'm suspended from space and time
Suspended form school so I just quit tryin'
Addicted to drugs, and the life of crime
Blastin' slugs at the police
And slugs at the other side
Slugs wit the big lead
20 G's will make your kin bleed
Keep sellin' crack, keep smokin' weed
F**k the world
Life ain't all what it seems
I could have been a king
But I'd rather push cream, muthaf**ka

Chorus: (Courtney Triggs)

Who would of thought
We'd get together causin' all this ruckus
From the streets to the pen
We ain't f**kin' wit no suckaz
Who would of thought
We'd get together causin' all this ruckus
From Play To Win Records
We ain't f**kin' wit no suckaz
Who would of thought
We'd get together causin' all this ruckus
From the streets to the pen
We ain't f**kin' wit no suckaz
Who would of thought
We'd get together causin' all this ruckus
From East Co. Co. Records
We ain't f**kin' wit no suckaz

(X.O)

You must have me twisted

I only f**k wit the real twisted cap
Bottoms up, until I hurl on the flask
In a instance, niggas get lifted
And they start on my experience
Niggas die if I wish it
Run the streets off instinct
We ain't niggas who wishin'
My heart weighs a ton
These niggas scared to bust the gizzun
I play for keeps, I play for G,
I play to win nigga
I swear I'm like the wizzun
I'm always f**ked up
Cuz I lost when that shit gets dizzun
So muthaf**k that bass
And muthaf**k prison
I smash for the cash
Stay instructed wit all the casings
I'm always basin'
This shit is crazy
Why niggas hate me I just don't know
Maybe it's my flow
Maybe cuz I got that bitch on blow
Gang recognize game, bangin' X to the O
Unload and reload
I'm way worse than before
Don't f**k wit hoes still ill
All about my doe
X.O.

(Chorus)

(Woodie)

You can catch me in some dirty khakis
Wife beater wit a red belt swingin'
Bruce Lee say some cheese
But still drinkin' Old English
I'll bark ya like some rotts
I'm lockin' like a pit
So think again before you get to
Knockin' my shit bitch
I'm quick to leave you leakin'
Incapable of speakin'
While your bleedin'
Your homie's speedin'
Seekin' hospital treatment
Should have kept they mouth shut
Some just don't know when to quit
Usually I'm out the gate
Maybe one pass but that's it
I'm a hit
Ya'll gon' feel the wrath of fury
Of this crazy ass pale skinned Norte'o
What the f**k you got to say 'bout that
Shut your trap, save your breath
I would love to make your death excruciating
Bones protruding, shakin' nerves
A day no less
I fiend to make a mess again
I guess I lost my love within
Survivin' in the depths of these streets
It's a must to sin

I'm punchin' in and I ain't clockin' out until I'm finished
Pursin' danger slowly crossing names out my hit list

(Chorus)