

Woodie, These Streets Are Callin' Me

My momma always told me it was gonna be days like this (like this)

(Woodie)

I live a lifestyle, covered up by dark clouds
Dealin' with these suckas, but they only see the bar clouds
Still I keep a strap for when I come across a killa
I dreamt the day I'll have to fight that killa in the mirror
I wake up every mornin', hit my fifth and hope I live
Just another day to see what tomorrow's got to give
I'm addicted to the liquor
And at days I peel the sticker off another 40 ounce
And wonder, 'How did my life get here?'
My ole goes in stayin' drunk and eliminatin' funk
F**kin' hoes or rollin' triple golds always up in the trunk
My mother asks me everyday, 'Are you still bangin?'
I lie and tell her, 'No', but her heart knows I ain't changed none

I hate to see her cry, wipe the tears from her eyes
And try to tell her everything is gonna be alright
I hug her tightly, as I leave it bothers me
But for now I gotta go, cuz these streets are callin' me

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

My mother prays that I quit the life I lead
Damn I try to change my ways, but these streets are callin' me
And I love her to death, but at the same time I'm a souljah
I gotta put in work, let rivals know they can't get over

(Woodie)

I'm a yoc influenced souljah taking chances
I'm levelin' with all my homeboys up in drug induced trances
Evil dances through our thoughts as we plot different strategies

To kill our enemies and not get concepts
My homie got shot in the spine, he's been paralyzed
I see nothin' but deep despair when I stare into his eyes
I feel my anger rise as I think about his character
He never hurt nobody, just a homeboy that was there for ya

These streets are really fair, and that's a hard lesson learned

But you realize quick enough after up three time getting burned

The streets are cold, bits of love but mostly greed is all they
hold
You in my way, I'll burn a load and make yo head explode, (Now what)

That's my moto
Livin' in the bottle, hit the throttle
Let this shit start to get you thick, break out the fully-auto
(scrap killa)

(Chorus) - 2X

(Woodie)

Just got done
Creasin' up my khakis, put my nights on
I hear my homeboys outside honkin' the horn
I guess tonight's on
Grabbed the tray snubby
Give my moms a kiss goodbye
As I hop into the ride
She prays that I come home alive

I can't justify my life because I know I'm livin' raw
What the f**k do you expect me to do when the funk is on
Tryin' to get along, with my rivals
Foo, you must be jokin'
What you smokin?
Hollow tips and pistols clips is what I got for fools approachin'

I'm tryin' to get ahead
Spitin' high-lead at these rivals ramped up
In this life of vega got me homicidal
Better check my vital signs
Since I'm livin half dead by the thoughts
Got my brain washed, f**kin' with my head
Break a sweat up in my bed
Dude, the nightmares got my body tense
But still I'm prepared to die for this so called nonsense
Cuz everything is f**ked up
The whole world is corrupt
I'll never switch up on my homies
So consider me stuck, f**ked
I ain't trippin' though
Yeah my money's sittin' low
But still I got enough to get a four-0 at the liquor store
And clothes on my back, plus a gat for these rivals
All my only necessities for survival

(Chorus) - 3X