

# 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 yo 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