

Woodie, Norte Sidin

Much pride north side of the golden state
It's woodie wood from the a-n-t-i-o-c-h
Where the crack bags potent
And the pigs are deep
For every new batch could happen to go sleep
And I creep in a 69 lark for dark
Parking up the block on rallies
Chrome shining like jark
Swinging sideways the highways up there aiming for brains
With my eyes all dilated swerving through lanes
Shits gone strange but i was up in funk before that
So nothings really changed in this yoc life format
Homies gone or doing time so they putting it deep
But we some norte sidin ridin 90 bumping with heat (with beat)
Waking out the windows spitting yoc life lingo
(that shits so tight it makes my ears tingle)
I seen gold shot duce duces all it takes
Still rattled up these crazy killas bearing for state
But I prefer to talk a tray five save on my nuts
So I can hit them with a gunshot fuckin them up

(Chorus X2)

Living in the skirts of the eastbay co co county
Cranking buns to keep the ballers paid
But you cant fade when the soldiers get to riding
Fire it up fire it up
Norte Sidin

Yoc Influenced what the fuck does it mean
It's the reason why I'M cocking back and blowing out your spleen
It could mean that your all about your green and copping c notes
Or rolling on the triple gold's where and folks are serving bedos
Might have you flossing with your town soiled up
Or hit the county you a bitch or a snitch your getting rolled up
So I'M a solidified yoc swinga a malt liqueur drinker a fuckin deep thinker
Until I hit the grave better count me as a factor
Cause I aint ever been out shooting blanks hauling with actor
Prepare to scrap down as I pound through this town
Of a hundred thousand people fifty thousand living bound
Back in 92 only a few busters ridin
93 grew out these fools south siding
94 we kept the pistol chamber smoking
95 realized the yoc aint joking
96 had the homies prove they swanging
Thats all good but why'd you fools quit banging
97 fuck it i aint even trippin load the homies that I got even more
And keep dipping let the record state
In 98 shall I die write the words in my obituary for the north side I serve

(Chorus X2)

Living life strapped put a target on a scrap
And imma hit a bullseye cause its like that
Woodies only hated for the fact im gang related
Fuck rapping about that bullshit been through too much to fake it
Living life strapped put a target on a scrap
And imma hit a bulls eye cause its like that
Woodies only hated for the fact I'M gang related
Fuck rapping about that bullshit been through too much to fake it

(Chorus till end)