

The Clock Is Tickin'

Woodie

Bullets fly
Quicker than the eyes
You was hittin' Mary-Jane
To ease the pain
Your homie died
Muthafucka I'm a ride
To the rallies on steel
I'm in the bushes camouflage
Ain't thinkin' 'bout no clientele
If I fail I'll rot in jail
And if I succeed
I'll burn in hell
So either way I'm fucked in these streets
The Bible says I live my life rough
Statistics say I'll die young
I can't disagree cuz I'm a
Fuckin' walkin' time bomb
The clock is tickin'
Finger's itchin'
To unleash a piece
Some 32 empty homies
That are dyin' to beat
The flesh you wanna kill me
Sucka really
Ya'll the type that pull your strap
And shoot holes in the ceiling
And I get out for killin'
Sucka give it up
With your strap beside and ride
To the club and live it up

Out to the cuts
The clock is tickin'
Finger's itchin'
In the bushes camouflaged
Waiting for my victim
(3x)

I never thought that I would live
To see the age of 21
I grew up paranoid
When I often sleepin' with my gun
50 dollars by my purse
Strap a sawed off one shot gauge
Since the a day I lay the blaze
I was stuck in evil ways
In amaze
At the power that it could devour
Strip that O.G. from his reputation
In the late night hour
Show shower let the situation sour funk
But ain't no stoppin' the poppin'
That gets the droppin' these pumps
I found my callin' and I
Hooked up with some natural born killas
Preferrin' 45 calibur's over 9 miler's
Survivals of the peelas

So I creep precaution
Steppin' out his skeleton
An I'm red chucks flossin', hoggin'
I'll be that muthafucka that you hate
Cuz you know I'll take that clip and
Slap it in and test your fate
And demonstrate the Yoc influenced
State of mind that I'm stuck
I'll be committin' sins wit a devilish grin
I gives a f**k

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Waiting for my victim
(4x)

Creepin', crawlin'
Strap not fallin'
But got a box of ammo
For the weapon that I'm haulin'
The streets are callin'
So I'm comin' with artillery
And chucks and khakis
As I move up on my enemies
A pedigree soldier
Yeah that's were the foul
Northern Cal profile
Nothin' less I confess
I'm a sinner
But how can I show remorse
Cuz I can't afford to let the Bible
Throw me off course
I'm known to rivals
When I gotta make these
Sucka's skull crack
It could be better than
Havin' my chips and a yacht
And bet the whole stack
Do or die
Make these muthafuckas understand
That they're tryin' to touch
A particle that they can't comprehend
Can't pretend to be a soldier
When your a punk
Cuz it'll hold ya
Hog tied in the trunk
And name one chump
Run your mouth
And now your bent up like a slut
Should have kept your pistol cocked
Fuckin' with this Yoc murderer

Out to the cuts
The clock is tickin'
Finger's itchin'
In the bushes camouflaged
Waiting for my victim
(4x)