

Wodie

Turk

Thuggy Thuggy Records taking over from 1999 bitch
What's up DJ Hector, DJ Hector
We gon' take this shit blood, wodie
We gon' take this shit back
Wodie, yeah
We gon' take this shit back
Why, why
We gon' take this shit back (Hmm)
We gon' take this shit back (Hmm)
Nigga, what's up? (Hmm)
What the - nigga, nigga, what's up? (Hmm)
Aaaah, nigga, check me out
Ain't No Limit to this shit
Nigga, nigga (aaah)

I'm about to take you niggas to the hood
Deep in the woods
Where them niggas be hustling
Thuggin and smokin that good
Talking to gangs, dressing in black
Where them hoes be on the porch
Talking and being bad ass
In the projects, the ghetto, the gutter [?]
Where niggas be bout the murder
We're down in the dirty, dirty
When niggas got 30, 30
And like Tiger Woods, niggas push the birdie, birdie
We on the chain early
Hood niggas and hood chicks
Hood rich, still living in the bricks
Hood shit, that's all they about, that is how they live
Running all em bout mudda get yo dog ass killed
Caps to pill
Homie gets real in the field
Young nigga pack steel
Fuck it that's how I feel

Wodie, wodie yes yes
They be hiding in them damn projects yes
Wodie, wodie yes yes
Wodie, wodie yes yes
Wodie, wodie yes yes
Wodie, wodie yes yes
Wodie, what's up
Wodie yes, what's up
Wodie, what's up
Wodie yes, what's up
Wodie, what's up
Wodie yes, what's up
Wodie, what's up
Wodie yes, what's up

R.I.P. Hot Boy
Yeah, I'm fucking with the Hot Boys
Hot Boy Turk and me we back up on the block boy
Free C-Murder, R.I.P. Slim
We back up on the block

I mean we back up in the gym
Nigga get this weight up
Getting weighs 34 kilos
5 and 4 ounce that's a motherfucking free thrown
The way we shot this [?]
We call this evil
I'm from the Calio projects
I do this for my people
Yeah I'm a killer
Nigga call me meatball
I'm a drug lord like Clements
I put it in a hole
Free the boy lil Drizzle
He'll be home in a minute
Nigga I'm the man
I got the keys to the city
Nigga wodie on your bitch
If your bitch looking pretty
Wodie playing games yeah
Wodie, he can get it
Wodie big cars fucking with the big dogs
Riding with the top off
Choppers on the front yard
Mob shit

Wodie, wodie yes yes (what's up)
Wodie, what's up
Wodie yes, what's up
Wodie, what's up
Wodie yes, what's up
Wodie, what's up
Wodie yes, what's up
Wodie, what's up
Wodie yes, what's up

I'm from the part of California that ain't made it rapping
Come around here and a nigga gon' ask you what's racking
Everybody territorial inhospitable
You can try to creep but you end up in the hospital though
Chopper city here to everybody who bout wearing blue
Hard to get a dollar when the enemies want you
San Diego pack up for you, south east, Logan Avenue
Republican them a muhfucka, they'll do away with you
So here I am Mr. Hot Boy riding round in some new
Quarter mill of em G's won't help when they watching you
Mostly these niggas pimpin out these, most city bitches hoeing
These niggas here they ain't doing that, just D bone and keep going
My nigga Turk call 'em wodie, I call 'em homie
He earned that the night he clocked on, them niggas for me
So confrontational to life, look in my section
Just know when you see Mitchy he riding with protection

Wodie, wodie yes yes
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Wodie, wodie yes yes
Wodie, what's up
Wodie yes, what's up
Wodie, what's up
Wodie yes, what's up

Wodie, what's up
Wodie yes, what's up
Wodie, what's up
Wodie yes, what's up

Follow me now cause I'm a hot boy
Run up and run to you
Don't get chopped boy
Follow me now cause I'm a hot boy
Run up and run to you
Don't get chopped boy
They see me, they wodie, they be the thug that I be
They see me, they wodie, they be the thug that I be
They see me, they wodie, they be the thug that I be
Mister YMT