

## Life Of Sin

Woodie

Life's full of ups an' downs homie,  
Gotta take the good with the bad,  
Sometimes you wanna take that easy way out,  
But nah... Can't do that,  
It might be worse on the other side,  
Gotta keep strugglin', keep strivin',  
Make the best of it while you're here,  
Even if it is hell on earth...

What am I worth?  
Am I more hated or loved?  
How am I looked upon by the powers above?  
What's in store for me other than war in the streets?  
A shot in heaven's lookin' grim,  
Without remorse in me,  
No one was forcin' me to live the life I've lived,  
But the Yoc influence infected my head,  
I made my own bed, dug my own grave when I die,  
Cause I refuse to be a slave while alive,  
I never followed orders, never took commands,  
Well catch me if you can, I'll be damned if I stand still,  
Officer killed people that I might've done,  
Healed people too, but not just anyone,  
Religiously livin' under the gun,  
My soul is at the mercy of the father an' son,  
I search my conscious, for remorse till my heart doesn't sting,  
I've hurt my homies, an' my family,  
An' death I will bring,  
God I warned 'em.

Tryin to win in this life of sin,  
Sometimes I wish this life would end,  
To rid me of this pain an' agony,  
But who's to say there's brighter days?  
There's a chance I'll lay where the fires blazed,  
So I'm a keep livin' my life how it has to be,

Loyalty above all laws,  
Never turn your back,  
You chose to live this life,  
Don't get out becomin' a rat,  
You knew the consequences before you got caught,  
But you let your jaw talk when the steel door locks,  
Hopin' to walk,  
Even god looks at you ashamed,  
But He's who created you, so who can He blame?  
Where as me, I could blame your ass in a second,  
Cause you're the type to hop up in the game just to wreck it,  
So called 'homie', snitch infected,  
I feel so disrespected,  
I have no problem leavin' all his bones disconnected,  
Thoughts of Satan are reflected in my daily routine,  
So don't take it personally, if I look at you mean,  
I'm just caught up in the life that I made for myself,  
As I'm runnin' the streets,  
My mother prays for my health,  
Thank God, 80 percent of my thoughts are good intentions,

So when I shed my skin please allow me some redemption,

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(Tryna win in this life of sin)

Where does Blackbird rest?  
God does he rest in peace?  
Cause he better damn well not rest in misery,  
I know he did some things that had the police speakin',  
But if you send him to hell,  
What the f\*\*k were you thinkin'?  
Regardless when my departure is due,  
Send me on through,  
Where the hardest player flames, Blackbird I'm with you,  
I feel you all around me,  
Your spirit surrounds me,  
At times you helped me back from crossin' dangerous boundaries,  
You enter my dreams, an' let me know different things,  
Sometimes it takes awhile before I figure out what it means,  
But I get the picture,  
You're tellin' me "I'm with ya",  
An' I heard you when you whispered  
"Sorry 'bout that time I hit ya, Wood"  
It's all good, you were stressed out homie,  
An' at times, I feel you're the only one that know me,  
An' while you're on the other side, awaitin' my arrival,  
I'm out here in the jungle challengin' my survival,  
But I ain't really trippin',  
When I go I gotta go,  
Cause I know you'll be there to greet me at the front door,  
But in the mean time,  
Tell Raymond, an' the babies, Alyssa, an' my grandparents,  
I think about 'em daily, I miss y'all

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