

# 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

Out to the cuts  
The clock is tickin'  
Finger's itchin'  
In the bushes camouflaged  
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)