

Yo
Alright
It's that new Wooden Leather

[Skinny DeVille]
Yo, well it's a new day, full of them grits
You cooked the Sunday meal at 6
Lets get it while this gettin good cause Granny ain't gon' live forever
Season changin, we like these dependin on the weather
Look what we doin, summer's ruined, fall y'all pack y'all sweater
Somebody told me war was comin, y'all just stack y'all cheddar, better
Checked my mail the other day and Sam done sent a letter
I opened it and line for line it said I was a sucka
The nerve of this motherfucker, claimin he's my uncle
Good God almighty, Lord have mercy, think that we's in trouble
Please send some help like quick, fast, do it on the double (9-1-1)
The line been busy for days, hell maybe weeks
I've been tossin and turnin, back and forth, ensurin my 40 winks

[Ron Clutch]
Yeah I feel you dude
I be watchin the tube, toastin the rude
Notice the news ain't nothin but scandels and murder
War and destruction, poor keep sufferin
Lord it's troublin, the more you be hustlin the more you strugglin

[Chorus - Skinny DeVille (R. Proffit)]
Well good God almighty look at what we have here
(And it feels so good to be herrrrre)
I said good God almighty look at what we have here
(Welcome, this is Wooden Leather)
Well good God almighty look at what we have here
(And it feels so good to be herrrrre)
I said good God almighty look at what we have here
(This is now Wooden Leather)

[Big V]
Trouble in my life got me hollerin baby
We be at 'em poor so I'm goin crazy
Anthrax on letters, liittle daddy just paged me
War got me worried, I been prayin lately
How will I live? Listen here, "life is still a bitch"
Money don't change shit, stuck in the same shit
To get it all, gotta risk it all or forget it dawg
A winner ain't a quitter and a quitter ain't a winner

[R. Proffit]
I just be steppin around the block cause I was doin my thing
My crew been kickin off all them rocks, just let my cellular ring
V said he heard a couple of shots, word is that they copped them a sting
I burn shit once my lyric drop, one false move and you're stained
We're pushin 'em 10 dollars a pop and I got exact change
It's like investin in NASDAQ had me caught in the rain
I'm 'bout to pull the mask out and have 'em screamin in vain
And I be puttin them tracks out and it's all for the brain

[Chorus]

[B. Stille - singing]
Well we done seen everything under the sun
And been done what shouldn'ta been done
Y'all never heard of the blacks still young
Now that's one bad son-of-a-gun

[B. Stille - rapping]
Steppin out in the cowboy banana brim
Once you rockin camel skin like (?) Tim
DJ make this record spin, let my family in
Management go get the checks so we can begin

[Scales]
Well if it's good never turn it down
Wood still burn it down
And learn how to handle them
Plans you can cancel them (cancel them)

[R. Proffit - singing]
What you know no good
And what you know no good
What you know no good
And what you know no good

[Chorus]

