

Xzibit "Cold World"

Visit "[Cold World](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Justine, 19, just got clean
Fresh outta rehab with self-esteem
She ain't felt this good in a while
A new leash on life, a vibrant thang, a beautiful smile
Used to run with a circle of friends, who was skeleton
thin
Sniff white lines off powerful men
But see, all that's a thang of the past, she got class
And be damned if she'd let herself burn and crash

She ain't from money so she startin' from scratch
It's hard working for scraps
It take everything she got not to relapse
Locked down in 9 to 5, but at the 9 to 5
She get sexually harrassed and chastised
Boss is a married man, she won't touch him
Frustrated angry man, she won't fuck him
She's out of her job, at Basket Cakes
Least it came wit an 8, 2 lines to the face Goddamn

It's a cold, cold, world, and you know it
Niggaz will lay you down and take your bread, yeah
and you know it
Only two choices, you can give it up or you can just die
with it
Only two choices, you can give it up or you can just die
with it

He was on his own, at a very young age
When he learned from the streets, made everything
change
He came up with hustlers, lost his religion
It's funny how money can make a nigga think he livin'
I ain't talkin' paper like Jigga or Dre
It's more like 7500, 9 ounces of Ile'
That's what he say he can get for the flip, they thought
the deal was legit
But he stuck him and split, in deep shit

Now his mother work for minimum pay
Live a positive way, she the first one at church every
Sunday

Blind to the needs of her son, he's a Gatling gun
In the streets, jackin' niggaz for fun
It's a non-stop search through the hood, but can't catch
him
They found out where mom stayed and went steppin'
The evil that men do, but still we continue
With death and dishonor, for the all mighty dollar, it's
so cold

It's a cold, cold, world, and you know it
Niggaz will lay you down and take your bread, yeah
and you know it
Only two choices, you can give it up or you can just die
with it
Only two choices, you can give it up or you can just die
with it

He was 13, brought up in Baghdad
Ate with his right and made money with his left hand
Prayed to the east, 5 times daily
His mother and father just had a new born baby
Now his father was an Imam who carried the weight
And built his family on 5 pillars of faith
Never trippin' off western ways, it meant Nada
Pilgramige to Mecca to circle around Kaaba

300 miles away, British troops hit Basra
His cousin waged jihad and died with honor
He heard about the buildings on 9-11
And a man named bush on a search for weapons
Now here come the U.S., to crush Saddam
Wit 88 thousand tons of missile and bombs
But his family's too broke to move or find shelter
If they all had to die, they would die together and that's
cold damn

It's a cold, cold, world, and you know it
Niggaz will lay you down and take your bread, yeah
and you know it
Only two choices, you can give it up or you can just die
with it
Only two choices, you can give it up or you can just die
with it

Visit [Xzibit](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.