

The Longshots

"Cold World, Frozen Tears"

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Sample :

But what is there... oh for me to do?

(Hook)

[Crayon]

Born alone in this cold world

Now I'm a grown man

I could die or either try to do the best I can

To feed my family

But its testing my sanity

Can't waste my energy

Locked inside the penitentiary

Slowly I'm falling back

The streets got me trapped

Hoping the Lord got my back whenever I react

[Crayon]

Foolish decisions can land you in prison for the rest of
you life

That's why I decided to invest in a mic

The ghettos at night

Are filled with loud echos of fights

Two men tussle in a circle

Till one pulls out a knife

Niggaz is hype to see blood come up

Then they sneakers get fucked up

Thirsting for blood

Similar, to a pitbull in hunger

Winter or summer, niggaz locked up

Pop up on the block bagging up product

Becomes common knowledge to the young ryder

Vicious cycle keep turning

In this cypher they learning

The sex, money and murder

Their young eyes observing

Stomachs hurting, using plastic bags for curtains

Yo its colder than a muhfucka

I figure they don't love us

We brothers by hunger

All we got is each other (unh)

You got my back baby I got yours

A 38. and a 9
And we ready for war
And its on
Ready? (I'm ready)
1, 2, 3 GO

(Hook):
[Rock Shabazz]
Born alone in this cold world
Now I'm a grown man
I can die or either try to do the best I can
To help survive the struggle
But all I see is trouble
Tryna remain humble but even a soldier stumbles
Sometimes you find death is life and life is death
Just figure what's what before you figure out your next
step

[Rock Shabazz]
Yo!
The world's on my shoulders, my stomach and pockets
is empty
More burdens and problems and troubles the whole
world resents me
I'm torn and I'm hardened and falling in love with the
struggle
Inside my mind it's 1929
Besides, each day bleeds onto the next
Depressed and stressed, life's a mess what's left to
exercise
Sleep deprived
Up to my neck in debt I strive
My intellect'll die
Doin dumb shit to survive
Eat one meal every two, sleep once every three, days
My weary feet
Graze these crazy streets
Frustrated, irritated, feeling naked like I'm never
gonna make it
Against the world tryna take it
I'm a prodigal child, traveled thousands of miles
Eatin once in a while, never grin or a smile
I been shitted on, pissed on, ripped off, did wrong
And I never begged for a dime
Man I'm ready to grind
In these Biblical times, is you killing or dyin?

(speech)

[Rock Shabazz]
Standing by the projects

Ears and nose red, fingers stiff and socks wet
In the rain...
(Rock go home!)
Not yet. When it's on I won't condone and I won't forget
When I was born my Momma barely even broke a sweat
And now it's hard each day I barely make it through the
next
I'm far from home

[Crayon]
Far from home
All I got is footprints in the snow
Frozen tears on my face
Hands numbing from the cold
Lord knows really how I feel
Rob, steal and even kill to buy Infamil
Rather chill but my son keep crying broke
And know my patience wearing thin like a bar of soap
You know..

Speech

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