

## DMC f/ Jade, Sonny Black

### "Cold"

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[sped up vocal sample]

It's colllllllllld! Col-hoh-ollllld

Colllld cold, in this big city babe

Ahh but that don't bother - cold, in this big city babe

{\*2X\*}

Ahh but that don't bother me {\*repeat "me"\*}

[Chorus: sung]

I see the tears in your eye and your heart may cry

To my niggaz locked down it's gon' be alright

To my sisters in the hood tryin to make life better

You ain't by yourself, you're looking better

Whatever the storms that come

Life is full of them

Take a look in the mirror at yourself

Believe in yourself, yeahhhhhhhh

[Verse One: Jade]

Now I, understand that man gotta meet his quota but damn

Is it because I'm tan that you pull me over

My man, he gotta hustle cause he can't get a job

Slam the door in his face, because he caught a juvie case

It seems as if I got people tryin to pull me down

Red broads intimidatin insinuatn and hatin

I'm a young buck, keepin on a young tuck

Waitin for the next move, zippin up and lace shoes

And you niggaz tryin to get at me, uh-uh I never sweat  
B

This world is chilly but Willies could never catch me

Although you wasn't ready still ridin for you already

Make me wanna crack a vanilla dutch and smoke heavy

Oh, regardless you could come and holla at the O girl

The streets raised me so I'm ready for this cold world

You think you know but you have no idea

I'm never slippin, never runnin, here I go right here,  
c'mon

[sped up sample]

Ahh but that don't bother - cold, in this big city babe

{\*3X\*}

Ahh but that don't bother me {\*repeat "me"\*}

[Verse Two: DMC]

I be the microphone talker, the big street walker  
Known to rock a rhyme, a bonafide New Yorker  
O.G. godfather, like Afrika Bambaataa  
DMC comes harder, cause he gotta be smarter  
Growin up in the city I can't be dum diddy dumb  
I'd rather be sittin pretty than in a city like a bum  
I roll with some killers, some real bug niggaz  
And some real ill figures that ain't scared to pull the  
trigger  
My homies all dead, in jail or doin life  
While the honies give us his and we treat 'em like a  
wife  
There's a whole lot of shootin, and executin  
And the crew keeps gettin stronger cause we keep on  
recruitin  
We can never die, we just multiply  
We keep the records in the store for the streets to buy  
Peace to Eazy-E, Biggie and Tupac  
Rest in peace Keith, Cowboy and Scott LaRock

[Verse Three: Sonny Black]

Can you tell me baby why the world is so cold  
Why is Hennessy the only thing that warm my soul  
Into the belly of the beast, I watch the hood cry  
Gangsters bangin out I'm seein good niggaz die  
The world is so cold, yeah I can feel the breeze  
Hatred is sacred, life's a dying disease  
Livin to hustle, down to die for cheese  
Just hustlin with muscle slugs are flyin with ease  
Behind bars baby I seen the world is even colder  
It seems like the weight of the world is on your  
shoulder  
Life moves along like the hands of time  
Death brings life and life brings crime  
Dyin is easy, but lifes tend to stress me  
Livin through sin hopin God will bless me  
And forgive me and save my soul  
What he from heaven cause the world is so cold  
Like ("cold.. cold.. cold..")

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