

## Common "Cold Blooded"

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Cold blooded, cold blooded, hard core  
Rough and rugged, rugged and raw  
For you and your your, for you and your  
You got the C to the, huh cold blooded  
Ain't it huh, c'mon hard core  
We take it higher

Yo, yo  
My little daughter, started nursery school  
Brother Com gotta make our move to  
The stylist and violence with vibrance  
The sign of times with rhyme shit is timeless

The mind is a terrible thing to spill  
Rap life's like a dream that seems for real  
A nigga wake up, superstar with no acres after  
Travelin' the world to see paper's just paper

Streets take ya, back and forth like a shaker  
I'm a slave to the rhythm's breakin' off  
I get the job done  
But some days I wanna take off

D be like, We ain't got no time for that  
Questlove said, "We ain't got no time for that"  
My old bird like, "We ain't got no time for that"  
So I rhyme when my back hurts

Play the numbers from my grandmother like Kraftwerk  
I rock the patchwork fast I'm in to win but then begin to  
sin  
We're in to win with Hen's and Heineken's  
Beast for each and greet the meek with speech

To seek and peak 'cause Pete, shit gets deep  
I fuh fuh freak, styles that come out  
At night when most cats pull the gun out  
Go on and on and to the break off  
When the sound run out, run out, r-run out  
C uhh, yeah

Cold blooded

(C'mon)  
Cold blooded  
(Yeah)  
Hardcore  
(Hit 'em with the)

Rough and rugged  
(C'mon)  
Rugged and raw  
(Hey)  
For you and yours  
For you and yours

You got the C, uhh  
Cold blooded  
(Yeah)  
Cold blooded  
(C'mon)  
Hardcore  
(Ain't it funky)

Rough and rugged  
Rugged and raw  
For you and yours  
For you and yours

Yo yo, I I think I wanna taste these horns  
I want you to taste these horns, c'mon now  
C, the cold blooded

(Uh)  
Cold blooded  
(Yeah)  
Hardcore  
(Ain't it)

Rough and rugged  
(Uh)  
Rugged and raw

Yeah baby that's what I'm talkin' about  
C'mon, give 'em, give us a little more

For you and yours  
For you and yours

C to the, cold blooded  
(Na, na-nasty)  
Cold blooded, hardcore  
(C'mon)

Rough and rugged, rugged and raw  
(Yo, aight let me get a little taste of this here)  
For you and yours  
For you and yours

The simps, please uhh uhh uhh uhh  
These studs mention me, uhh uhh uhh uhh  
As a, intense MC, sent to be the reign  
On the industry I came

With penitentiary talk, Coke and a Hennesey walk  
My imagery talks, metaphors and similes stalk  
Time for war, my artillery caulks the hardest nigga  
I'm killin 'em soft

Dealin' with golf, gettin' blowed on the course  
I be dissin' magazines, but then buy The Source  
Can't explain why the force, is with me  
Known to bring a rapper down like Bobby did Whitney

Sophisticated sissies strut like this is Beat Street in  
backpacks  
Braggin' how they don't eat meat and abstract  
I backsmack 'em with they skateboard, flee the crime  
scene  
With a rhyme scheme to escape frauds

Make broads become Queens  
Run things like a rasta sprinter  
The way you want the game I rub off like Henner  
I remain like a tattoo with natural raps

Copy like a fax that's y'all actual facts  
Battle raps is where it began  
I'ma end it wherever I land  
I done thought of, a master plan, it goes

C to the, cold blooded  
(Yeah, c'mon)  
Cold blooded  
(Ya know)

Hardcore  
(Ain't it)  
Rough and rugged  
(C'mon)  
Rugged and raw

For you and yours  
For you and yours

You got the C to the cold blooded  
(C'mon)  
Cold blooded hardcore

Rough and rugged  
Rugged and raw  
For you and yours  
For you and yours

You got the C to the  
Cold blooded  
(Yeah, hey)  
Cold blooded  
(Na-nasty, yo yo)  
Hardcore

Rough and rugged  
Rugged and raw  
(Ain't it, ain't it)  
For you and yours  
For you and yours

You got the C to the cold blooded  
Cold blooded  
(C'mon)  
Hardcore

Rough and rugged  
Rugged and raw  
For you and yours  
For you and yours

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