

Dlg "Cold"

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(feat. Jade, Sonny Black)

[sped up vocal sample]

It's colllllllllld! Col-hoh-ollllld

Collld 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

[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 I'll 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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