

Extreme

"Cold Blooded"

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[First Verse]

Nobody wanna fuck with a ghetto bastard
Except for the pastor
With a long criminal record of harassment on lil' girls
In the real World is where he takes 'em
And in the name of God, rapes 'em
And lies to 'em sayin' that if they tell somebody God'll
hate 'em
Take 'em to the basement placin' scars on these kids
for life
Droppin' 'em off and off to his house on to his kids and
wife
In the middle of the night somethin' just ain't feelin'
right, so he go to the church
In front the church you see with a pen and pictures just
a hoe and a purse
He spoke first, she opened up her purse and bucked
him in his chest
Put him to rest for puttin' his hands up under her
daughter's dress
A quarter best, she goin' to jail for first degree, murder
He goin' to Hell that's on the real cuz he deserves to
Look, that's word to the man he has to answer to for the
shit he did
In three years, he done molested over sixteen kids
Now she did what she was supposed to do, black
woman
Doin' time for the crime of mindin' our young ones
Now ain't that cold?

Chorus (uncredited singer):

It's so cold, cold blooded
It's so cold, coooooold
Cold blooded
Cold blooded
Cold blooded

(2x)

[Second Verse]

Belinda seventeen, fuckin' with this nigga say he love
her
Kinda lame to the game, now they up under the cover
Did his thing and then jettied, promised to call when he
got home
(What time?) Must have never made it cuz he never
rang the phone
Another case of niggas fuckin' over young girls, but
wait
Belinda feelin' funny plus his period was late
Her breasts gettin' bigger, nigga claimin' he ain't the
father
It's hard head and tellin' Moms is even harder
Her juvenile daughter was now becomin' a woman
Hard times comin' so away Belinda was runnin'
With no destination she got a bus and headed North
With an unborn father and his child payin' the cost
Say boss? Now ain't that cold?

Chorus

[Third Verse]

He in the pen doin' time while his girlfriend was havin'
his kid
A spittin' image, so he couldn't deny the kid was his
He did five, for two-eleven, now he back on the streets
Need money? Got a job so his family could eat
No application needed, he was recommended by
friends
Let him go soon as they found he did some time in the
pen
Now time and again, payin' for what he did in the past
On the streets, breathin' his lucky charm, fiendin' for
cash
Took his last check, bought his family food and then
scored
A quarter ounce, but look, that's all the fuck the man
could afford
Got the right mentality tryin' to provide for his kid
Tryin' to make up for bein' absent for the first five
years
Idea for makin' money wasn't sellin' no crack
The street life, steady callin' now he can't hold back
He wide open, others see him so they plottin' a jack
Watch him sell crack, then they watch him pocket his
snaps
Not even knowin' that this nigga got a family at home
Them boys caught him, checked his pockets, then put
one in his dome
Now he gone, daughter cryin' cuz her Daddy was stole
Bless his soul, cuz now the back of his head got a hole

Now ain't that cold?

Chorus

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