

Gza**"Cold world"**Visit "[Cold world](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro: D'Angelo

Babies dyin, moms cryin, and punks gettin off
Shit is deep on the block and you got me locked down
In this cold, cold world...

[Genius/GZA]

It was the night before New Year's, and all through the
fuckin projects
Not a handgun was silent, not even a tec
Outsiders is stuck, by enemies who put fear
And blasted on the spot before the pigs were dere
You know hoods robbers snipers new in sight fuck blue
and white
They escape before them flash the fuckin lights
Gunshots, shatter first floor window panes
Shells hit the ground and blood stained the dice game
Whether broke callisthetic, any style you set it
Beat niggas toothless, physically cut up like geoses
But with iron on the side thugs took no excuses
Therefore, your fifty-two handblocks was useless
Links was snatched off necks, scars on throats
Jackets took, after bullet rips through coats
Against those who felt the cold from the steel made em
fold
And squeal, once the metal hit the temple of his grill
Construction worker, who was caught for his bomber
No time to swing the hammer that was hangin from his
Farmer's
And it's bugged how some niggas catch slugs
And pockets dug from everything except check stubs
And it does, sound ill like wars in Brownsville
Or fatal robberies in Red Hook where feds look
For fugitives to shoot cops, niggas layin on roof tops
For his CREAM he stashed in a shoebox
But he was hot, and the strip was filled with young
killers
You don't suspect, so cops creep like caterpillars
And born thieves stay hooded with extra bullets
Those who try to flee they hit the vertebrae, increase

the murder rate
Similar to hit men who pull out tees and then
Drop those who act like Thai flows from Mexican
Rabbit, like recipients cashin checks again
Back to the motherfuckin spot on Lexington

Chorus: D'Angelo

Babies dyin, moms cryin, and punks gettin off
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They be runnin from the cops, bustin off shots
Shit is deep on the block and you got me locked down
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[Inspector Deck]

Yo

No time to freeze, undercover ease up in Grand Prix
And seize packages and pocket the currency
Clicks control strips full clips are sprayed
Yellow tape barricades sidewalks where bodies lay
Madness strikes at twelve o'clock midnight
Stick up kids on the ground broke the staircase light
And I stays harassed, scramblin for petty cash
Jakes on my ass young bucks is learnin fast
357's and 44's
Bought inside corner stores, provide fire sparks for
wars
Hospital floors surrounded by the law
Homicide questioning while the jakes guard the door
My hood stay tense, loyalty puts strength in my team
Cause niggas main concern is CREAM
Some niggas in the jet black Gallant
Shot up the Chinese resteraunt, for this kid named
Lamont
I thought he was dead but instead he missed a kid
And hit a twelve year old girl in the head and then fled
Tactical narcotic, task force, back off fast
Cause the crime boss is passin off cash
Extortions, for portions of streets, causes beef
Havin followers of Indians trying to play Chief
You witness the saga, casualties and drama
Life is a script, I'm not a actor but the author
Of a modern day opera, where the main character
Is presidential papers, the dominant factor

Outro: D'Angelo

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