

## J-Dawg

### "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

[x2]

[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 jetted, 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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