

Joe Budden

"Cold World"

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Let me talk to them...

See I was always looking for an out
Knew what I ain't want to be about
Ain't want to fall victim to the trials
'Street Dreams' like Fab, but not dreams like that
Cuz even his is better than the dreams I've had
They say you are where you're from, maybe to some
But I won't let a nigga label me slum and make me
succumb
If I'm a grown ass man with no job, no money, that
would make me a bum
It's not o.k. with me none
It's what they called me, I hated that y'all
Wasn't a 'College Dropout, ' at least Kanye made it that
far
Sixth grade parted ways, like later with that y'all
I was bought up with it, wasn't no paper in that, naw
Pulled a few capers, that came to a stop
When I realized that ain't no bigger gang than the cops
Break tail, I can rebel and blast a shot
Cuz jail's a revolving door, but the caskets not (ya
herd)

Cuz everyday, of my life (yea)
I've tried so hard to get right (talk to them)
But nothing seems to matter when you
Got so much comming at you (oh)
In this world they say, just be strong
But it ain't easy when you hurt so long
And it's a shame
Nothings changed no matter how far you go
In this cold cold world...

O.k., now we got little brothers that wanna deal on the
strip (cold, cold
World)
Or we got little sisters that feel they gotta strip
Swinging on the pole have us feening over tits
And a lot of us horny niggas, we ain't even gonna tip

BUT! Nothings wrong with it at all, I respect it
But we always take something short term and try to stretch it
Breads gonna G a lot of niggas when they learn it fast
Money comes fast and it leaves a lot quicker
Nigga, we in a place that's to every extreme
And a place where niggas die over the pettiest things
And it seems to been deterrent shit
Cuz we don't carry guns to kill now, niggas carry burners to live
So, God it's me a-gain, our father who art in Heaven
Hollow be thy name, pray them hollows never hit my frame
Everyday I'm around it
Everyday I'm surrounded
Everyday I try to say grounded in this cold, cold world

We living in a place where niggas tooling each other
Where the President and terrorists are cool with each other
Sending millions in the war make us do it with each other
Hit Bin Laden on his cell like 'I got them making fools of each other'
Got us in a hold, pigeon
Why I can't talk to niggas, that's just so indignant
People are so ignorant
Till a wise man sat me down, like 'Joe listen'
You can't 'conversate' with a nigga with no diction
And I don't watch the news (nah)
I don't wanna hear about another kidnapped and another kid clapped
And moms killing her seed, got another kid trapped
In the car gasping like, ah
So you clowns can run around with your pounds and your war stories
But I ain't choose to be hood, shit was forced on me
It's not what I endorse homey
Cuz I know that's where they wanna keep us, stop us from being leaders (you Know)

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