

Ludacris "Cold Outside"

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It ain't no one to trust but me
And I got to make sure that I take care of my family
And it ain't no choices 'cause it's cold outside

And to my niggas on the block
On the grind and hustlin' tryin' to sell some rocks
You hear the voices say it's cold outside

I'm hiding out and smokin' herb
Because my boss is getting on my motherfucking
nerves
But I got to take it 'cause it's cold outside

See rappin' is my only way
My mama told me just to save it for another day
But I got to make it 'cause it's cold outside

Man, I can hear that wind blowing
You say it don't get cold in C P
Well, niggas it's been snowing
Even though some might disagree
When business is still slowing
Even if we subject to change
Come up out them diamonds and rings
Even all them dollars and change

Nigga we home-grown
And to those that couldn't take the pressure
Nigga they long gone
Skeet 25 lighters on dressers
Or you'll get zoned on
They be puttin' them bodies in bags
They be cuttin' them bodies on slabs
Then go to somebody and brag

Got to keep a straight face
Better keep inside with your know
Got to find a safe place
Better stay in silence or go
Or end up a waste case
Pick figure it's more stuff to do
Pick nigger it's more folks than you

Pick never come close to a clue

I put my life on it
Want to disrespect, give me your neck
And I'll put a knife on it
Some say it's slippery when wet
But my roll got ice on it
It's all about supply and demand
It's all about me buying some land
You folks just don't understand
That uh

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Man, I see the clouds coming
Y'all see a man on the moon walking
I see a crowd running
And the A P D steadily talking
'Cause we done found something
And it's not as good as it seems
Oh, I wish I could get some cream
And get up out of the hood with some dreams

I'm peepin' hard crimes
See the system's fucked up
And they givin' out some hard times
Heard one of these locked up
And my people snortin' hard lines
Locked up and they didn't do a thang
Locked up because of the pressure and pain
Locked up because they wouldn't do the same

And I see the case close
I can't ask no questions and it's over
'Cause they say so
I ain't learned no lessons, but these snitches

Better lay low
Or we gonna be chopping some heads
And we gonna be rocking some beds
And we gonna be dropping some eggs

We walk a long road
Trying to find the essence of self
But I picked the wrong clothes
'Do rag with a gat under my belt
'Cause life's throwing strong blows
But I keep a little hope and some dreams
And I try to stay focused and clean
But I got a little dope and some green
'Cause uh

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I can see them shamed faces
Man, y'all look at me like y'all grew up
In the same places
Scams and dirty work came up on
A day to day basis
Now they got to re-up and re-bag
And they got to re-up and re-slab
Then they got to be up and be bad

This game'll never end
Excuse my French, but goddammit
I got some clever friends
They might get set back by some wench
But that bitch'll never win
It's all about the way of the world
It's all about the way of them girls
It's all about them diamonds and pearls

We waiting too long

But the D E C and Southwest Atlanta
Is too strong
We might bring that soap out and wash up
And throw them suits on
Coming in the court with some pride
'Cause we ain't got nothing to hide
Just didn't know what laws to abide

I play the cards dealt
And I bought a full house and I watched
The woman's heart melt
See my mama's cooled out and she's crying
'Cause it's heart-felt
It's all about supply and demand
It's all about me buying some land
You folks just don't understand
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