

## Mavis Staples

### "Cold World"

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#### Verse 1

AB:

It's Vigilante Season, it's big cars nigga  
Swervin' through the traffic, me and Max, stars nigga  
Get fly, what nigga, made a quarter mill  
And that's all in a drought baby fuck a record deal  
The only Brooklyn nigga that come through Harlem  
Disrespect The Pros nigga then you want a problem  
Never mind feeding 'em, leave them bitches starvin'  
Just gimme brain ma, leave the pussy throbbin'  
See I'm a pimp like Gold and Mack  
Hop up in this Coupe ma, ain't no holdin' back  
Gain Greene, Don Pro, this is street life  
Blackin'-out in this bitch with Dame Grease right  
You know us Brooklyn niggaz chill  
Comin' from the Stuy, then you oughta chill  
It's AB slash pimp, Don Pro shit  
09 the takeover this is my year

#### Chorus

Max B:

Ya know, ya know, ya oh-oh  
That it's a cold world  
Mami should see a call girl  
Show her lil' body just to get a buck  
Any nigga she could fuck  
Daddy I got a way  
From the hood to the style  
Gain Greene, Don Pro, AB  
Biggaveli just let 'em be  
He don't want no more cuz he saucey  
All the game he showed me  
Baby don't leave me lonely

#### Verse 2

Max B:

She told me "Baby never leave, me and Jimmy need  
you nice  
Now it's time to buy ya some ice"  
Different set of shit  
That make you feel that you the black Nefertiti you are

I love how he switch up his bars  
Get him in the mood, get some Grand Cru  
Sorry, need that nigga, tell him this how great he is  
Think that baby maybe his  
Think that baby maybe not  
Look at how the game done made me pop  
Watchin' my boy, it made me stop  
Had to think of him, cuz I know it's me thuggin', Remy  
sigh, sayin' Max  
"Straighten up or you gon' go back"  
Had to say a prayer for my folks  
Jesus give me the strength to spare they life  
Mami you tryna get you right  
Take you overseas where the water's green  
Boatloads of quarter-keys  
This is wavy, all of this means  
That these niggaz right back at the checker point  
I'm with the joint, then the upper-decker, I point

Chorus

Max B:

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That it's a cold world  
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He don't want no more cuz he taught me  
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