

# O.A.R. "Cold"

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Chorus: BizMarkie \*sampled\* 3x

I walked away and I lived too cold

Intro: Hell Razah

This goes out.

This what y'all niggaz all been looking for.

A litte story for all my brothers.

You know what I'm saying? Sunz of Man return.

We gon' walk on by and keep it moving.

Just when it got cold.

Cold Sunz we got jewels, we gon' walk on by and keep it moving.

Check it. Moving. Word up.

[Hell Razah]

Aiyyo, my thoughts be colorless

The undercover rich, haters loving it, watch the hell King Tut' with it

Queen's, bathtubbing it, my diamond's cutting it Sharp and on point, fuck the tricks of the government

Money rules the world, watch my people suffering

Cops busting in, handcuffing men 'til they wrist bleed

Some read what they don't need, give to seed

Black, Lebanese, rabbis in green fatigues

Microphone masked MC's, Macabees

Hard head MC's get told and still they freeze

The truth came in flesh but still you don't believe

The best thing you know is the spots to find weed

Get the knowledge dungarees, we still struggling

Sunz of Man, UK keep it bubbling

We come to clubs, like the ones who bring the trouble in

What, he sold his soul, life publishing

(Chorus: 2x)

[Hell Razah]

Have to walk on by and keep it moving

[Prodigal Sunn]

I remenise all my dark days whenever I phase and kept  
a blaze

Y'all mental slave renegades, wasn't enough to  
eliminate

In my lifestyle of hard times and good times  
Stood mine with the wines, became nice with the mind  
Born intelligent, fuck elegant, I represent  
For the ladies and gents, delinquents and presents  
Everyday hungry, gun play on the sunny  
Crews sweeter than honey, stars fuck for all they  
money

Stupid dummies, fifteen slugs flood the tummy  
Thugs rapped like mummies, sipping remy's  
The clip empty, feeling shifty, swift  
Highly intoxicated, simply in fatuated  
Never thought he could be faded  
Up in the hospital, critical, eating pickles  
With no teeth, back on the streets he got beef for little  
Keith and Tariff  
A walking death wish, living selfish, I sort of felt this  
The fifth of September, he felt helpless and breathless

(Chorus)

[Hell Razah]

Today, life, shoot out, a dice game, bank loot out  
Jewels out, laying on three hundred dollar sweaters  
Tools out, last day schools out, nine berettas and  
better  
Carry the eighth or red leather, timberland weather  
gear  
Hands in the air, this is a stick up, don't play for  
hiccups  
You won't need a body pick-up, money in the laundry  
bag  
Hungry comrads get they guns from a-rabs  
With the loot that they had, they rob more victims on  
the av.  
Today cash, examples of the program  
Lord Sun of Man, stop killing your own relatives  
Unknown start giving the liquid to the dry bones,  
We all came from the same throne  
Raise the dead with the brain poem, one is aimed  
home

(Chorus: 3.5x)

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