Prodigy of Mobb Deep
"Cold World"

Yeah
Yeah
Drop this shit
Okay
Ya'know

Over here it get cold
You better have thermo
Under the hoodie
That's under the snorkel
Pair of gloves
Two pair of socks
Sweat pants under your jeans
Know what I mean
Neck scarf tied over my face
Those the hood ear muffs I'm a lace
Any one of you throw you in the bubble boosts
None of that tight shit that's too uncomfortable
I can't feel timbs, maybe chuckers
So I can kick your mouth and end the discussion
It sounds violent but not reckless
Now that nigga he reached for my necklace
So I gave him a piece of the business
When I caught him in the face with the boots
Better run from my troops
Better play dead when I shoot
If he get that far cause...

I gotta hold it down, I gotta squeeze
I go out to get this cheese,

In this cold world...

Out here nigger's die, trying to get rich,
To numb the pain we become addicts,
Of this cold world...

Yo listen, yo listen..
Over here Jack Frost, he run this shit
Soon as you come outside he punch you in the chest
I let go of the uzi and put it on my waist
That'll keep me warm 'til I get on the train

Fuck it's cold as a bitch, on the subway platform,
waiting for the J
Real real late, probably like 3 in the morning, sipping
on a pint of Hennessy
On my way to Brooklyn, coming from the cribbo,
Check my nigger Iller and black Nizzo,
They told me little Hammer got killed,
They shot him in his stomach for his diamond grill,
(Ohh real, shit!)
They said I know the place where they took the ice out,
And put in a new set of fronts, wow
Make you wanna stay in the house,
Cause it's cold as hell, and these streets are foul

I gotta hold it down, I gotta squeeze
I go out to get this cheese,
In this cold world...

Out here nigger's die, trying to get rich,
To numb the pain we become addicts,
Of this cold world...

Visit Prodigy of Mobb Deep page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.