

Brooklyn Zu f/ 5 Foot Hyper Sniper

"Cold World"

Visit "[Cold World](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook: Buddha Monk] People are dying, trying to get in the mind of these Brooklyn Zu Killas But they don't know, it's a cold, cold, world [Shorty Shitstain] Travel through the mind of a killa, most killas Is like known gorillas Dead man can't tattle tell, I'm hungry as hell And the streets ain't feeding me well Killas coming off, all shapes and forms You even got they young ones packing big Guard U Nows And wasting no round, kick, fast'll blow you down They love the sound, you see how that sounds? You got pops outside getting his grind on Got moms in the kitchen, and she cooking with her nine on And they teach the babies to be gangstas Got little young one, just waiting to bank ya Niggas putting poison in drinks So watch what you sip from, cuz it could be your last drink Blame it on insanity What possess a grown ass man to kill his whole family Look at little Bernard Guess He was on his way home, with the chrome I guess it just be all a reaction, the nigga started blasting Leaving fragments, on the third rail I guess he just was going through some things Cuz when the stick-up, he had to let his nine sing [Chorus 2X: Buddha Monk] It's a cold world, babe, it's a cold world, babe It's a cold world, babe, oh, it's a cold world, babe [12 O'Clock] Let's make a motion picture, put Zu in a haunted house Case of Olde Golde and cats wit Guinness Stoute Forty bust these, nigga mouth laced up Put the stakes up, lock the door, board the windows up Handcuff, reach up, silverplate mixed with weed and dust It's digital, shit get critical Trying to escape, but no way, we in the castle Surrounded by a lake, alligators and rottweilers, no food to swallow Naked bitch in the basement, it makes no sense Paranoid, hearing wood from the floor making noise Me and my boys, the bottom like basement Don't like to be caged in, we kill a man [Chorus 2X] [5 Foot Hyper Sniper] As I look into the mind of a killa, I see a DC sniper Teaching the youth, how to snipe ya I Scott Peterson your wife, for the right price Give out shots like Colin Ferguson For no purpose, I'm like Timothy McVay I'm blowing up buildings, I'm killing men, women and children I know a Sicilian, his name is Al

Capone He get you hit in your home, by Frank Nitty He
get the job done, for a buck fifty K, Martin Luther King
Jr. will be here today If it wasn't for James Earl Ray Even
Marvin Gaye pops is a killer [Hook] [Chorus 2X]

Visit [Brooklyn Zu f/ 5 Foot Hyper Sniper](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.