

Elliman Yvonne

"This Cold World"

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(chinese drums and bells combine in a beat)
[older voice starts singing]

[Chorus 1]

In this cold world, no matter where I go the crowds are
all the same
(uh huh huh huh uh huh let em know)
To them I'm just a pebble in the sand, a face...without a
name

[Verse 1]

Ya niggas would never understand the caliber I'm
reppin'
Hoes that I'm sexin', cribs that I've slept in
Cars and stashboxes cash and glocks is kept in
Talk how I'm steppin', representin' the weapon
Sex, money and murder - have it, got it and do it
Set it, plot it to get it
Southeast BX, the Soundview area
Black Lex GS tan leather interior
Moves in Atlanta, meetins' in Alabama
Cold blue steel under the green bandana
I copped raw yay on Broadway from bananas
Hoop fully equipped wit chips and scanners
Not a motherfuckin' shit? uh
I see through yuor propaganda
Yo partner told me yo' paper proper in Savanna
If life's a bitch..I gotta have her
Whateva! Ain't shit gonna work unles we all work
together.

[chorus 2]

In this cold world, I struggle to survive and sometimes I
would fall
(uh huh huh huh uh huh let em know)
You think someone would lend a helpin hand, they
choose to see me crawl

[Verse 2]

Yo, Yo I had dreams I pitched quarters wit rich portage
Drove miles Kin chow's, all in the Feds files

Back before niggas wrap my chains and rings
I was teachin New York niggas how to slang them
things
Shit check the credits, no mutes and no edits
These walkinletters after the cheddar
blue, red and yellow, it can't get no better
Fuck banners, bandanas all colors - star-spangled
From militants and gangstas, I covered all angles
Do a hit and twist a story until it's all tangled
Speak when spoken spoken cuz I undertandthe langua

{chorus 1}

[Verse 3]

Yo, yeah, yo, yo Lord Tariq, Soundview ain't bout it, we
of it
Round the world they respect my gangsta, gotta love it
Laws made to be broken, I'm tall - I stand above it
Stashin keys in a sugar bowl, inside the cupboard
Rap nigga, billion dollar industry to Bronx, I'm of it
Step wide, if you steppin wrong - get you stomped or
smothered
- got undercovers through the jet, sun covered
- got beat walkers runnin out out the jets like faggots
- got niggas sellin gats
- got gangstas sellin hoes and hash for twenty-four
grand
know your math
- got newborn G's break a scheme and plot
- got forever thugs - they 40 and still on the block
- got niggas in they jetsuits - gun don't pop?
I think not, you gotta blast to get what little we got
Got coke crack and crack to smack spots
No main roads, just boondocks and back blocks in...

{chorus 2}

[Verse 4]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yo, yeah, yo
Ya niggas feel froggy? then leap, yeah, you hard wit
the heat
But I'm hard to defeat, the Lord-to-the-Riq
Bow down, say a payer, knees to the concrete
Take you off on your feet, have you barf on the street
Don't even bother to speak
Cuz Bronx here, game's over
Lows the lazarus? to get you high, beat ya sober
Tech flame spit wit more range than a Rover
4.8 gats knockin 'jay-hovas'
Ya

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