

## **The Genius Gza "Cold World"**

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I had a bad dream  
Don't be afraid, bad dreams are only dreams  
What a time you chose to be born in

Babies crying, brothers dying and brothers getting  
knocked  
Shit is deep on the block  
And you got me locked down in this cold, cold world

It was the night before New Year's and all through the  
fuckin' projects  
Not a handgun was silent, not even a Tec  
Outside as I'm stuck by enemies who put fear  
Blasted on the spot before the pigs were dead  
You know hoods, robbers, snipers new in sight, fuck  
blue and white  
They escape before them flash the fuckin' lights  
Gunshots, shatter first floor window panes  
Shells hit the ground and blood stained the dice game

Whether broke callisthetic, any style you set it  
Beat niggaz toothless, physically cut up like geese  
But with iron on the sides thugs took no excuses  
Therefore, your fifty-two handblocks was useless  
Links was snatched off necks, scars on throats  
Jackets took, after bullet rips through coats  
Against those who felt the cold from the steel made  
'em fold  
And squeal, once the metal hit the temple of his grill  
Destruction worker, who was caught for his bomber  
No time to swing the hammer that was hangin' from his  
Farmer's  
And it's bugged how some niggaz catch slugs  
And pockets dug from everything except check stubs

And it does sound ill like wars in Brownsville  
Or fatal robberies in Red Hook where feds look  
For fugitives to shoot cops, niggaz layin' on roof tops  
For his cream he stashed in a shoe box  
But he was hot, and the strip was filled with young  
killers  
You don't suspect, so cops creep like caterpillars

And born thieves stay hooded with extra bullets  
Those who try to flee they hit the vertebrae, increase  
the murder rate  
Similar to hit men who pull out Tec9s and then  
Drop those who crack like tacos from Mexican  
Rapid, like recipients cashin' checks again  
Back to the motherfuckin' spot on Lexington

Babies crying, brothers dying and brothers getting  
knocked  
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And you got me locked down in this cold, cold world

We be runnin' from the cops, bustin' off shots  
Shit is deep on the block  
And you got me locked down in this cold, cold world,  
yo

No time to freeze, undercovers ease up in Grand Prix  
And seize packages and pocket the currency  
Clicks control strips full clips are sprayed  
Yellow tape, barricades, sidewalks, where bodies lay  
Madness strikes at twelve o'clock, midnight  
Stick up kids on the ground, broke the staircase light  
And I stays harassed, scramblin' for petty cash  
Jakes on my ass young bucks is learnin' fast

357's and 44's  
Bought inside corner stores, their fire sparks the wars  
Hospital floors surrounded by the law  
Homicide questioning while the Jakes guard the door  
My hood stay tense, loyalty puts strength in my team  
'Cause niggaz main concerns scream  
Some niggaz in the jet black Gallant  
Shot up the Chinese restaurant, for this kid named  
Lamont  
I thought he was dead but instead he missed a kid  
And hit a twelve year old girl in the head and then fled

Tactical narcotic, task force, back off fast  
'Cause the crime boss is passin' off cash  
Extortions for portions of streets causes beef  
Havin' followers of Indians trying to play Chief  
You witness the saga, casualties and drama  
Life is a script, I'm not a actor but the author  
Of a modern day opera, where the main character  
Is presidential papers, the dominant factor

[Incomprehensible]  
But you look so alarmed  
As I walked on by

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