

# Cold World

Xzibit

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Justine, 19, just got clean  
Fresh outta rehab with self-esteem  
She ain't felt this good in a while  
A new leash on life, a vibrant thang, a beautiful smile  
Used to run with a circle of friends, who was skeleton thin  
Sniff white lines off powerful men  
But see, all that's a thang of the past, she got class  
And be damned if she'd let herself burn and crash  
She ain't from money so she startin' from scratch  
It's hard working for scraps  
It take everything she got not to relapse  
Locked down in 9 to 5, but at the 9 to 5  
She get sexually harrassed and chastised  
Boss is a married man, she won't touch him  
Frustrated angry man, she won't fuck him  
She's out of her job, at Basket Cakes  
Least it came wit an 8, 2 lines to the face Goddamn  
It's a cold, cold, world, and you know it  
Niggaz will lay you down and take your bread, yeah and you know it  
Only two choices, you can give it up or you can just die with it  
Only two choices, you can give it up or you can just die with it  
He was on his own, at a very young age  
When he learned from the streets, made everything change  
He came up with hustlers, lost his religion  
It's funny how money can make a nigga think he livin'  
I ain't talkin' paper like Jigga or Dre  
It's more like 7500, 9 ounces of lle'  
That's what he say he can get for the flip, they thought the deal was legit  
But he stuck him and split, in deep shit  
Now his mother work for minimum pay  
Live a positive way, she the first one at church every Sunday  
Blind to the needs of her son, he's a Gatling gun  
In the streets, jackin' niggaz for fun  
It's a non-stop search through the hood, but can't catch him  
They found out where mom stayed and went steppin'  
The evil that men do, but still we continue

With death and dishonor, for the all mighty dollar, it's so cold  
It's a cold, cold, world, and you know it  
Niggaz will lay you down and take your bread, yeah and you know it  
Only two choices, you can give it up or you can just die with it  
Only two choices, you can give it up or you can just die with it  
He was 13, brought up in Baghdad  
Ate with his right and made money with his left hand  
Prayed to the east, 5 times daily  
His mother and father just had a new born baby  
Now his father was an Imam who carried the weight  
And built his family on 5 pillars of faith  
Never trippin' off western ways, it meant Nada  
Pilgrimage to Mecca to circle around Kaaba  
300 miles away, British troops hit Basra  
His cousin waged jihad and died with honor  
He heard about the buildings on 9-11  
And a man named bush on a search for weapons  
Now here come the U.S., to crush Saddam  
Wit 88 thousand tons of missile and bombs  
But his family's too broke to move or find shelter  
If they all had to die, they would die together and that's cold damn  
It's a cold, cold, world, and you know it  
Niggaz will lay you down and take your bread, yeah and you know it  
Only two choices, you can give it up or you can just die with it  
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