

# Cold World

## Do or Die

I sit alone in the basement  
Facing, chasing these wicked, demons  
Got thoughts up in ma head of my daddy's wasted s-semen  
Havin' her in the bedroom,  
9-1-1 'cause I'm not breathin'  
Feelin like death is getting closer and I can't stop from secedein'  
Do I run to the mirror  
Look at me, and pull the trigger.  
Hooker said body found dead and gone  
Well shit, just another dead nigger.  
My future, lookin weary, hear me  
Maybe after that wanna flex, wanna hustle  
Never lay down a bit and tussle  
Take my life, in one night  
Now I'm havin' visions  
Do or die based on decisions  
Movin crystal sista, mssions  
But I wanna be and fly away like pigeons  
I missin my family an all  
But I just don't know dog  
'cause I left another dog in the back yard  
An he jab wit the left an he hit hard  
(but I break off)(Chorus)  
And that's why I stay low  
'cause the world's gettin' too cold  
We yellin it off the "O"  
'cause the world's full of bitches  
(picture this)  
Cold cold world.  
They ask why I stay low  
'cause the world's gettin too cold  
We yellin out the "O"  
'cause the world's full of bitches  
It just is  
Cold cold worldPicture two worlds collide  
Every civilization died  
Catchin bullet holes  
You can still hear they mamas crying  
In every second is the grave laid tight

Niggas getting murdered and losin paper and they life  
These days ain't so bright now  
This is a message to how shorties gotta pipe down  
I know we wansta weather crime on the streets  
We hear the sound of the heat  
And every round is takin ya six feet  
I heard the cops killed you last week  
You got shot tryin to take the phone off the seat  
Rest in peace, I know it's better when your eyes sleep  
God take us by the hands as we right deep  
No longer seek for the things that weaken the flesh  
Did we believe and have faith when it bothered us?  
I understand that we all must return to dust  
And leave behind everything that our hands have touched  
God, this world is too much.(chorus)I first took a breather  
Heard a voice to the 1-9  
Nigga tryin tear ma life line  
Get it back and to ma right man  
Seeing blood on the sleece and a black nine  
Please god is it my time?  
Hold on to what am I face up for  
Black the night was  
No light was  
Willing with the wind blew in  
Below, with a slug to the moon  
Open in time with the tomb  
Looking for the hospital room  
Feelin kinda dizzy from the blood shed  
Turn around and heard a thug said  
I gotta place we can play at  
Hop to da 99' never get at all red  
Come out quick before we all dead  
To the back row  
Sippin henesey  
Better get relocated to the ash row  
Here that nine with the bullet-proof vest go  
Hottie lets go  
Pull a chromium free with the vest go  
Just a little on the testicle  
Never leaving till the rest go  
And it's best to know  
Every dog on a day got a chance to bring  
Got a chain for the best clothes  
I wanna die my best slow  
And even in my death glow

Lets have a prayer for the world, the cold one  
From the old to the small one  
Just to say that we are one  
Father listen  
This world is cold.(chorus)

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