Cold World (feat. Inspectah Deck)

GZA

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 fucking projects
Not a handgun was silent, not even a Tec
Outside as I'm stuck, by enemies who put fear
and blasted on the spot before the pigs were there
You know hoods robbers snipers new in sight, fuck blue and white
They escape before them flash the fucking lights
Gunshots, shatter first floor window panes
Shells hit the ground and blood stained the dice game
Whether broke callisthenic, any style you set it
Beat niggaz toothless, physically cut up like gooses
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 hanging 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 where Feds look
For fugitives to shoot cops, niggaz laying on roof tops
for his cream he stashed in a shoebox
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 Tecs and then
drop those who crack like tacos from Mexican
Rapid, like recipients cashing cheques again
Back to the motherfuckign spot on LexingtonBabies crying brothers dying and brothers getting knocked
Shit is deep on the block and you got me locked down
in this cold, cold world...We be running from the cops, busting 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 Prixs
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
The stick up kids on the ground broke the staircase light
And I stays harassed, scrambling for petty cash
Jakes on my ass young bucks is learning fast
357's and 44's
Bought inside corner stores, provide fire sparks to 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 concern is cream
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 passing off cash
Extortions, for portions of streets, causes beef
Having followers of Indians trying to play Chief
You witness the saga, casualties and drama
Life is a script, I'm not an actor but the author
of a modern day opera, where the main character
is presidential paper, the dominant factor
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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