

# Mafia

## Cold Blue

Somebody made me an offer and I accepted  
Forever in debt to weapon  
Love, honor, and respected  
But his image was different than what his character reflected  
Word is he's seven - thirty his hands never dirty  
All I know this so called psycho never hurt me  
Touch me down to tips, shopping sprees on Fifth  
With enough dough that could be carried out on forklifts  
Earnt his trust, together till we turn to dust  
Until his theory disintegrated and burnt to crust  
What? What?  
Death to a soft heart  
That's what I vow to you  
The vows I vow to you  
Amazing how it's true  
Talk goes on our phone  
Just to remind you  
That I'm behind you  
The FEDS won't find you  
Relax my love  
The love I have for you is like the Mafia  
For you I'd testify  
I'd lie for you of course  
Since my love is like the Mafia  
And for you I will fight  
Mister and Misses, but I wonder where the bliss is  
Sealed in blood and Cordon kisses  
The shit I witnessed  
Would give a bitch morning sickness  
Decomposed bodies thrown in the ditches  
As for snitches ain't nothing lower than that  
Intentions to squeal on your fam make you low as a rat  
Got cappos for flaming at those  
Lame ass hoes, so you know next time keep your trap close  
What would you doubt for?  
I'd never lie to you  
Of course I'd die for you  
I'd be your eye for you  
My love won't stop short

I'll raise our sons for you  
I'll save our ones for you  
Load up your guns for you  
Relax my love  
The love I have for you is like the Mafia  
For you I'd testify  
I'd lie for you of course  
Since my love is like the Mafia  
And for you I will fight  
Relax my love  
The love I have for you is like the Mafia  
For you I'd testify  
I'd lie for you of course  
Since my love is like the Mafia  
And for you I will fight  
Riches, tradition niggas once held dear  
Let it be known that your name alone spell fear  
Gun for gun, hundred to one forget about it  
Petty shit, rise above and get up out it  
Could give a shit about it  
Time to focus a foe  
Many lives bought and sold  
Fortunes favor the bold  
Connected like phone lines  
To racketeering to known crimes  
Winners turning long shots to gold mines  
The high speed chases  
I'll do them just like you  
I'll give them dust like you  
Turn around and bust like you  
Then I'll deserve it  
Every time I get high  
Relax my love  
The love I have for you is like the Mafia  
For you I'd testify  
I'd lie for you of course  
Since my love is like the Mafia  
And for you I will fight  
You I testify, oh, oh