Cold Day

Black Milk

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Cold day in the summer right when you think that it's over
That's when niggas put you under, yeah, the inner city weather
With crooks is always ready, you should walk around with toolies tucked inside they belly bellys
Had a cousin made me lookout to make sure no one was looking
Put the stash in the bag, stash the bag in the bushes
Didn't want me there no either
Fuck rules, took jewels, ran by hood procedures so spring
He flagging at his granny house just to stay fresh, didn't want that, no hand-me-downs
The cost of that drama, so money flow, lil' gold plus a couple baby mommasYeah, go there like snow there
Brand new whips and robbing slowly
Pour them boys in the neighborhood they know me
Whips too nice, they might be stolen
He gotta be rolling, you gotta be kidding
On a social ride, nigga, you gotta be sniffing
Only thing inside was a CD with the name on it
Let it slide but the next guy might just put the blame on him
Nothing changed on that block we used to run one up
Some heads left and a few more houses boarded up
They needed more than luck but they seem to crack a summertime smile
And this city more than rough

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