

# 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 mommas Yeah, 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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