

# Cold Outside

## Rob Perry

It's like I've been waitin' my whole life for this  
For this chance for y'all to hear me  
Some things I gotta get off my chest though  
Just so y'all know, uh yeah  
They say only the good die young and with that said  
They don't get no better than me, they comin' for my head  
I represented for y'all when I came through the market  
By becomin' who I am, I became a target  
And what hurts is all the bullshit comes from my own kind  
They say, "Jin's fake, he don't keep it real in his rhymes  
He make us look soft, that kid ain't commit no crimes"  
You goddamn right, want me to say it? Then fine  
I ain't a killer, I ain't a gangster and I ain't no thug  
I don't walk around with guns and I don't sell drugs  
I'm not a murderer, I ain't never said I was  
So what the fuck y'all hatin' on me for? Huh, listen to me  
See, I don?t want to hold your grudge  
So, I cruisin' fast in my Cadillac  
My momma would be so disgusted  
If she knew the way these grown folks stack  
See, I won?t let them cram my style, no  
And I won?t let them hold me down, no  
You tell her that I?m okay  
You tell her that I'll make a way somehow  
"Aiyyo Jin, you Double R bust ya guns", I ain't about that shit  
Trouble just comes my way, I don't invite that shit  
I got a career here, I ain't lookin' for fights to pick  
Got more pain in my heart than I knew could exist  
Like that night they pulled them guns out and banged my man  
I was like, "Fuck rap", I almost had a change of plans  
He took a bullet for me, how I'm gonna repay that man?  
What if he would've died? What I'm supposed to say to his fam?  
The life I chose endangered all my family and friends  
Some shit I wish I could change but can't promise I can  
People'll kill to get to the position I'm at  
Only to die here and find out it ain't worth that, you still wanna rap?  
See, I don?t want to hold your grudge  
So, I cruisin' fast in my Cadillac  
My momma would be so disgusted

If she knew the way these grown folks stack  
See, I won?t let them cram my style, no  
And I won?t let them hold me down, no  
You tell her that I?m okay  
You tell her that I'll make a way somehow  
(That's how they gettin' down)

Two turntables and a rapper that was, that was  
(That was how they did it then, this how they do it now)

Twenty young men with they gats up  
Gotta travel like that or they'll try to attack us  
(That's how they gettin' down)

The greats settled they beef with rap battles, let's go  
(That was how they did it then, this how they do it now)

If they ain't better than you, now they shootin' at you  
Know it sounds tragic but hey, you know  
(That's how they gettin' down)

So what I'm supposed to do, keep twenty bodyguards  
And a large entourage 'cause everybody's hard  
Sometimes I wonder what happened to love and respect  
All I see now is hatred and death  
(That was how they did it then, this how they do it now)

See, I don?t want to hold your grudge  
So, I cruisin' fast in my Cadillac  
My momma would be so disgusted

If she knew the way these grown folks stack  
See, I won?t let them cram my style, no  
And I won?t let them hold me down, no  
You tell her that I?m okay  
You tell her that I'll make a way somehow  
You tell her that I?m okay  
You tell her that I'll make a way somehow  
Tell her that I?m okay  
Tell her that I'll make a way somehow  
Tell her that I?m okay  
I'll make a way somehow, somehow, somehow

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>