

# Fears

## Deniro Farrar

Yo, KOBK the murder gang  
Shit  
Free Tune, That's my bro  
Yo, I'm the fucking coldest In the hood tryin' to make it out  
So what the fuck they mad 'bout?  
Rappers in my city don't want me to make a route  
Jackers goin' jack so I'm prepared to take 'em out  
Baby's on the way I ain't got a dime  
Just a choppa to my name and these books of rhymes  
All alone in a room with this crooked mind  
Watchin' rappers' videos knowin' I can take their shine  
Calm, tell me be patient, and take my time  
I be strugglin' too long now I'm takin' mine  
What good is bein' hot if nobody notice?  
That in a room full of rappers I'm the fucking coldest Only, tells me some things I don't wanna know  
And I can't  
Tells me some things I don't wanna know  
(I'm the fucking coldest)  
No I can't  
Mind over matter but the matter is  
The fact that we live with no time to give  
Our fam, we thowin' money at our kids  
They be starvin' for knowledge and I can see their ribs  
No ambition for college, they sittin' at the crib  
Sellin' drugs, probably be the next gettin' killed  
On the block, there's 30 more just like 'em  
I don't pawn til those crackers come a reindict 'em  
Chain smoking blunts, now they searchin' for a title  
That you earned in the hood cause you shot a rifle  
Guns make niggas feel tall like the Eiffel  
Til somebody shoot 'em down and their body stifle  
Fuck a magazine, need to read a Bible  
But the preacher steal money for his own survival  
Or maybe I'm just takin' notice  
That in a room full of rappers I'm the fucking coldest  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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