

In Cold Blood

[Rick Ross](#)

Run with me or run from me
Pussies don't get pussy I murdered all of my foes, contract killing
Twenty K will get ya grandmamy pinned to the ceiling
Midst of the war, I piss on graves
Kids get graced by my piss poor ways Never could imagine it livin' with paralysis
Shoulda check ya rear view, made a better analysis
Wack yayo caught him slippin' while he snort dust
Cold blood bullet hit him like a tour bus Check the time on my Bevarado, my jazzy bitch in Milano
With niggaz pay me the model
Sway Louis on my feet, still runnin' the street
And I never missed a heartbeat Family over the money, money over the bitches
Money don't mean nothin' then why they callin' it riches
I'm addicted to watches, mama tellin' me stop it
Got well over fifty, fifty you better watch it Do him in cold blood
Look him in his eyes, may do him with no gloves
Beat the case like a real thug
Above the law, it's so hard to pin the big dog Live on so I still bark
In my earliest convenience I'ma kill ya
Make a lil' cake haters wanna envy
God, wanna see you niggaz in a Bentley Family over the money, money over the bitches
Money don't mean nothin' then why they callin' it riches
I'm addicted to watches, mama tellin' me stop it
Got well over fifty and keep fifty in my pocket Limousines for the don, number three is the charm
Flee red carpet chillin' E on my arm
Purple rain, smokin' haze, smokin' weed
Call it purple brain I'm in the purple lable, daddy got a purple heart
Not in the service but I'm swoorvin' in a purple car
What's the bitch needed all changed
I go and buy a new one 'cause I'm sport man Family over the money, money over the bitches
Money don't mean nothin' then why they callin' it riches
I'm addicted to watches, mama tellin' me stop it
You know I'm totin' the rocket so don't make a nigga poppin'

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>