

Cold Day In Hell

Bobby Bare

[Chorus]I sell my soul to the devil for a .45, a black cowboy hat, & a switchblade knife.

I might burn like a sinner if they take my life, but it's a cold day in hell before they take my pride.

I sell my soul to the devil for a .45, a black cowboy hat, & a switchblade knife.

I'ma burn like a sinner when they take my life, but it's a cold day in hell before they take my pride.[Verse 1]

I sold my soul to the devil for this mic in my hand, but I ain't ever gonna sell out.

A million dollars for my name to expand.

Take ya fans & ya brands, & you can go an get the hell out.

We really living in a fucked up time.

So many fucked up minds inspire fucked up crimes.

& they be quick to sell you out at the drop of a dime.

Too many coward motha fuckas livin life with no spine.

We in a bind.[Chorus][Verse 2]

My belly ache from these fake little snakes who come & go as they please just to get what they need.

They use are name just to get a little fame.

Then it's out like a flame.

I wanna make these fuckas bleed.

Like some hooker on the street.

Sellin pussy just to eat.

Take the money & run.

I wanna take out my heat.

Pull up on em while they sleeping.

Put em six feet deep disrespectin psychopathic put a tag on ya feet, go to sleep.[Chorus][Bridge]

You think that I don't see.

Ya better take it on down the road.

Ya think that they don't see, but everybody fuckin knows, watch me unload.[Verse 3]

One thing I ain't is a self righteous saint.

Too many sins been committed to ever get me acquitted.

But it's a fact won't find a knife if ya back cause I put it all on this track, & to this shit I'm committed.

& I won't ever leave ya hangin.

Always keep that thang swangin like the fuckin dope man I'm always stay slangin.

Drivebys on these fake perpetrators stay bangin.

I'ma always stay the same while the while the world keeps changing.[Chorus]

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