Cold

Dmc

[sped up vocal sample]It's collllllllllld! Col-hoh-olllld
Collld cold, in this big city babe
Ahh but that don't bother - cold, in this big city babe [2X]
Ahh but that don't bother me [repeat "me"]
[Chorus: sung]I see the tears in your eye and your heart may cry
To my niggaz locked down it's gon' be alright
To my sisters in the hood tryin to make life better
You ain't by yourself, you're looking better
Whatever the storms that come
Life is full of them
Take a look in the mirror at yourself
Believe in yourself, yeahhhhhhhh
[Verse One: Jade]Now I, understand that man gotta meet his quota but damn
Is it because I'm tan that you pull me over
My man, he gotta hustle cause he can't get a job
Slam the door in his face, because he caught a juvie case
It seems as if I got people tryin to pull me down
Red broads intimidatin insinuatin and hatin
I'm a young buck, keepin on a young tuck
Waitin for the next move, zippin up and lace shoes
And you niggaz tryin to get at me, uh-uh I never sweat B
This world is chilly but Willies could never catch me
Although you wasn't ready still ridin for you already
Make me wanna crack a vanilla dutch and smoke heavy
Oh, regardless you could come and holla at the O girl
The streets raised me so I'm ready for this cold world
You think you know but you have no idea
I'm never slippin, never runnin, here I go right here, c'mon
[sped up sample]Ahh but that don't bother - cold, in this big city babe [3X]
Ahh but that don't bother me [repeat "me"]

[Verse Two: DMC]I be the microphone talker, the big street walker
Known to rock a rhyme, a bonafide New Yorker
O.G. godfather, like Afrika Bambaataa
DMC comes harder, cause he gotta be smarter
Growin up in the city I can't be dum diddy dumb
I'd rather be sittin pretty than in a city like a bum
I roll with some killers, some real bug niggaz
And some real ill figures that ain't scared to pull the trigger

My homies all dead, in jail or doin life
While the honies give us his and we treat 'em like a wife
There's a whole lot of shootin, and executin
And the crew keeps gettin stronger cause we keep on recruitin
We can never die, we just multiply
We keep the records in the store for the streets to buy
Peace to Eazy-E, Biggie and Tupac
Rest in peace Keith, Cowboy and Scott LaRock
[Verse Three: Sonny Black]Can you tell me baby why the world is so cold
Why is Hennessy the only thing that warm my soul
Into the belly of the beast, I watch the hood cry
Gangsters bangin out I'm seein good niggaz die
The world is so cold, yeah I can feel the breeze
Hatred is sacred, life's a dying disease
Livin to hustle, down to die for cheese
Just hustlin with muscle slugs are flyin with ease
Behind bars baby I seen the world is even colder
It seems like the weight of the world is on your shoulder
Life moves along like the hands of time
Death brings life and life brings crime
Dyin is easy, but lifes tend to stress me
Livin through sin hopin God will bless me
And forgive me and save my soul
What he from heaven cause the world is so cold
Like ("cold.. cold.. cold..")

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