Coldblooded

The Bar-Kays

[common]Cold-blooded, cold-blooded, hard-core
Rough and rugged, rugged and raw
For you and your-your, for you and your
You got the c to the, huh - cold-blooded
Ain't it - huh, c'mon - hard-core
We take it hiiiiiiiiiiiigh-er
Yo, yo
My little daughter, started, nursery school
Brother com, gotta make our move through
The stylist(?) and violence with vibrance
The sign of times with rhyme shit is timeless
The mind is a terrible thing to spill
Rap life's like a dream that seems for real
A nigga wake up, superstar, with no acres
After, travellin the world to see paper's just paper
Streets take ya, back and forth like a shaker
I'm a slave to the rhythm's breakin off
I get the job done - but some days I wanna take off
D be like, "we ain't got no time for that!"
? uestlove said, "we ain't got no time for that!"
My old bird like, "we ain't got no time for that!"
So I rhyme when my back hurts
Play the numbers from my grandmother like kraftwerk
I rock the patchwork fast I'm in to win but then begin to sin
We're in to win with hen's and heineken's
Beast for each and greet the meek with speech
To seek and peak cause pete, shit gets deep
I fuh-fuh-freak, styles that come out
At night, when most cats pull the gun out
Go on and on and, to the break of when the
Sound run out, run out, r-run out
C uhh, yeah
Cold-blooded (c'mon) cold-blooded, hard-core
(hit em with the) rough and rugged (c'mon) rugged and raw
(hey) for you and yours, for you and yours
You got the c, uhh - cold-blooded (yeah)
Cold-blooded (c'mon) hard-core
(ain't it funky) rough and rugged, rugged and raw
For you and yours, for you and yours

(yo, yo i-i think I wanna taste these horns
I want you to taste these horns, c'mon now)
C, the cold-blooded (uh) cold-blooded (yeah) hard-core
(ain't it) rough and rugged (uh) rugged and raw
(yeah baby that's what I'm talkin about
C'mon, give em, give us a little more)

For you and yours, for you and yours
C to the, cold-blooded (na, na-nasty) cold-blooded, hard-core
(c'mon) rough and rugged, rugged and raw
(yo, aight let let me get a little taste of this here)
For you and yours, for you and yours..
[common]The simps, please uhh uhh uhh uhh
These studs mention me, uhh uhh uhh uhh
As a, intense mc, sent to be the reign
On the industry I came
With penitentiary talk, coke and a hennesey walk
My imagery talks, metaphors and similes stalk
Time for war, my artillery caulks the hardest nigga
I'm killin 'em soft
Dealin with golf, gettin blowed on the course
I be dissin magazines, but then buy the source
Can't explain why the force, is with me
Known to bring a rapper down - like bobby did whitney
Sophisticated sissies strut like this is beat street in backpacks
Braggin how they don't eat meat and abstract
I backsmack em with they skateboard, flee the crime scene
With a rhyme scheme to escape frauds
Make broads become queens, run things like a rasta sprinter
The way you want the game I rub off like henner
I remain like a tattoo with natural raps
Copy like a fax that's y'all actual facts
Battle raps is where it began, i'ma end it wherever I land
I done thought of, a master plan, it goes
C to the, cold-blooded (yeah, c'mon)
Cold-blooded, (ya know) hard-core
(ain't it) rough and rugged, (c'mon) rugged and raw
For you and yours, for you and yours
You got the c to the, cold-blooded
Cold-blooded, hard-core
Rough and rugged, rugged and raw
For you and yours, for you and yours
You got the c to the, cold-blooded (yeah, hey)
Cold-blooded (na-nasty, yo yo) hard-core
Rough and rugged, rugged and raw

(ain't it, ain't it) for you and yours, for you and yours
You got the c to the, cold-blooded
Cold-blooded, (c'mon) hard-core
Rough and rugged, rugged and raw
For you and yours, for you and yours..
[common ad-libs, then some vocal samples til end]

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