Cold World (Feat. Remy Banks & Earl Sweatshirt)

MellowHigh

[Verse 1: Remy Banks]
Swerving in the hoopty, but a nigga not drunk
I'm high off of life, with a pinch of skunk
Maybe high off of determination, but I'm low on luck
cause we've been putting on for years, and people still counting sheep on us
But its cool, I be that offspring that's dressed in wolf clothing
With a mallet and a bell, just to await a rude awakening
Out here yellin Worlds Fair until the name brand
Hailing from a place where every nigga wanna be king
Plus this world is too cold, so I keep my circle small
Puffing chronic with my dogs, chilly, but we hold down the city
And my borough, feelin unstoppable like Tetsuo
Akira in the membrane Queens get the money
And I'm broke and going insane, stressed out my brain
Til it left on a train to Connecticut for the weekend
Might extended stay until I'm diving in the deep end
Of a pool full of euros, pounds, and yen, let's get this money, man[Hook: Domo Genesis]
L said it's cold in this world, sometimes it's hard for me to crack a smile
That real shit is going out of style
These young niggas out here acting buck wild
We just need that real shit right now
L said it's cold in this world, sometimes it's hard for me to crack a smile
That real shit is going out of style
These young niggas out here acting buck wild
They just need that real shit right now[Verse 2: Domo Genesis]
For what it's worth, a nigga made his way from the dirt
All the times I went berserk, all ideas that didn't work
But we cherish when we hurt, we finished dinner and dessert
For every thought that hurt for the piece that I deserve I'm on the search
Many times a nigga thought that he would give in
Every dream that I would witness with previous premonitions
I knew that I would be this
It's never been a secret, took a genius to believe it
Our elite is to achieve it
I'm runnin overheated, but practice what I'm preachin
Never sleep and we catch you slippin and throw you in the deep end
I know some niggas died over pride, high
I know some fake niggas claim they ride, that's a lie
I know some hatting niggas that when I rhyme, they despise

Wish I could share these visions through eyes
High like a fucking revolutionary
I'm droppin knowledge, and its only knowledge you should carry
Bitch, I'm in truth and everybody know the truth[Hook][Verse 3: Earl Sweatshirt]
Looking for shit to scratch up off this bucket list
Found a tug of war between my mother and my fucking friends
Fucking bucket, bumping nothing in the summer
Trying to chug a fifth of Jack in case you wondering where the ruckus went
I kept in the baggie of Oregano
Fronting like I'm selling dope, stunting with my effort low
Let the records show these niggas why they bitches neck is swole
It's OFM to the death of us, pigs, try to hem us up
The best wrestler's back guzzling seconds up
Using label checks to fuck around in the Cressida
And I'm advocating aggression
To any man who would test us, an avid fan of the presence of vodka
This drink is like my first time hearing Flocka
Hope is what the weed can't offer
Cheap ass, coughing, C-class method-acting young nigga
Dressing like I'm geriatric, said it's very active
Strong arm, steady swearing I could tear a mattress
Track-slapping 'em silly as Tom and Jerry tactics
Why you started? I fire harder than every rapper
Gassing these fairies, dare I say that he carry matches?[Interlude][Hook][Verse 4: Hodgy Beats]
No confusion and ??? I know who I am
Responsibility enables me to move through life with agility

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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