

Cold Feet

Anthony B

Ohh, ohh
M-16, AK-47, pump rifle, desert eagle
All home made one toDem a walk wid gun in the hand and a run the town
All in front, ah, station man, ah, shot man down
Dem a walk wid gun in the hand and a run the town
All in front, ah, station man, ah, shot man down'Cause they've got
Cold feet, cold, cold, cold, cold feet
Cold feet, cold, cold, cold, cold feetThere was a little boy
Once upon a time
Who in spite his young age
Small size knew his mindFor every copper penny
And clothes he would find
Making wish for better days
And for all time for no moreCold feet, cold, cold, cold, cold feetHe grew up to be a worker
Did turn in to succeed
Made a life for himself
Free from worry wants and needsWith nobody to share his life with
With nobody to keep him warm
At night when he go to sleep
He sleep alone with hisCold feet, cold, cold, cold, cold feetHe struggled all his life
Just to be an honest man
Proud of the dirt in his palm, the soil of the land
Some guys I knew from my school daysSaid they had a plan
To get rich to quick
They had to bound to me, LawdHe decided to drive a car
He decided to carry a gun
To take the biggest risk of all
Prove his loyalty to his friendsHe decided to tell his wife
Things would soon turn around
Said a little boy is dead
A man stand wid him now, Lawd

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