

It's Cold(It's Cold)  
So Cold (So Cold)

[Chorus x2]

Ya'niggas know (wut wut ya'll niggas know what I'm about  
Ya' niggas know, front about my dough,(wut wut'ya niggas) then the guns come out(then the guns come out)

[Verse 1]

I do this all the time, stuck with a little shine  
Walk with a little nine, case I get in a bind  
They say I'm fuckin' crazy, they think I'm out my mind  
Cause I'm down to bust a nigga head all the time  
Now you know the hoes, they know how I roll  
In that new Rolls with the suicide doors  
22 inch chrome, a nigga money long  
You try to touch me, I put out ya get ya brains blown  
You go against the grain, pussy and you on ya own  
You right there in my zone, welcome to the terrordome  
The ice blue in my chain, blood blue in my veins  
Blue still in the range, I'm doin' my thang  
The semi auto spray, run if you get away  
I'll find your whereabouts and clap at you another day  
nigga play with the bread, get a hole in ya head  
You touch a dime of mine dog and yo ass dead

[Chorus x2]

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[Verse 2]

In the hood, hoopty, hat low, niggas don't know I'm around  
Hop out, hit 'em up, lay my murder game down  
You see me in ya projects, 187's in progress  
Hard niggas finna' soften up when that lead touch 'em  
You cut 'em once and keep fight, fuck it just keep cuttin' em  
Its real killa instinct, kill or be killed  
Trust me, you don't wanna feel how hollow tips feel  
Fuck around and get ya cap peeled  
nigga you know the drill, Brownsville  
Flat bush, ground heights, Brooklyn Zoo  
Feed the wolves, they eat the food  
And the hand that fed them too  
nigga welcome to the jungle, New York New York  
Gangstas use sign language and let they guns talk  
Look homie I'm cool with some bloods, I'm cool with some cripz  
I'm cool but if there's a problem, nigga I got extra clips  
I don't know karate, but I split the bricks  
I don't love 'em loverboy, we the shit bitch

[Chorus x2]

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[Verse 3]

I'll come through and touch ya, walk out then cut ya  
In case your dumbass wanna tussle  
AR-15, co-exist to make the shell case muffle  
Scope, infrared, run you're still dead  
Hit your calf, hit your ass, hit ya back, then your head  
Contract killa, murder for the scrilla  
Search, find a nigga, run up behind a nigga  
Shoot car windows out to flatline a nigga  
Gun pop, heart stop, homie this is heavy  
You on your way to meet your maker, nigga are you ready  
No exception to the rule, death is promised  
Plus I just bought my niggas new macs and llamas  
Got respect for human life but will I will comodate you  
One phone call and niggas will exterminate you  
No future fuckin' with me, there's no tomorrow  
niggas'll run up on you tonight and hit ya wit hollows

[Chorus x2]

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