

## Stay Warm

Johnny Mathis

I ain't gone for, I'm just trying to stay warm in a world that's so cold,  
And no matter what you've been told I ain't gone for,  
That's why I won't grow old in a world that's so cold

Remember mom always told us to cut the Rap shit  
And get a good education we could fall back with,  
She went keep it clean rap sheets sons,  
We went running down the tracks looking up to bits and macking em,  
We went the wrong way very dedicated,  
Our bets were made when we were fifteen,  
We were some hardcore motherfucking hip-hop rats,  
Ain't alot of rappers out there can get away with that,  
It's all chit for chat thought it was tip the tap,  
I hit a lot of people off they ain't hit me back,  
But now I'm back in the pit thought I'd hit you with a track  
that can show you how sappy rap can get.

Dreams are swinging by the top of the trees,  
We walking in mud reaching up to the knees and peeps are talking they can talk all they want,  
We been walking a while now we can walk some more.

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You know we always moved up streams, storms blowing in my face,  
One of the last living survivors of a dying race,  
Fuck rap nowadays it's a race for the paper chasing I'm like a welfare case  
,  
But you know those for breath in space.  
Don't wanna leave this place but the dreaming days are over,  
The dreams change me and when you sower and the weather is colder,  
Mind stays young but the body grows older,  
And everybody's so young and their minds one colder,  
I ain't holding no grudges I show many a cold shoulder,  
I'm an old cold Hip-Hop soldier and I've earned my stripes,  
I pay produced and I can tell for shell toast,  
Placed outside the door breaking on the cell floor,  
I was painting on the trains like daily,  
Had a couple of girls fainting in 98 and made the underground hate me  
And see fifteen years of rap's really made me,  
Plus I've been breaking since i was a little baby so you can hate me.

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I wrote my first rhyme back in '89 in a different world,  
A distinct state of mind, years passed and they played my mind,  
And it feels a piece of it has stayed behind.  
Now peeps are acting like we ain't alive claiming we should quit the game maybe save some time,  
But I obey my craving seems I'm always back to play ain't no saying why,  
I ain't rhyme and a save the world I'll be the greatest MC and play a thug,

I guess I'll stay in the mud, and you can stay and curse my way all the way  
to church,  
Been like this since I came to earth a thirsty little bastard I'm staying th  
irsty,  
I'll always step on stage no matter if we main act or we playing first.

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I ain't gone for.