

# Cold Feet

Anthony B

Ooohhhooohhh

M-16, AK-47, pump rifle, desert eagle

All home made one to

Chorus

Dem 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 feet

There was a little boy

Once upon a time

Who inspite his young age

Small size knew his mind

For every copper penny and clothes he would find

Making wish for better days

And for all time for no more

Cold feet, cold, cold, cold, cold feet

He grew up to be a worker

Did turn in to succeed

Made a life for himself

Free from worry wants and needs

With nobody to share his life with

With nobody to keep him warm

At night when he go to sleep

He sleep alone with his

Cold feet, cold, cold, cold, cold feet

He 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 days

Said they had a plan

To get rich to quick

They had to bound to me, Lawd

He decided to drive a car

He decided to carry a gun

To take the biggest risk of all

Prove his loyalty to his friends

He decided to tell his wife things would soon turn around

Said a little boy is dead

A man stand wid him now, Lawd