

Cold Out Here

Ard Adz

It's natural diamonds, no crystals here
VVS diamonds are crystal clear
Used to keep my pistol at Crystal's crib
I don't mean my gun when I tell a man akh
Ayo akh, I wish Pistol's here
I'm re-ing up in Crystal Palace, listening to Crystal Meth
Listen clear, I done shed tears, them Brixton tears
Used to love the gang as a kid, how I'd risk my life
Then I realised that hella man weren't risking theirs
Before I had that Rollie with the meteorite
I done seen the electric cutting out, I seen the meter die
And all my akhs have been through it
Akh's riding life and he didn't do it
I've been cooking up and I've been brewing
What you been doing?
They ain't got no life or no influence
You ain't bad if you ain't never banged on no instrument
Banged off my gun and it's still got my fingerprint
I still need to wipe off all my
You know it's cold out here
How my soul's getting old out here
And I ain't never sold my soul out here
I done hold back tears, I sold crack out here
With this pole's how I roll out here
And my lifestyle's miserable
Akh you ain't the realest and it's visible
The setting on my Cuban's invisible
Smoking so hard, is my liver cool?
My pistol, my pitbull from Liverpool

Natural diamonds, no CVD's
Old school Brickyard baby, catch me on them DVDs
From the home of PDC, RSG and Gas Gang
MZ and Syrak, OC and GBG
Don't mind me, I'm just passing through
Pigs knew I'm guilty but it's hard to prove
Nine or that deuce, it's still hard to choose
Hard to win and it's hard to lose
Put the car in cruise and my heart is bruised
All that stress and that struggling enabled Adz
Feds looking for them waps so they invade my gaff
Park the wap anywhere like you got disabled badge
Park these waps anywhere like they got disabled badge

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