

Cold Summer

Blade Brown

I said I went from a boy to a man on the curb
I'm a man of my word plus a man with some birds
Got friends killing friends, yeah their manners absurd
This is big weight nigga, you couldn't manage a third
Got the chopper on the table and the work on the floor
Send that pack O.T., I put that work on a tour
Ten out of ten, I give that work an applause
Yeah I grind for my shit, I hope you're working for yours
I remember '010, jumping out of that Range
You can't do that nigga cah it's out of your range
Look, I said that's out of your range
Remember cold nights grinding, standing out in the rain
When I'm talking to the runners all we talk about is numbers
If you're talking bout the youngsters
Then you're talking bout some gunners
Yeah it's gonna be a cold summer, I wonder
My best offer is a picture like a Kodak G
I made a tape, you made a tape but I sold out G
I'm like "You dumb niggas, don't give out the whole pack free"
And if you're talking bout my mansions then I own that G
They say my wordplay's one of a kind
Used to make the fiends line up one at a time
A nigga never lied, not once on my rhymes
And I can buss a nigga just with one of my lines
I tell a fuck nigga "Wait a minute"
Still catch me in that car with that weight up in it
Hit the dot spot, get the weight, I spin it
Fried calamari, tell the waiter bring it
Niggas think they know me cah they saw me on the web
Only really know me if you saw me with the Z's
In handcuffs if you saw me with the feds
I ain't never been low, you ain't saw me on the edge
Why? Cah every day I put my life at risk
I swear down it's like my nigga's life's at risk
My nigga spent £30K just to light his wrist
And if that nigga's broke then his life's a myth
BB3, it's the third one
It's like a nigga can't chill until the bird comes
I tell 'em "Sit back and burn one"
You're listening to a real nigga if you've never heard one