

Cold

Chevy Woods

We got a story to tell (damn)
Yea
Pay attention

Brand new pistol he bought it
Really couldn't afford it
Either that or his moms, take a trip to the florist
Get him first, what he's thinking
With for Henny he drinkin'
Hustle five days a week but he hittin' cribs on the weekend
Don't know pops, he don't care
Don't know papi for work
And right before he do it he always visits the church
Never question his motives
Or the weapon he holdin'
You'll be gone by the night and he'll still be here in the morning
Off that Mary he floatin', pop the molly good measure
Always call for the hit 'cus nobody do it no better
Fire up then he leave, girl smoke in his pocket
He keep one in the head, never once did he cock it
He don't roll with the team, clean it up where those stacks
Don't keep shit in the glove, pistol right on his lap
Make the temperature change, he did not lose his cool
All the shit he done, he only 15 years old

I said the streets so cold I won't change up
Better keep yourself from anger
When you out there
When you out there, When you out there

Now look
I know they know but I keep pistols in the cover
Thinkin' it was my woman, I keep that bitch undercover
Just hope for a better day, thinkin' I made a way
'Cause me and my niggas good, just touchin' up on that K
Just preachin' out to the youth
This shit that I speak is truth
Never think that that Chevy would one day turn to a coupe
But homie that's all I know
Never separate groups
If it's about that paper, all we gon' do is shoot
Smoking that shit I love
Thuggin' all out in public
Just puffin up on that kush
You may hate but I know they love it
But steady I'm revving engines, keep that shit to the sub
Before I ever give it up I'm wildin' out like fuck it
Just picture them better days through the clouds
I'm dealing with so much hate, I turn the frown to a smile
Chevy fuck with it heavy, know we keepin' it steady
Niggas they want that P, just call me whenever ready
But look, gotta show em how to keep it off your mind
Better stay up on that paper, haters knock you off yo grind
That's right, every grip I'm holdin' I make sure that shit mine
I made it up off that maze but fuck it, I'm livin' life
From Cali way down to Pittsburgh, shit crazy
Know some niggas that got murked for being lazy

Just hoping that money come
Bible study gon' save me
Just know them bullets gon' burn
Just hope you make it to safety

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