Cold World

M.O.P.

"(Damn! Rapid Firing Squad) Back at your ass again, nigga
(First Family)
World's Famous. (Firing Squad) Look here."

Its a (cold world) show nuf
Its on, its a (cold world)so bitch nigga dress warm
Slum ass wanna be hard ass nigga
Coldball butter-soft lard ass nigga

Niggaz waitin for my shit to drop
Because I show love to the true thugs on the back lot
Post up at the biggest crack spots
Raised around killers so eventually I popped shots
(Make em feel your real) Niggaz stop playin on the real
Fuck around you get your death wish from Bill(D-yea)
This cat sucker got the wrong idea
(He came a long damn way) How the hell you think I got here?
I learned to survive with illegal guns that know how to hide
Homicide ties, baby, yea, I dominates what you tryin to do
I wear my hat broke down and play the war when I'm sliding through
I gotta crew (Original Hilfiger)
Plus triggers and some of Brooklyn's illest niggers
(Damn) I'm so deep in the game
I keep in touch with myself so I can feel the real niggaz pain
(I've been ya) Quick, I think there's gonna be conflict
If I figure ya freakin the flip (Ya punk bitch!)
Leavin ya blind, thugs of my kind
Will dismantle your mind and shatter your damn spine It's a...

(Time flies) Slugs fly, people die (Damn)
Guerilla warfare all across the land
If they break the code of silence (leave em all dead)
And fools take a fall when I call (code red)
More people travellin, like immigrants
But on the low with the most dominant (most infinite)
Lost in your track so I act innocent
But on the low, I can act real motherfucking ignorant
Raised by an army of THUGS
who done it all from the smartest to the dumbest
And I, happen to be the youngest
Twenty-two years of being brave as a lion
And that's, with or without the iron
Fools wanna (STRESS YA), then they wanna (TEST YA)
Then you gotta get your steel (Deal with the pressure)
I ain't gotta teach a fucking family to bury me
You think your bullshit worry me?
Aiyo, I move quickly, but come across so humble
Fools be on point when its time for the rumble
W-O-M-A-C-K, (hit ya)
With the game plan that will twist ya, (mista)

We gonna put this bullshit to a cease
Hollering about peace; you in the belly of the fucking beast

I figured it out from the start
And since I laid my mother to rest
I been blessed with these cold heart
(If it ain't our beef) Don't touch
(If he's against us) Fuck him, (If he ain't with us) Fuck him
(We be aight, nigga) That's right, nigga
(We tight, nigga) What's more
(When we don't like niggaz) We'll invite niggaz to war

Lil' Fame: And believe we've got lead to give em
Thugs that perform massacres, like nazism
This living mechanism, study living to the end
Discombobulation, then I'm Gone With the Wind (begin)
My men been, through hard times
That's what you find when you don't do my family all kind
(Make moves) I'ma play the background when its gat time
I'ma hit you with the flatline

Yeah, I'm done. You motherfuckers said you wanted to see me, right?
See me now, motherfuckers. See me now! I told you right? Bow! Bow!
Motherfuckers. I told you cold world motherfucker. Bow, motherfucker!
What you gotta say now, motherfucker? You a bad motherfucker?
Yeah, Hell yeah. Here I am now. Here I am! Oh, you wanna run?
Bow, motherfucker! I'll see you at your funeral motherfucker
You better have your black suit on. Yeah (First Fam, nigga, for life)
Motherfucker. Aiyo, come on son.

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