

# Cold Summer

Mozzy

June, another cold summer, shooter gang doin' numbers

Cold gunner, another cold summer  
Carry the thing lookin' like it hold a whole hundred  
A whole hundred, whole hundred  
Carry the thing lookin' like it hold a whole hundred  
Cold gunner, another cold summer  
Carry the thing lookin' like it hold a whole hundred  
A whole hundred, whole hundred  
Carry the thing lookin' like it hold a whole hundred

Another cold summer, Shooter Gang doing numbers  
Smoking cherry pot, chewin' raspberry mambas  
Gold foil candles, gonna fuck the homie bitch bruh  
Real nigga, that's the only thing I told the bitch  
Used to swerve stolen whips  
Now we in the only whips  
Pink slip, ownership  
Lately I've been on my shit  
How we 'posed to call you big bruh and you ain't showed the shit  
Hit for 20 P's and you ain't throw the little homie shit  
Self incrimination for you statement, shouldn't of told 'em shit  
Sleepin' in that pissy ass home, tank cold as shit  
Food hellla cold and shit  
Ain't no hangin' on the fence  
Niggas really die behind this politics you up against  
Food hellla cold and shit  
Ain't no bangin' on the fence  
Niggas really die behind this gangsta shit you up against  
Polluted oxygen, lookin' for the opposite  
Slidin' to the esophagus, knockin' at your occupants

Cold gunner, another cold summer  
Carry the thing lookin' like it hold a whole hundred  
A whole hundred, whole hundred  
Carry the thing lookin' like it hold a whole hundred  
Cold gunner, another cold summer  
Carry the thing lookin' like it hold a whole hundred  
A whole hundred, whole hundred  
Carry the thing lookin' like it hold a whole hundred

You can't love me, can't yank nothin' from me  
Revenue recovered, tryna take some from me  
Hit the nigga Skeme like "where you at?"  
Them niggas in Oklahoma got pure Act'  
On top of that  
I got a couple of them drillin' with me  
Pray for Killer City, that's the iller city  
I fuck with blue bang when I'm in the city  
GPS on my ankle in a different city  
MCM bookbag, it's all 50 in me  
Tear this bitch up if they don't let and my niggas in it  
Nigga fuck your baby momma, I ain't want the bitch  
Thought I locked her in but double pump faked on the bitch  
Hell Gang ain't the gang you should go against  
Double check the door, he just making sure it's appropriate  
Lately I've been going heavy on these opiates

Nowadays God watchin' niggas you be smokin' with

Cold gunner, another cold summer  
Carry the thing lookin' like it hold a whole hundred  
A whole hundred, whole hundred  
Carry the thing lookin' like it hold a whole hundred  
Cold gunner, another cold summer  
Carry the thing lookin' like it hold a whole hundred  
A whole hundred, whole hundred  
Carry the thing lookin' like it hold a whole hundred