

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

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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 hella cold and shit

Ain't no hangin' on the fence

Niggas really die behind this politics you up against

Food hella 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

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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
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