

## Cold Day in Hell

Outerspace

You gonna need a whole lot more manpower  
It takes a nation of millions to budhe Plan powered  
My for built for that fourth court drill I'll  
Cardiovascular vernacular skill  
As I dip into the Acura my stance on tilt  
Gotta watch who's in back of us, they yak got filled  
And the whiskey from the Crown got me tipsy outta town  
But I gotta be alert; cops hit you when you down, clowns  
I ain't tryna be Amadou Diallo  
Or Oscar Grant I'd rather dance with the hollow  
And strike first that's how much the mic's worth  
With a slight urge I might enlighten the nice word  
Tight verbs are righteous polite swerve  
Put my temper to the cinder, colder than icebergs  
And my nerves is shot, I don't deserve this spot  
I'm about to pass the torch to who's first on the block  
Now your turf get hot and now you stumbling nervous  
Eyes red cause you trapped inside a dungeon with serpents  
Every inch of my teeth clench, I'm hungry  
Nothing satisfies my hunger like more money

Rock-a-bye to the world, have a nice dream  
When the lights go out you hear the pipes scream  
The sirens, the melody of these colds streets  
My heart pumps adrenaline so I don't sleep  
Hold heat if the shit decides to hit the fan  
And if it really happens then I'm a hit up Plan  
Put my chips on the table going all in  
Ride out for my family and close friends  
Gotta watch those praying on my downfall  
Those who like to send shots, I'm a outdraw  
Something bound to happen, I'm patiently waiting  
Nightmares become reality, bad situation  
We celebrate life, special occasion  
Solid foundation, a new day seems so amazing  
Death angel wanna take you for a long ride  
And if he ever comes holla man I won't hide  
So I life live like it's my last day  
No lie I've been lost inside my cash tray  
So high, days are confused, I feel I can't pray  
Not knowing what the future holds, maybe I can't stay