

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