

# The Cold

Phora

My lil' homie caught a case, he fighting life dawg  
Couldn't tell you if it's wrong, if it's right  
But angels ain't around here at night dawg  
So all we got is devils in our sight  
But me, I went from a felon to your favorite rapper  
See, I'm from a place where niggas just don't make it out of  
See, I'm from a place where if you doing good  
Then they're more likely to kill you  
Cause the money what they chasing after  
Had a friend lose his life over a twenty set  
With seven shots to his abdomen, ain't no coming back  
See, I used to run the streets with 'em sipping on forties  
But ever since they took his life, I've been done with that  
Now I ain't too proud of my past, but I did what I did  
Where I'm from, you either getting shot or giving the bid  
Really nigga, we just trying to live  
But why it seem like cops getting promoted for killing a kid?  
It's like god works against us  
Why I feel like cops don't protect us?  
All this anger in my heart  
Too young to understand the real reason why my pops really left us  
The judge gave him seven years hoping his cell turns to a grave  
Just another minority in a cage  
And I know this shit probably won't ever change  
But I won't sit around like it's okay

I've been looking for a way nigga  
I've been looking for a way  
Does god even hear me pray nigga?  
Don't tell me it's gon' be okay

Did god even hear me pray when I spoke to him?  
Does god even feel my pain when I go through it  
And do you know what it feels like to put a gun to your head  
But ain't nobody saying, "Don't do it"  
I hit the bottom, but I got back on my feet nigga  
I wanted peace, I ain't plan on packing a piece nigga  
It gets deep, these people want to be street  
But there's a difference between being a real nigga and a street nigga  
Pray the lord forgive me for my sins  
Knowing that I'd do it all again  
Me, I'll never break, I'll never bend, depression coming in  
But I think its funny how they judge me  
Not knowing 'bout my pain or where I've been  
I'm losing all my friends, I don't want to end up here again  
I feel like this cycle never ends, it never really ends  
I just got a call  
My lil homie lost his life and all I'm thinking is revenge  
Sipping Henny and taking shots till I can't feel  
I mean I still feel the pressure, but I just can't feel  
Can't believe what I'm seeing and what I'm hearing man  
I'm staring at the new like "Homie this shit just ain't real"  
I been losing my faith, my friends fading away  
And even though I'm not too sure he knows that I exist  
I just pray the lord forgive me for my sins