

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