

The River Is Getting Colder

Ramirez

Ay, got a couple of bodies that I gotta get ridd of
I'm makin' money but the hatred inside of me gettin' deeper
Now I'm lookin' for a route of escape
Cause everytime I play this game stupid shit surrounding me, it
never change
I been flipping for the better
I remember that stupid kid that was whippin' on beratta
Runnin' from the left to the right
Makin' money in the middle of the night
And it's crazy, smokin' on the medical, thinkin' 'bout my life
I'm motherfuckin' swished up and turning trife
This life ain't for me
I should be dead by now
But it's funny how I borrow life somehow
Who the fuck am I? Product of the streets
Sometime I go 2 weeks without a plate to eat or some sleep
That's just me
Am I going crazy? I don't know
Walkin' in the middle of the streets with no place to go
Lay my head down on a pillow with misery
I'm lookin' in the mirror, I see nothin' but tragedy
This shit is crazy
I lose my mind sometimes
Now I'm lookin' at the ceiling thinkin' 'bout how
I could've done better
I could've done this and that
My life's fucked up, I don't even know if I should turn around
back
Smokin' on this shit
Try'na heal all the pain
Moma told me if you stay in this life some things that will nev
er fucking change
Oh shit... that's true
I just don't know what to do
Now I'm stuck in a river
Smokin' on this shit, fuck