

# 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 never 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