

# Cold Blood

Yo Gotti

Started from the ground  
Building to the sky now  
Watch it fall down  
How you gon' survive now?  
Yeah, it's cold blood in a nigga  
The streets left no love in a nigga

If I could paint a picture  
I would show the image of a dog ass nigga  
Yeah, raw ass nigga  
Popping pain killers  
Praying for a call, four dogs with them pistols  
Natural born killers  
We sold crack to his mother, he turn his back on his brothers  
Killed his partner for the plug  
He think everything a hustle  
Cold motherfucker  
Oh no, I'm black hearted  
No feelings, just a gun  
We was raised in the trenches  
Not to mention all the hoes had dissed him  
So homes think the whole world against him  
Played ball, coach benched him,  
Grandpa Klan lynched him,  
He raised in Mississippi but he moved up to Memphis  
Kind of hard to adapt  
So homes turned to the strap  
To succeed tried rap, couldn't fight got slapped  
Shot dice threw craps, did time back out, damn

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Here's a voice for the voiceless  
My words like multiple choice to the choiceless  
Emerge like a search light in the darkness  
For this young, black carcass  
My niggas either join the Armed Forces, or they corpses now  
In God we trust But it's bucks that we worship, now  
Boy that root of evil gon' forever rule the people  
See, I seen just what that fast money gon' come and do to people  
Hit a lick, it was a hit  
He said, "Let's go and do the sequel"  
But his, nigga wasn't 'bout it, nigga wasn't 'bout it, now  
Feeling guilty, "What would Momma think about me?"  
Told' em, think about it nigga, won't you think about it now?

But he was money hungry  
Plus he trigger happy  
So they hopped up in the Caddy  
Burners packed just like a stadium  
Thirty minutes later, blood is leaking at the ATM  
Momma in denial, like her baby boy on trial  
For a murder that he ain't commit  
Tears soak the handkerchief

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Lights off, no candles, roaches all around the kitchen  
Nigga hungry, mom embarrassed so she don't want us to mention it  
Grandma wanna help but mama ego kickin' in  
She a hustler, she don't need no help raisin her kids  
Bills came, got evicted, stay strong  
Swear that she ain't never shown weakness, real shit  
That created the hunger  
And that make the monsters  
Got the game from my mama, that's some ill shit  
13 on the block, he was a little kid  
In the kitchen, on the stove like it's a cook out  
No nigga mouth to the game, could put a book out  
Right when he thought it was over he got took out (bang)  
Brains leaking, they sneaked him, he ain't even see it coming  
He a hitter, he won't focus so he died over nothing  
No revenge, with his friends shooting dice  
Bet again, win or lose, take it all, took out by his own men

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They say the good die young, that's the truth  
My nigga floating up in heaven now, that's the proof  
I ain't make it to the funeral, but homie rest in peace  
If this world get too cold, I hope one day you rescue me  
Nigga maybe we can fly someday  
Oh we can fly someday  
Yeah up in the sky someday  
Do real niggas get to heaven?

That's that shit I ask the reverend

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