

Cold Feet

Anthony B

Ooohhhooohhh

M-16, AK-47, pump rifle, desert eagle
All home made one to

Chorus

Dem a walk wid gun in the hand and a run the town
All in front ah station man ah shot man down
Dem a walk wid gun in the hand and a run the town
All in front ah station man ah shot man down
'Cause they've got
Cold feet, cold, cold, cold, cold feet
Cold feet, cold, cold, cold, cold feet

There was a little boy
Once upon a time
Who inspite his young age
Small size knew his mind
For every copper penny and clothes he would find
Making wish for better days
And for all time for no more
Cold feet, cold, cold, cold, cold feet

He grew up to be a worker
Did turn in to succeed
Made a life for himself
Free from worry wants and needs
With nobody to share his life with
With nobody to keep him warm
At night when he go to sleep
He sleep alone with his
Cold feet, cold, cold, cold, cold feet

He struggled all his life just to be an honest man
Proud of the dirt in his palm the soil of the land
Some guys I knew from my school days
Said they had a plan
To get rich to quick
They had to bound to me, Lawd

He decided to drive a car
He decided to carry a gun
To take the biggest risk of all
Prove his loyalty to his friends
He decided to tell his wife things would soon turn around
Said a little boy is dead
A man stand wid him now, Lawd