

# Cold Day In Hell

Boondox

I sell my soul to the Devil for a .45  
A black cowboy hat, and a switchblade knife  
I might burn like a sinner if they take my life  
But it's a cold day in hell before they take my pride  
Sell my soul to the Devil for a .45  
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I sold my soul to the Devil for this mic in my hand, but I ain't ever gonna  
sell out  
A million dollars for my name to expand  
Take all ya fans and ya brands  
And you can go an get the hell out  
We really livin in a fucked up time  
So many fucked up minds inspire fucked up crimes  
And they be quick to sell you out at the drop of a dime  
Too many coward motha fuckas livin life with no spine  
We in a bind

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My belly ache from these fake little snakes  
Sho come and go as they please just to get what they need  
They use our name just to get a little fame  
Then it's out like a flame  
I wanna make these fuckas bleed  
Like some hooker on the street  
Sellin pussy just to eat  
Take the money and run  
I wanna take out my heat  
Pull up on em while they sleepin  
Put em six feet deep  
Disrespectin psychopathic put a tag on ya feet  
Go to sleep

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You think that I don't see  
Ya better take it on down the road  
You think that they don't see  
But everybody fuckin knows, watch me unload

One thing I ain't is a self righteous saint  
Too many sins been committed to ever get me acquitted  
But it's a fact, won't find a knife if ya back  
Cause I put it all on this track  
And to this shit I'm committed  
And I won't ever leave ya hangin  
Always keep that thang swangin  
Like the fuckin dope man I'm always stay slangin  
Drivebys on these fake perpetrators stay bangin  
I'ma always stay the same  
While the while the world keeps changing

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It'd be a cold day in Hell, before they take my pride