

# 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