

# Cold Outside

Ludacris

It ain't no one to trust but me  
And I got to make sure that I take care of my family  
And it ain't no choices 'cause it's cold outside (It's cold outside)

And to my niggas on the block  
On the grind and hustlin' tryin' to sell some rocks  
You hear the voices say it's cold outside (It's cold outside)

I'm hiding out and smokin' herb  
because my boss is getting on my motherfucking nerves  
But I got to take it 'cause it's cold outside (It's cold outside)

See rappin' is my only way  
My mama told me just to save it for another day  
But I got to make it cause it's cold outside (It's cold outside)

Man, I can hear that wind blowing  
You say it don't get cold in CP  
Well niggas it's been snowing  
Even though some might disagree  
When business is still slowing  
Even if we subject to change  
Come up out them diamonds and rings  
Even all them dollars and change  
Nigga we home-grown  
And to those that couldn't take the pressure  
Nigga they long gone  
Skeet 25 lighters on dressers  
Or you'll get zoned on  
They be puttin' them bodies in bags  
They be cuttin' them bodies on slabs  
Then go to somebody and brag  
Got to keep a straight face  
Better keep inside with your know  
Got to find a safe place  
Better stay in silence or go  
Or end up a waste case  
Pick figure it's more stuff to do  
Pick nigger it's more folks than you  
Pick never come close to a clue  
I put my life on it  
Want to disrespect give me your neck  
And I'll put a knife on it  
Some say it's slippery when wet  
But my Roll got ice on it  
It's all about supply and demand  
It's all about me buying some land  
You folks just don't understand  
That uh

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Man, I see the clouds coming  
Y'all see a man on the moon walking  
I see a crowd running  
and the APD steadily talking  
'Cause we done found something  
And it's not as good as it seems  
Oh I wish I could get some cream  
And get up out of the hood with some dreams  
I'm peepin' hard crimes  
See the system's fucked up  
And they givin' out some hard times  
Heard one of these  
And my people snortin' hard lines  
Locked up and they didn't do a thang  
Locked up because of the pressure and pain  
Locked up because they wouldn't do the same  
And I see the case close  
I can't ask no questions, and it's over  
'Cause they say so  
I ain't learned no lessons, but these snitches  
Better lay low  
Or we gonna be chopping some heads  
And we gonna be rocking some beds  
And we gonna be dropping some eggs  
We walk a long road  
Trying to find the essence of self  
But I picked the wrong clothes  
'Do rag with a gat under my belt  
'Cause life's throwing strong blows  
But I keep a little hope and some dreams  
And I try to stay focused and clean  
But I got a little dope and some green  
'Cause uh

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I can see them shamed faces  
Man, y'all look at me like y'all grew up  
In the same places  
Scams and dirty work came up on

A day to day basis  
Now they got to re-up and re-bag  
And they got to re-up and re-slab  
Then they got to be up and be bad  
This game'll NEVER end  
Excuse my French, but Goddammit  
I got some clever friends  
They might get set back by some wench  
But that bitch'll never win  
It's all about the way of the world  
It's all about the way of them girls  
It's all about them diamonds and pearls  
We waiting too long  
But the DEC and Southwest Atlanta  
Is too strong  
We might bring that soap out and wash up  
And throw them suits on  
Coming in the court with some pride  
'Cause we ain't got nothing to hide  
Just didn't know what laws to abide  
I play the cards dealt  
And I bought a full house and I watched  
The woman's heart melt  
See my mama's cooled out and she's crying  
'Cause it's heart-felt  
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