

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 choicelless
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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