

Cold Blood (feat. J. Cole & Caneï Finch)

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
Ridin' for the cause
For dogs with them pistols, natural born killas
He sold crack to his mother
Turned his back on his brothers
Killed his partner for the plug he think errthing a hustle
Cold mothafucka, holmes numb, black heart, no feelings, just a gun
He was raised in the trenches
Not to mention all the hoes that had dissed him,
So Holmes think the whole world against him
Played Ball, coach benched him
Grandpa Klan lynched him
He was raised in Mississippi but he moved up to Memphis
Kinda hard to adapt
So holmes turned to a strap
Didn't succeed, tried rap, couldn't fight, got slapped
Shot dice, do crap, did time, back out, damn
And from the ground
He 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 Started from the ground
Built it to the sky now
Watch it fall down
How u gon' survive now!?
It's cold blood in a nigga
The streets left no love in a nigga
Yo gotti lemme paint a picture for these niggas
Here's a voice for the voiceless
My words like multiple choice to the choiceless
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
Burnt his pack, just like a Stevian
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 And 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 Started from the ground
Built it to the sky now
Watch it fall down
How u gon' survive now!?
It's cold blood in a nigga
The streets left no love in a nigga 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 hustla, she don't need no help raisin' her kids
Bills came, got evicted, stayed strong, square business
She ain't Neva shown weakness, real shit
That created the hunger, and that made the monster
Got the game from our momma
That's some ill shit!
Thirteen on the block he was a lookout
In the kitchen on the stove like its a cookout
Young nigga doctored the game could put a book out
Right when he thought it was over he got took out BANG
Brains leaking, nigga sneaked him, he ain't even see it comin
He a hitta, he wasn't focus so he died over nothin
No revenge, wit his friends shootin' dice
Bet again, win or lose, take it all, took out by his own men Started from the ground
Built it to the sky now
Watch it fall down
How u gon' survive now!?
It's cold blood in a nigga
The streets left no love in a nigga Started from the ground
Built it to the sky now
Watch it fall down

How u gon' survive now!?
It's cold blood in a nigga
The streets left no love in a nigga 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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>