

Cold Christmas

King Lil G

I wish I could show you my photo album growin' up...One bedroom apartment,Shit was
hard.(Ohhh!! Go on the beat! Go on the beat!)When you drop new songs they relate to
All your close friends wanna go and hate you
That's when the police wanna go and raid you
And all the pretty little bitches wanna date youI'm motivated, me no one else did
Apartment seven, that little broke kid
Wanted toys, my moms can't afford it
My mama's love become more importantAll I ever did was eat rice and beans
I appreciated those types of things
Faded pants no designer jeans
That's when I said "Fuck that! Man I rather dream!"
Maybe I don't wanna be broke
Maybe I don't wanna keep sleepin' on the floor
Maybe I don't wanna be sad no more
From the things that I see every week at the storeI'm sorry if I embarrassed ya
I kept complainin' at the register
Cuz you never bought them wrestlahs
It's like havin' things that's not meant for usThank you God for bein next to us
I know some day you'll start blessin' us
I know, that's why you gave me confidence and mama gave me always that extra loveCold
ChristmasYoung boy I was just like you
Man you had no clue when I told you I had a Cold Christmas (Christmas, Christmas)My father
was gone
I felt so alone
Oh man, oh man, oh man, Cold Christmas (God damn the struggle in the ghetto and shit.)
Tell me oh why (Tell me)
Tell me oh why (Just tell me)
Tell me oh why (Why?.)
We never had them days (Growin' up in the ghetto and shit...)Cold Christmas (Gunshots goin'
off and shit)Young boy I was just like you, man you had no clue when I told you I had no
ChristmasMy best friend got a new bike
New clothes and some new Nikes
He kept braggin', I kept smilin'
I'm thinkin' "Homie them shoes nice"I never got shit even tho I got good grades
My little homie came through with some new J's
I guess I gotta thank God it's a new day
If you didn't get shit, what would you say?Besides the truth
Mama loves me, I know she do
She been at work and the rent is due
And she has no man, that's dependable
That type of shit ain't acceptable
My mother still so affectional

Besides the fact we got left alone
She still raised me respectable She taught me to never go steal
Never be a thief, that'll get you killed
Gave me advice, that gave me the chills
Never had money but I had a hot meal She picked me up from school
I was hungry, she made me happy with Mexican food
She made the greatest food Mama I'm sorry I called you from jail
The feds put on hold so I got no bail
Got commissary, don't even worry, imma make it by myself Just pray for me and say you love
me and respond to my mail
Just pray for me and say you love me, I'm sorry if I fail Cold Christmas Young boy I was just
like you
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Oh man, oh man, oh man, Cold Christmas (God damn the struggle in the ghetto and shit.) Tell
me oh why (Tell me)
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We never had them days (Growin' up in the ghetto and shit.) Cold Christmas (Gunshots goin' off
and shit.) Young boy I was just like you, man you have no clue when I told you I have no
Christmas Cold Christmas It's to my little homies growin' up in watts Hehehe. Hell yea, growin'
up in the muthafuckin' projects Was some times we don't get to value family and shit as much as
we should... Too worried to materialistic things and all that bullshit. There's only thing you
need a give a fuck about and that's family man Oh yea

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