

Cold Blooded

Madchild

I'm a soldier, you're a farmer with the pitchfork
John Wick, kill every assassin on the switchboard
Expert at exerting texts, words with texture
Absurd, I axe murder tracks like I'm Dexter
Cold blooded, so sudden, nobody's breakfast
My guest list? Nobody. So bloody reckless
If I don't write, things are not very promising
Not many strong as him, but not lots of common sense
Shit caught a mil just on Japanese garmentry
Did more pills than the back of a pharmacy
Spectacle, skeptical, replicas blocked out
Put me in the ring, that's a technical knockout

Can' let these geeks have it, beast back to wreak havoc
Fresh dressing real savage, can't fuck with these fabrics
Guns up in each cabinet, shotty by the bed
If you break into my house, that's a body full of led
Somebody probably should have said, I am coming back for vengea
nce

To bury all my enemies and cherish all my friendships
Cutting all the people out my life that have no guts
Spazzing out on tracks, I just blackout and go nuts
Provocatively, talking awkwardly, you rocking with me?
Fucked up so many times, I let God forgive me
Thank God I can spit a sick 16
Drug money, rap money ain't worth sick sixteen

\$130,000 on my whip wearing ripped jeans
\$100,000 on my other whip, making quick cream
Cash rules everything around me, don't come through my boundari
es

Everything I do, it's astounding
Underground king, then I got demoted
Now Carlito's in the bathroom, I'm reloaded
I don't give a flying fuck what you got recorded
Both my thoughts distorted, but I got rewarded
I'm a problem in the game, homie pass me the ball
I just hung another two plaques on my wall
'Cause I'm back from a relapse, cash 'cause I freelance
I snap like a tree-branch on tracks made my C-Lance