

Cold Dayz

Snowgoons

These cold days got me in a physical rage
It's like that from the Stat where I live at
Walking through the dark path of this invisible maze
My life ain't rosy but I roll with it

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I didn't choose this life, this life chose me
I don't owe the game, the game owes me
I might know you but you don't know me
My OG see things you don't see
Sex, money, and murder on the TV
It's easy to put out a bullshit CD
And poison the people's minds for GP
Destroying what we designed in 3D
Everybody's yelling recession but I'm selling some weapons
That'll help you get by without stressing
Answer one question, you ain't gotta lie
Are you really willing to die to get by?
Going through mad shit trying to keep my head high
Coming to you live from the middle of Bed-Stuy
Where it's do-or-die homicides and suicides
Sex, drugs, money, lies, baby you could decide
I had to do it every day son I couldn't hide
I couldn't cry but I slipped up a couple times
Puffing a dime so high we hustled and grind
Fuck a crew it was just me, my cousin, and I
We'd catch a couple of vics, swell a couple of eyes
Take a nigga lunch money then order a pie
Meet up in the morning at the corner at nine
Then party and bullshit till a quarter to five

Yo in this struggle you gotta have street smarts
That's why we pack metal things for those with sheep hearts
Deep darks aren't fragmented on these glaciers of ice
Like an abused pitbull I was ready to be nothing nice
Alcohol vice, grim slip into a trance
Shoulder chip getting worse, disperse bullets over a glance
A true romance, no Christian Slater
Denounce myself as a Christian, I'm a vicious hater
No fictitious saviour is a neighbour of mine
Blue collar scholar with a martyr I dine
Cheap wine, whiskey and beer
Dilemma of a scumbag, I'm the apprentice of fear
Warfare engineer, a Fuck a knife, I got an axe to cut the tension
I'm the one they mention as a henchman of rap
So you rhyming is like giving Kool Herc a slap

In the jungle where alley cats and rowdy rats
We probably at playgrounds where they stash the dead bodies at
It's a cold world, better get your pea coat
It's hard to see hope when shorty on their knees like they feeble
Giving deep throat so she can release dope
Into her veins, part of the game in the streets though

All that we know, shoot to kill first
So fuck an I'll verse, I still see my nigga Millhurst
I see his mom grabbing at the casket
Later that night we riding deep blasting at them bastards
It's a cycle of madness, I still think they coming for me
So fuck the cops, the judge, and the jury cause they ain't did nothing for me
When I was young I'd roll a blunt and crush a forty
Just to escape the scene of the crime cause it was gory
You rappers corny, there's nothing to glorify
I'm horrified by how many brothers left before their time
And they all speak through me
That's why I'll always speak truthfully