

# 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  
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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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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