

# Menace Clan, Cold World

Even though I live in Cali, nigga, it's cold out here  
When I step out the house, it's like steppin in a freezer  
Either he wants to get me or she wants to stick me  
I swear, I don't know how the fuck I made it past 20  
I can spit some cold shit, always keep heat, so I'm safe  
From gettin frost-bit, hit a corner and a corner after I bust  
So I can toss it, I think everybody's lost it  
And I'm the only nigga left sane maintainin, nigga

Nigga, it's cold outside, so I always carry my heat  
An enemy hood on feet, groovin through the alleys and backstreets  
Creepin on the east side, hopin I don't get spotted  
The world is cold so I stay hot like a glock after I just shot it  
But when I say it's cold outside, fuck you jacker  
The Tec-9 is my heat and you know I always pack it

Nigga, my brain ain't strainin long as I'm aimin back  
It's a motherfucking fact, this is a cold world  
So fuck the whole world, cos I don't owe this world nothing  
A bankroll's the only thing I'm cuttin fo'  
So I can hold something, I gives a fuck about nothing  
But fucking and popping, what, you don't hear me or something?

[Chorus]  
I say these niggaz is cold outside so I always carry my heat  
It's a cold world, so fuck the whole world

Supply your own heat

No matter the weather  
A Menace is something that comes off the barrel of a Beretta  
I make your t-shirt wet, your sweater wetter  
Cos in the South Central it's freezin, little locs and OG's and  
Police and crack fiends fiendin, thievin, I believe in  
T-shirt, Levi's, St. Ives, [?] and Chucks  
Snatchin crackers out their trucks, now, that's some cold shit  
Niggaz shootin at the police, that's some bold shit  
Watch where you goin, what you wearin, who you stroll with

Supply your own heat, cos it's cold in the street  
And a nigga without it shoulda have thought about it  
Or bein 6 feet, got to be as scandalous as Los Angeles  
Get you something so you can handle this, the Menace way  
Gun play and funerals dates is all I'm concerned with  
You won't catch me in LA without my shit because I know

Here come the police yellin "Freeze"  
Cos I'm groovin with my G's  
The hood is gettin hot, now the homies is chillin  
On the west side of LA, you know who's doin all the killin  
I send shouts to South Central, Compton, Watts and fuck the cops  
I shot six, I dare for one of you busters hit me up  
It's some cold niggaz in LA, but I ain't never been burned  
I learned

[Chorus]

Watch who you fuckin with and who you talk shit to  
Because a nigga will dump and give two fucks about you  
Heat, a nigga need it where I'm from  
Fuck words when a nigga got a gun and his ass ain't playin  
Sprayin and you stuck behind the truck without no get-back  
Fuck that, I keep a strap, don't worry about where it's at  
I got a nigga before he got me with my Mac-10

Before the bullets all gone I loads my shit up again  
Can't take no ass-whippin, I'm a sore loser  
Anybody manoeuvre on the streets, break out the white sheets  
Turn up the heater with my 9 millimeter, PD-roll a nigga  
That I hold a nigga, little locs are colder niggaz than the older niggaz  
It never snows, just six-fo's, afros, ho's, niggaz with Jherri curls  
It's a cold world, supply your own heat  
I sell your ass some fake, fuck you ain't the first to get beat  
I'm tellin you