

# Cold World (feat. Remy Banks & Earl Sweatshirt)

## MellowHigh

[Verse 1: Remy Banks]

Swerving in the hoopty, but a nigga not drunk  
I'm high off of life, with a pinch of skunk  
Maybe high off of determination, but I'm low on luck  
cause we've been putting on for years, and people still counting sheep on us  
But its cool, I be that offspring that's dressed in wolf clothing  
With a mallet and a bell, just to await a rude awakening  
Out here yellin Worlds Fair until the name brand  
Hailing from a place where every nigga wanna be king  
Plus this world is too cold, so I keep my circle small  
Puffing chronic with my dogs, chilly, but we hold down the city  
And my borough, feelin unstoppable like Tetsuo  
Akira in the membrane Queens get the money  
And I'm broke and going insane, stressed out my brain  
Til it left on a train to Connecticut for the weekend  
Might extended stay until I'm diving in the deep end  
Of a pool full of euros, pounds, and yen, let's get this money, man

[Hook: Domo Genesis]

L said it's cold in this world, sometimes it's hard for me to crack a smile  
That real shit is going out of style  
These young niggas out here acting buck wild  
We just need that real shit right now  
L said it's cold in this world, sometimes it's hard for me to crack a smile  
That real shit is going out of style  
These young niggas out here acting buck wild  
They just need that real shit right now

[Verse 2: Domo Genesis]

For what it's worth, a nigga made his way from the dirt  
All the times I went berserk, all ideas that didn't work  
But we cherish when we hurt, we finished dinner and dessert  
For every thought that hurt for the piece that I deserve I'm on the search  
Many times a nigga thought that he would give in  
Every dream that I would witness with previous premonitions  
I knew that I would be this  
It's never been a secret, took a genius to believe it  
Our elite is to achieve it  
I'm runnin overheated, but practice what I'm preachin  
Never sleep and we catch you slippin and throw you in the deep end  
I know some niggas died over pride, high  
I know some fake niggas claim they ride, that's a lie  
I know some hatting niggas that when I rhyme, they despise

Wish I could share these visions through eyes  
High like a fucking revolutionary  
I'm droppin knowledge, and its only knowledge you should carry  
Bitch, I'm in truth and everybody know the truth  
[Hook][Verse 3: Earl Sweatshirt]  
Looking for shit to scratch up off this bucket list  
Found a tug of war between my mother and my fucking friends  
Fucking bucket, bumping nothing in the summer  
Trying to chug a fifth of Jack in case you wondering where the ruckus went  
I kept in the baggie of Oregano  
Fronting like I'm selling dope, stunting with my effort low  
Let the records show these niggas why they bitches neck is swole  
It's OFM to the death of us, pigs, try to hem us up  
The best wrestler's back guzzling seconds up  
Using label checks to fuck around in the Cressida  
And I'm advocating aggression  
To any man who would test us, an avid fan of the presence of vodka  
This drink is like my first time hearing Flocka  
Hope is what the weed can't offer  
Cheap ass, coughing, C-class method-acting young nigga  
Dressing like I'm geriatric, said it's very active  
Strong arm, steady swearing I could tear a mattress  
Track-slapping 'em silly as Tom and Jerry tactics  
Why you started? I fire harder than every rapper  
Gassing these fairies, dare I say that he carry matches?[Interlude][Hook][Verse 4: Hodgy Beats]  
No confusion and ??? I know who I am  
Responsibility enables me to move through life with agility

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>