## **Cold Showers**

## **Cal Scruby**

Uhh, goddamn

Stressed so much, I'm fucking stressed

Cold showers, I'm cold blooded

No power, no heat, you a broke oven

Get in line, I'm up next, no cuttin'

The flow come in, the whole top flow flooded

It's funny how I did it all, no budget

No money, no frontin', no nothin'

Just the everyday struggle, Joe Budden

No shuttle, I could run the whole 400

Top five only time I like low numbers

He not live, kill him twice like Ghost Hunters

That title not the only thing he stole from us

It's posthumous, so I'm speakin' for the both of us

Gather 'round it's the story that you can't miss

It's like 40 on the Knicks when it's game six

It's like George Hill missin' the free throw and everybody wanna blame J.R. Smith

This old Rollie on the wrist, the same shit

I can't even think of the last time I spent a little money on something that didn't get a little money back

I just turned down one show for 20 racks

And you can say that's crazy, I say it's maturity You copy the flow and then you say you ain't heard of me I deserve a thanks everyday as a curtesy Good thing the label got the gated security Shut the door, keep it closed Bass knock- knocking we don't need no more jokes Bitches double tappin' like I'm readin' Morse code I need a big bag like Santa when he leave the North Pole Ho ho ho when I kick in the door Off a Ritalin binge been tricking the trolls I dove in, never dip in the toes Like wolves in the winter been sniffing the snow And y'all fish in a barrel Y'all stay tuned in, y'all ain't flippin' the channel Y'all keep comin' back like cheap motherfuckers Tryna get a free sample wearing different apparel, yeah

We not cut from the same cloth

We not built from the same bricks

We not cookin' with the same sauce

Y'all got bad taste

We not cut from the same cloth

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## Y'all got bad taste

Cold showers, I'm cold blooded

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