

# Still Cold / Pathway Private

## Night Lovell

Still checking at the place still cold  
Moving in a way no place no snow  
Straight chillin' with my niggas and shiver  
Thinking about the sun lay thoughts on the river Move back nigga, move back nigga  
Fake Jordan-ass whack-ass bitch nigga  
I come packed with eleven damn shots  
I claim this city and I take your spot Stay thinking about a white one  
Thinking about a bright sun  
That I changed straight from the dark shit No take when I'm playing with the black gun nigga  
You ain't never been a god since the last run No stares in the place that's you  
A lot of niggas tell me that I never really owe  
Track track to the place back back nigga  
Tell me that I'm like a nigga but my flow sicker Calling  
Calling  
Calling  
I'm calling  
Calling  
Calling  
Calling  
Shit! Yea! (Shit!) Dressed like a motherfucking god when I reach the spot (Shit!)  
Niggas always tell me that I made it from the empty slot (Shit!) Change ways niggas no truth no  
plot  
Fuck a white brand no top no spot  
?hase all day till the darts in the back  
But my niggas fuck bitches in the back of the cab  
Claim riches but a nigga been whack  
Never talk boy with your fake ass stack ?ash cash talking about cash cash nigga  
When I throw that shade catch catch nigga Last time when I talked to a man  
Well shit run quick slash slash for the neck nigga Know I gotta make it out the cold for the best  
show  
Please don't try never show my pack  
Bitch don't cry just move that tech  
That's trash thought I'd never really say this  
Caught my music on my ex bitch playlist  
Bitches say 613 that's the greatest  
But I never see no niggas ever famous  
Fax-boy black boy trash boy trash boy  
Ten fake bape hoodies fake face boy  
Know I tell these niggas that I never do shit  
But my thoughts never sick  
So I'm never not slick nigga nigga  
Watch me leave this place you stay

Think about the fault you made  
Change the fucking shit you say  
I may be back another day  
From the North side...  
You started some like, some cold shit  
And we run it  
No more of that game stuff like  
I'm done with that

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>