

Damn I'm Cold

Bun B

Chops on the track
(Damn I'm cold, damn I'm cold)
(Damn I'm cold, damn I'm cold) See when I got Mercedes, I went and got a Mercedes
When I got that Bentley, I went and got that Bentley
Now if ye ain't help me make it, don't tell me how to spend it
And yes I know the rules, never marry Robin Givens
Mice'll run all over bitches, so we call them bitches cheeseheads
Lambeau leap in that pussy like in Green Bay
Lambo' suite look like sugar on the freeawwy
And I'm "Ridin Dirty" cause I'm so U-G-K
One two three wait, fo' fo' makes eight
Nine times out of 10 it's eleven or a 12 gauge
Friday the 13th, that's the day that hell raise
But y'all boys too weak, like fo'teen days
I'm so clean, why wouldn't I be
I be with Ben Frank' so much he's startin to look like me
I'ma smoke my weed and I don't wanna smoke yours
And I pour four, everytime I pour
Like, is you sayin somethin bitch
If ye ain't talkin 'bout us, we ain't talkin 'bout shit
I woke up this mornin, eyes half closed
I looked into the mirror and said damn I'm cold
Damn I'm cold, and my hoes
Pimp shit nigga keep payin my hoes
Damn I'm cold, man I'm throwed
I said damn I'm cold, hot damn I'm cold See when I got that slab money I put the Rivvy on
blades
When I got that 'llac money I candied the Escalade
Got that Screw in my deck, a house or two on my neck
A couple cars on my wrist, and bitch I'm ready to wreck
We 'bout to do this for Pimp C, so pass me a bottle
I'm 'bout to pop the top on it like a slab or a model
Turn it upside down then po' it out for my lil' bro
Then pass me another one so I can po' out a lil' mo'
Fresher than ozium, cleaner than wax floors
I'm, slick as linoleum, swingin them 'llac do's
Them, Franklins you foldin yeah we tryin to stack those
So fo' you play the role you need to learn how to act, HOE
Swangaz who' crank fo's and tip nin trunks who bang
Haters get back and hoes'll flip with nuts who hang
It ain't a thang, make #1's and ever will
I put that on my life, Bun Beeda fo'ever trill, f'real

Yeah, fuckin right alright
Goin at your neck like a barkin dog bites
I woke up this mornin, eyes half closed
Looked into the mirror and said damn I'm cold
Damn I'm cold, and my hoes
Pimp shit nigga keep payin my hoes
Damn I'm cold, man I'm throwed
I said damn I'm cold, hot damn I'm cold
Is it the ice in the piece or the ice in the chains?
Is it the ice in the watch or the ice in the Range?
Or the bracelet, face it, you feel the chill in yo' veins
Could it be from Bun B or that boy Lil Wayne?
Or could it be the two-seater, on them thangs
Got on a couple gold chains, so dang-a-dang
I swang and bang, from lane to lane
Yeah, it's gettin hot and you starting to feel the flame
Bun It's gettin brick and you starting to feel the breeze
And the temperature's going down, best to get you some sleeves
And you best to get you some G's, 'fore you lose your control
And we turn your whole neighborhood into the North Pole
Like brrrrrrrrrr, machine gun
brrrrrrrrrr
I am a beast grrrrrrrr, money machine brrrrrr
F-U-C-K, C-O-P's
I say I know when they say freeze - yeaahhhhhh! Okay, you already knew
No pussies, no rats, no Tom and Kerry show
And I woke up this mornin, eyes half closed
Looked into the mirror like damn I'm cold
Oh damn I'm cold, and my hoes
Damn I'm cold, man I'm throwed
I said damn I'm cold, hot damn I'm cold
This has been a Chops production

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