

Cold (feat. DJ Khaled)

Kanye West

Can't a young nigga get money any more?
Tell PETA my mink is dragging on the floor
Can I have a bad bitch without no flaws
Come to meet me without no drawers? Dinner with Anna Wintour, racing with Anja Rubik
I told you mahfuckas it was more than the music
In the projects one day, to Project Runway
We done heard all that loud-ass talking, we're used to it
I'm from where shorties fucked up, double-cupped up
Might even kill somebody and YouTube it
To whoever think their words affect me is too stupid
And if you can do it better than me, then you do it!
We flyer than a parakeet, floatin' with no parachute
Six thousand dollar pair of shoes, we made it to the Paris news!
Don't talk about style cause I embarrass you
Shut the fuck up when you talk to me 'fore I embarrass you
And the whole industry want to fuck your old chick
Only nigga I got respect for is Wiz
And I'll admit, I had fell in love with Kim
Around the same time she had fell in love with him
Well that's cool, baby girl, do ya thang
Lucky I ain't had Jay drop him from the team
La Familia, Roc Nation
We in the building, we still keep it basement
We flyer than a parakeet, floatin' with no parachute
Six thousand dollar pair of shoes, I made it to the Paris news
Don't talk about style cause I'll embarrass you
Shut the fuck up when you talk to me 'fore I embarrass you
GOOD Music, we fresh, we fresh
Anything else, we detest, detest
Bitch-ass niggas got ass and breasts
All that said, let me ask this quest'
Don't talk to me 'bout style, nigga, I'll mothafuckin' embarrass you
Talking 'bout clothes, I'll mothafuckin' embarrass you
Hollering 'bout some hoes, I'll mothafuckin' embarrass you
Way too cold, I promise you'll need some Theraflu (Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh) Get the Theraflu
(Uh, uh-uh, uh-uh, uh) Get the Theraflu
(Uh, uh-uh, uh-uh uh) Get the Theraflu
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>

