

## Cold Individual

Ambjaay

Let the chop shoot ain't no back and forth  
Man these niggas weak what they rapping for  
Taking flicks of the drip froze my gallery  
I ain't the reason why you broke why you mad at me  
Jaay you hit my bitch stop asking me  
I'm the band man bitch don't challenge me  
I keep a golden ticket she not trapping me  
A you say you getting me money don't cap to me  
Hating on a nigga that's a red flag  
Chopsticks shooting boy I hope your legs fast  
I'm finna take another trip I got jet lag  
Jaay is the one I been said that  
They say I only make party music  
He just mad his bitch shaking ass to it  
She treat the dick like a candle she blew it  
They don't want to see me win yeah I knew it  
I'll be mad to if I was losing  
He don't like getting money I'm clueless  
Steal a nigga life like a booster  
Thank god for this life hallelujah  
I'm finna show them how to do it  
Hit my dance on a bitch go stupid  
Big bands bitch you know I'm getting to it  
If it's real tat my name on your coochie  
Get doe get doe get doe I gotta get it  
Chop stick make him bounce like some switches  
Drop the lo ima spin like a fidget  
Why you worrying bout me I don't get it  
Talking shit on these beats I be tripping  
Exotic clothes on my body I be dripping  
I try to tell them I'm the one they ain't listen  
Another hating ass nigga in my mentions  
Ella Mae wit a bag I be boo'd up  
Everything I do major bitch I'm to much  
Don't give a fuck about fame can't give two fucks  
Cap me wetty now I'm finna bust a few nuts  
I'm the Don Dada I'm going Kanye crazy  
Got a drop tolerance I stay in the latest  
Mix match in all that you know I'm not basic  
Got your bitch in the room finna strip no Las Vegas  
He say his bitch bad but she ugly when she cute  
Man these niggas trash it sounds better when is mute  
Ten bands ain't nothing I spent that on shoes  
Break her back send her back Amb you rude  
What's up wit niggas thinking that I lost it  
Put a hole in his head he a dolphin  
I think it's time to put him in a coffin  
That ain't za in yo wood you not coughing  
They switch on me gotta shit on them respectfully  
She got good head yeah that's her specialty  
Hit her right from the back she hear the melody  
You don't like getting money is what you telling me  
I rather chase a bag these hoes not impressing me  
If it ain't about a bag don't message me  
He got four different circles he a Audi  
I be dripping hard bitch you know my body  
He a trick bitches dating niggas pockets

Mix match drip bitch I got options  
All these niggas my kids I should adopt them  
Now days yeah ain't nobody solid  
Ain't nobody fucking wit me to be honest  
Bad bitch give me head like a bonnet  
Cute face long hair Pocahontas  
Bitch chop throwing up bullets like it's vomit  
Gang

I been told niggas ima cold individual  
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I been told niggas ima cold individual  
Gang  
Aye it cost to live like this your year me