

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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Gang
Aye it cost to live like this your year me