

Kold Hearted

Bizzle

Smokin' all this heavy
Tryin' to kill this migraine
Behind limo tints
Really trippin' how this life change
Pushin' foreign engines
That used to be the bike lane
Fades durin' tha day
We shoot it out when them lights fade

Kold hearted stingy, I'm far from what my momma raised
Wonder how she'll feel if she saw me loading up these kz
We caught them cases beat 'em til niggas finally cracked the safe on the lin
e
Wit stone we, pullin' up, back 2 back in wraffes we let a ticket go
Don't trip, we get it back today
Lil woodie hit my line, he got a cheesehead, send a pack his way
I pray for my niggas in them cells
Day after day and them BM on they own wit them kids
Tryna pave a way

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Kold hearted stingy, far from what my momma raised
Wonder how'd she'll feel if she knew I had them tapping blades
Takin trips cross state lines, make her push a pack a day
Even in a drought I got a plug, bet I'll have my way strategic young nigga
Used to be tha class clown, first to get tha foreign bust tha rolley
Got a bag now they watchin' while he turn up, it pay to be the ass now
But turn tha other cheek when they see tha screen, another man down

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Kold hearted stingy, far from what my momma raised
Wonder how she'll feel seeing me stuck in my daddy's ways
Pistol on tha dresser, bag ah dub when tha razor tap tha plate
Tha Pak wasn't right, we hit tha road and took it back his way
Loaded off tha yack, bumpin' nip, dreams of v12s
Remember all them prayers for the days that we prevail
Remember every story from my pops feel like he seen hell
And all these broken hearts on tha B just know I mean well

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