

# 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 line  
Wit stone we, pullin' up, back 2 back in wrafes 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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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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