

# Cold

Gucci Mane

(Mike Will Made-It)

Thinking 'bout them cold nights (Cold), sleeping in that cold cell  
Eating nothin' but cold food, they let me out that cold jail (Damn)  
Soon as I touched down I had to give them folks hell (Yeah)  
Took off all them jail clothes, showered off that jail smell (Yeah)

I don't need no wishing well, I'ma buy my bitch Chanel  
Keep it real, she paid the bail, kept it player, no kiss and tell  
Shout out to the cartel, fuck the opps, they called twelve  
I been trapping since twelve, selling nicks and bricks and bales  
Narcotics and plenty sales, glass bowls and pocket scales (Skrtrt)  
Burglar bars and cameras before my life was glamorous (Huh)  
I shine like a camera (Shine), I kicked all the amateurs  
556's damage ya (Hot), we don't tote no Derringer (Hot)  
Go check the thermometer (Hot), we bloodied the furniture  
We hit at his momma house, I heard it woke his momma up (Mom)  
I'ma keep the chopper tucked, run up if you think you tough (Cha-cha)  
Playing with all that funny stuff, they found his body in the bluff (Ha)  
Poker face, we never bluff  
Play with them, don't play with us (Nah)  
We got toys like Toys R Us, the chop's so long it's folding up  
Where my boys? They rolling up  
They look young, they old enough  
Hell no, they ain't old as us  
But try us, they gon' spray your bus (Grah)

Thinking 'bout them cold nights, sleeping in that cold cell  
Eating nothin' but cold food, they let me out that cold jail (Yeah)  
Soon as I touched down I had to give them folks hell (What's up, Wop?)  
Took off all them jail clothes, showered off that jail smell  
(Look, look, look)

Bounced out of the B.O.P., still toting that stick on me (I got it)  
All these hoes tryna fuck (What?), I ain't giving no dick for free (At all)  
All these people want a show (What?), need that bag C.O.D. (I need it)  
All these lil' slick posts, say that shit to me in the streets  
Smashed all my old beef, smashed out my old teeth  
One by one I'm coming to collect from everybody that owe me (Everybody)  
Real killers, they know me (They know), real street niggas mold me  
Better be able to see your hands you ever try to approach me (Let me see, nigga)  
Feds got me burnt out, still a little institutionalized (Damn)  
Nigga, that shit was real, seen niggas stabbed to death right before my eyes  
B-Gizzle and Gucci Mane, you know this shit gon' ride  
Free my guys and the pole lock, fed niggas might start a riot

Thinking 'bout them cold nights, sleeping in that cold cell (If it's up, it's stuck, nigga)  
Eating nothin' but cold food, they let me out that cold jail (They can't kick 'em up, nigga)  
Soon as I touched down I had to give them folks hell (If it's up, it's stuck, nigga)  
Took off all them jail clothes, showered off that jail smell (They can't kick 'em up, nigga)

Mike Will, B-Gizzle, Gucci Mane

This what the streets wanted to hear  
This shit too real