

40 Below

## Mick Jenkins

Love? You know, what do you know about love? What do you possibly think you know about love? You know, I'm sick and tired of men usin' love as some kind of disease you just catch. Love should've brought your ass home last night! I heard you say you sorry, you sorry and you tired. You don't love me! You only love your damn self!

How she got so cold  
How she got so cold  
How she got so cold  
How she got so cold on me  
How she got so cold

Soo cold, soo cold  
Soo cold, soo cold  
Soo cold

Cause the last that I remember  
Think I left you in December  
But it feel like February on a niggas  
(How she got soo cold)

Shawty was a beauty from the start, I was seventeen  
That's when I took notice of a sculpture angelic  
Though I knew it was a long way from heavenly  
Can I kick it?  
Skip the visitation, let her know I need the digit  
Young nigga, all I really had was jokes  
Just finessin', she a low key blessin', I didn't even know  
Not reminiscin', just lamentin on mistakes I made  
Random nights I lurked on her Facebook page  
Youngin' thinkin' like "my time right, I done got my mind right"  
Yeah she heard that mixtape I got a little limelight, I let her know  
She didn't let up, learned a lesson when she let me go  
Just let me sing and this is how it go

I could hold it down  
Want to be your nigga  
She said "not right now"  
I said "how you figure?"  
I could hold it down, down, down, down, down, down  
Want to hold it down, down, down, down, down, down  
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I could hold it down, down, down, down, down, down