

COLD GAME

NLE Choppa

This whole motherfuckin' album fire
I know if this motherfucker don't go number one, y'all niggas hatin'
You heard it first from mama Choppa, bam

When the day is gone, you're all I need
When I close my eyes, it's all I see
Love me like I used to before (Rose)
Huh

Appetite for new timepieces, ain't no time to lose
Ain't no lie, Jacob know me, I bought all kinds of jewels
Put the haters on me, trust me, I make all kinds of moves
Here dealing with these fakers 'til I make up all the rules
I just wanna ride around and we lock the city down
All my bitches fightin' in the club with they titties out (Haha)
Double M, we Blowin' Budz, put them Phillies out
And any boy get out of line, I came to sit him down
I had a million on my mind, but that's a billion now
Build a mansion out in Cali' with the ceilings out
Nigga say they beefin' with me, but I'm still in town
I got the killers in chinchillas, we the realest out
If you in your feelings, you gon' feel this now
You know this Double M, that's when you hear the sound (M-M-M)
All the baddest bitches came to get it down
And I know you on the 'shrooms, that's if you feel the bounce (Maybach Music
)

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Patty wagons turn to Rolls-Royces, yeah (Royces)
Makin' different choices, tryna see which corporate brand I'm signin' with f
or endorsements
You can catch me on the Forbes stuntin' (Stuntin')
Pink, green, blue bills, I don't discriminate the money
Like the Doomsday comin', I'ma run it up
You niggas run y'all dick suckers too much and ride dick
Get off my nuts (Off my nuts)
I'ma check in 'bout my bread, watch some niggas check out (Brrt)
We chiropractin' niggas neck, what that mean? Stretch him out (Brrt)
Playin' with the Gs, I got a murder fee
That lead to casualties, ayy, just pick out your tee
I live a fantasy, bitches from Tel Aviv
In the Florida Keys, ridin' jet skis
Pulled over, made a pit stop to fuck on a beach
While she ride me, I'm thankin' God I'm out of the streets
I had the keys, the keys to feed the fiends
I had the rocks, took risks, the opps, they died for this and that (Died for
this, nigga)
But don't speak on wax, don't let this light skin fool ya
I'm 'bout what I rap, yeah
Ayy, threesomes, that's regular thing
I need a ten-piece combo like some lemon pepper chicken wings
Ayy, I'm a big boss like I'm Rick Ross (Ayy, Ross)
You ass backwards, criss-cross
You chasin' bitches over money, well, that's where you broke the law

If a ho hit today, then she gon' be here to stay
She ain't here while I'm broke, when I'm rich, it's her loss, word to Drake
One-sixteen ain't enough, like I'm Andre 3K, thirty-two bars like Jiggas
Feel like Hov, man (Feel like Hov, man)
Cross me when I gave you leeway
They play me like I'm 2K, don't call me, "Brother," nigga
That's my old name, my old bitch fucked another nigga
Then a hundred niggas just to get back
And I remained the same (Still the same nigga)
Cold game, still same
Sunny days after rain, pain turn to pleasure, made a man (On God)

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Love me like you used to before

This the takeover, y'all had your time, now it's time to have mine
I know it's a lot to digest, heart burn in your chest
From a rookie to a vet'
And I ain't even done yet