

COLD ASS 2 STEP

Problem

Yeah, yeah, yeah
What we on? What the vibe like?
Oh, okay, got her a Jack Daniels
She got her drink? She got her drink? You good? Uh

Yeah, whoa whoa
Take a shot 'til it's all gone
Mm, feel good to be a rich nigga with a cold ass 2 step
Left right, left right, left right, left right (Cold ass 2 step)
Left right, left right, left right, left right (Cold ass, cold ass) (What?)

You need to stop bringin' all your fellas to the studio room
You don't need friends that bad
'Cause while we in here on the run up, they in here on the come up
And that's the quickest way to get you done up
So, meet the homies at the club where they all belong
After I put the finishing touches on this last song
Inviting artists to rhyme and go buck with me
But it's obvious, you niggas can't fuck with me
You're now rockin' with the best again
But how can you do it with no estrogen?
So bring the women who could cook me up some steak fries
'Cause me and Kym Whitley booty the same size
Alcohol makes you super, yeah, weed makes you stupid
When you mix 'em together, you're super stupid, man
Now make 'em balance out, smoke and bring your chalice out
Shroomin' in my room with all my fly groomin'

Let me rock it, let me rock, let me rock it, baby bomb
Let me rock it, that's all I wanna do
Let me rock it, let me rock, let me rock it, baby bomb
Let me rock it, that's all I wanna do

Yeah, whoa whoa
Take a shot 'til it's all gone
Mm, feel good to be a rich nigga with a cold ass 2 step
Left right, left right, left right, left right (Cold ass 2 step)
Left right, left right, left right, left right (Cold ass, cold ass) (What?)

Dope dancers
Ay, Tiptoe, I just realized I couldn't be saved by Pope Francis
Now go on and push me today
Talkin' 'bout you celibate – bitch, you need to give that pussy away
And fuck a point, B
And every morning you wake up, you disappoint me (What?)
Yay, forever and a day
Ain't no bitch in my house in my motherfuckin' way
Tryna tell me what kinda Suga Free she think I should be
How to spend my money and disrespect my P
And play the motherfuckin' victim when the shit hit the fan
Like you ain't flirty and don't lie a lot but you understand
Bitch, you don't love me like my mama do, so fuck you, ho
And how you gon' argue with me about my money and you broke?

Yeah, whoa whoa
Take a shot 'til it's all gone
Mm, feel good to be a rich nigga with a cold ass 2 step

{Let me rock it, let me rock, let me rock it, baby bomb}
{Let me rock it, that's all I wanna do} (Cold ass 2 step)
{Let me rock it, let me rock, let me rock it, baby bomb}
{Let me rock it, that's all I wanna do} (Cold ass, cold ass)
Left right, left right, left right, left right (Cold ass 2 step)
Left right, left right, left right, left right (Cold ass 2 step)
Left right, left right (Cold ass 2 step), left right, left right
(Nigga, better watch where you step)

(DJ Quik)

A'ight, you already know what I'm doing. We gon' slide to the motherfuckin' crib

(You hear me?)

Hell, hell nah, nigga, I stay in the Valley now, bitch, what you talkin' 'bout?

Yeah, my grandmama still stay where she stay, Rosecrans and Wilmington, you know what it is

We 'bout to head to the 'basas

Get down with me, baby bomb