Kill Em Cold

Rich Boy

I be talking about money, they be talking about me
Better get your dollas up,
Fuck this shit nigga, you don't really talk about money
Everything else bullshit

Let the games begin, who got what it takes to win?
I'm chasing that money, it's blowing like the wind
I'm set in trance, come find me look at my bitch
They talking like they taking over, but that's over with
I had a vision, one night that I can make it out
Making yachts, foreign spots, diamond set you break the watch
Let me count up what I got, back to the spot
Should I make a movie now, erything's about a shot
Have you ever really made over 100 grand?
Have you ever had more than 50k in your hand?
Blow a stack, throw that shit up like a quarterback
Boy you talking pety dollars, I'm talking more than that
The sun's shining on my pain, I make you bitches think
Look at me I'm who you ain't
Tryina beat me but you can't
I'm reppin niggas of Jerome, my story's untold
Hoes lookin froze, cause that ice be killin em cold
Ice be killin em cold, ice be killin em cold.

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