

Too Cold

Roots Manuva

(Intro) T, Too Cold, T, T, T, Too Cold.

(Chorus)

I'm too cold, I'm too cold, I'm too cold
I'm too old, I'm too old, I'm too old
And it shows, and it shows, and it shows
And you know, and you know, and you know

Sometimes I hate myself, sometimes I love myself
Sometimes I hate myself, sometimes I love myself

Ah where the f**k man?
We can't stay brup man
We never stuck man
We on the up man
I do my nut man
Puke up my gut man
I'm a such and such man
I don't know much man
I pay my dues man
Now I'm confused man
Scabby vampires wanna run, come along come use man
The same old news man
We bring the blues man
My baby left me because I wouldn't buy new shoes man
We win or lose man
Don't ask me for a twos man
Buy your own fags man
Mind you get stabbed man
Don't you see that we some big broad bad man
Born and bred in this big bored bad land
Known all over the world as a mad man
Life is hard but it's just too bad man

(Chorus)

I spoke with my money
This ain't a joke money
Banana boat money
Banana vote money
Food on a plate money
Real or fake money
Lose or take money
At times I hate money
It's money that makes money makes people act funny
Civilized men start to act gunny gunny
Take your life in a second with the right kind of money
Life in the west we obsessed by money
Mind how you worship, you can't be blessed by money
I do the best with all my money
Progress with my money
Invest with my money
Touch breasts with my money
Get sex with my money
Get vexxed with my money
Respect for my money means I feed my tummy
Blessed be my pound, get my food down dummy

(Chorus)

Rhyme squalor from the school of the hooligan
Backing out the tool once you get too hectic
Smacking up the bwan turn the bwan is epilectic
I'm on some next shit
Dudes respect it
I'm the eclectic
Known for my eccentric
You can't prevent this I'm the God blessed God sent
this
Uk rhyme saviour, no never quite
That was just some media totallaty hype
I ain't the best MC, or the worst MC
But I got certification I'm the first MC
I flip the flip, the new flip, the old flip
I zip my lip but I still zip my...
Get drunk quick
Don't done this shit
That's the bwan Smith
Nothing to prove
Mad at the moon
Now they too long to tune
Loving these boobs (?)
Seen too many crews with all of my views
Roots Manuva who the hell is it, MC, MC
And furthermore that's the only MC
The only MC

(Chorus)

(Outro)