

Get a Cold

Sierra Kidd

Hey, hey, hey
Yeah
Yeah...
Yeah
Get a cold when I flex
Get a cold when I flex
Get a cold when I flex
Get a-, yeah
Put that shit on my neck
On my wrist, there's a check
Get a cold when I flex
Yeah
Yeah...
Yeah

Paranoid, where's my weapon?
Where the opps, let's go find 'em
Spent ten-thousand on my heffort
Fuck the law, you know that my brothers with me and they steppin'
When I step in, I'm so reckless, I'm so out my section
Fuck your section, you a pussy, all I hang with felons (Pussy)
I been cheffin', you ain't cooking, hoe, get out of the kitchen
She just told me, she feel better when she off of them Xans
I thought I told you I feel better with these racks in my hand

Yeah
Yeah... (Hey, hey, hey)
Yeah
Get a cold when I flex
Get a cold when I flex
Get a cold when I flex
Get a-, yeah
Put that shit on my neck
On my wrist, there's a check
Get a cold when I flex
Yeah
Yeah...
Yeah

Put that shit on my neck
That shit hits and bites back
Make a scene, when I flex
With one leg out the Lex'
And my hand on the strap
It's not hard to be champ
When you're really the champ
I got big bank, make a bitch gasp, when she see this shit
My whole life I been down, so let me enjoy myself
Throw hundreds at the club, fuck it, fuck it up
My money take her breath away
Always more money than yesterday

Yeah
Yeah... (Hey, hey, hey)
Yeah
Get a cold when I flex
Get a cold when I flex

Get a cold when I flex
Get a-, yeah
Put that shit on my neck
On my wrist, there's a check
Get a cold when I flex, yeah
Yeah