

# So Cold

Tyla Yaweh

Ridin' in the Benz so cold  
Platinum on my wrist just froze  
Slidin' through the breeze I'm gone  
Slidin' through the wind I'm gone  
Pop a perc I'm rollin'  
Then I got me some doda  
White girl; got that yoda  
Then I got me some dough  
Ridin' in the Benz so cold  
Platinum on my wrist just froze  
Slidin' through the breeze I'm gone  
Slidin' through the wind I'm gone  
Pop a perc I'm rollin'  
Then I got me some doda  
White girl; got that yoda  
Then I got me some dough

I'm a cast away  
Rolling up these spirits  
I'm chillin' with my youngins  
They all totin' lamas  
And they flip that purple haze  
I feed them with these commas  
And give it to yo momma'  
Then fuck yo baby momma'  
And I can't compromise  
Oh I love you haters  
And I can't lose my time  
Fuck all of you haters  
We eatin' at this table  
Cause we some money makers  
We be gettin' money  
Cause we some money makers  
I roll  
I'm gone  
I pop a perc you know a nigga roll  
I roll  
I'm gone  
If you 'bout gettin' money  
I put on, I put on

Ridin' in the Benz so cold  
Platinum on my wrist just froze  
Slidin' through the breeze I'm gone  
Slidin' through the wind I'm gone  
Pop a perc I'm rollin'  
Then I got me some doda  
White girl; got that yoda  
Then I got me some dough  
Ridin' in the Benz so cold  
Platinum on my wrist just froze  
Slidin' through the breeze I'm gone  
Slidin' through the wind I'm gone  
Pop a perc I'm rollin'  
Then I got me some doda  
White girl; got that yoda  
Then I got me some dough

This the O  
Know that this Marco  
You already know  
Got my drink  
I'ma make a toast  
This one for my bros  
This for piff  
All my nigga wanted was designer clothes  
And some hoes  
We might pull up on 'em  
Hop out of the ghost  
I don't fuck witchu  
Party with my people  
She callin' on my phone  
Text me like "I need you"  
I'm like "what you wearin'?"  
She like "that shit see-through"  
Just don't make me pull up girl if I don't really need to  
I know  
All this money ain't no price on it  
She with me  
So you know she made the right decision  
To be honest I don't trust these bitches  
'Cause they gon' go around and tell these other bitches

Ridin' in the Benz so cold  
Platinum on my wrist just froze  
Slidin' through the breeze I'm gone  
Slidin' through the wind I'm gone  
Pop a perc I'm rollin'  
Then I got me some doda  
White girl; got that yoda  
Then I got me some dough  
Ridin' in the Benz so cold  
Platinum on my wrist just froze  
Slidin' through the breeze I'm gone  
Slidin' through the wind I'm gone  
Pop a perc I'm rollin'  
Then I got me some doda  
White girl; got that yoda  
Then I got me some dough