

Bun B Feat. Lil Wayne "Damn I'm Cold"

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Chops on the track

See when I got Mercedes money, I went and got a Mercedes
When I got that Bentley money, I went and got that Bentley
Now if y'ain't help me make it, don't tell me how to spend it
And yes, I know the rules, never marry Robin Givens

Mice'll run all over bitches, so we call them bitches cheeseheads
Lambeau leap in that pussy like in Green Bay
Lambo' suite look like sugar on the freeway
And I'm "Ridin Dirty" 'cause I'm so U-G-K

One two three, wait, fo' fo' makes eight
Nine times out of 10 it's eleven or a 12 gauge
Friday the 13th, that's the day that hell raise
But y'all boys too weak, like fo'teen days

I'm so clean, why wouldn't I be?
I be with Ben Frank' so much he's startin' to look like me
I'ma smoke my weed 'cause I don't wanna smoke yours
And I pour four, every time I pour

Like, "Is you sayin' somethin' bitch?
If ye ain't talkin' 'bout us, we ain't talkin' 'bout shit"
I woke up this mornin', eyes half closed
I looked into the mirror and said, "Damn I'm cold"

Damn I'm cold, and my hoes
Pimp shit nigga keep payin' my hoes
Damn I'm cold, man I'm throwed
I said damn I'm cold, hot damn I'm cold

See when I got that slab money I put the Rivvy on blades
When I got that 'lac money I candied the Escalade

Got that screw in my deck, a house or two on my neck
A couple cars on my wrist and bitch I'm ready to wreck

We 'bout to do this for Pimp C, so pass me a bottle
I'm 'bout to pop the top on it like a slab or a model
Turn it upside down then po' it out for my lil' bro
Then pass me another one so I can po' out a lil' mo'

Fresher than Ozium, cleaner than wax floors
I'm slick as linoleum, swingin' my 'lac do's
Them Franklins you foldin' 'em there, we
tryin' to stack those
So fo' you play your role you need to learn how to act,
hoes

Swangaz that crank fo's and tip in trunks'll bang
Haters get back and hoes'll flip with nuts who hang
It ain't a thang, make number 1's and ever will
I put that on my life, Bun B fo'ever trill, fo' real

Yeah, fuckin' right alright
Goin' at your neck like a barkin' dog
bites
I woke up this mornin', eyes half closed
Looked into the mirror and said, 'Damn I'm
cold'

Damn I'm cold and my hoes
Pimp shit nigga keep payin' my hoes
Damn I'm cold, man I'm throwed
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Is it the ice in the piece or the ice in the chains?
Is it the ice in the watch or the ice in the Range?
Or the bracelet, face it, you feel the chill in yo' veins
Could it be from Bun Beda or that boy Lil Wayne?

Or could it be the two-seater on them thangs?
Got on a couple gold chains, so dang-a-dang
I swang and bang from lane to lane
Yeah, it's gettin' hot and you startin' to
feel the flame
Bun

It's getting brick and you starting to feel the
breeze
And the temperature's going down, best to get you
some sleeves
And you best to get you some G's, 'fore you lose your
control
And we turn your whole neighborhood into the North

Pole

Like brrr, machine gun brrr
I am a beast grrr, money machine brrr
F-U-C-K, C-O-P's
I say 'I know' when they say 'Freeze!' yeah

Okay, you already knew
No pussies, no rats, no Tom & Jerry Show
And I woke up this mornin'™, eyes half closed
Looked into the mirror like, "Damn I'm
cold"

Damn I'm cold and my hoes
Damn I'm cold, man I'm throwed
I said damn I'm cold, hot damn I'm cold

This has been a Chops production

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