

David Bowie & Mick Jagger

"So Cold"

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Now I'll be comin with that real shit,
Cuz that real shit is all I know, out Valley Joe
And that good grain is all I grow
So if they ask about Jay Tee, tell them I got it
And if they ask about the Super Sport tell them I squat it
I'm tryin to ride, and stay the fuck up out the slamma'
I got hoes from Salt Lake to Alabama
So while you squares is at work, I'm in motion
At the telly gettin a back rub with some good ass lotion
And when she threw, that's when I hit the shower
And then "chupa mi verga" for about an hour
For those of ya'll that never been around a chicano
That means gettin your dick sucked mayne in el barrio
I'm a dog off the leash with no colla
Half pit bull, half fuckin rottweiler
I grew up around side shows and burnin' rubber
So it ain't no thing to make a young hutch think I love
her

[Chorus]

I'm so cold, out here takin' a bitch, makin' a bitch
Do what I say as I'm breakin' the bitch
All I'm tryin' to do is live better now
Hit the game solo, makin' more cheddar now

I'm unemployed so all I do is stay lit
I sip on gin fuckin tryin' to stay fit
I'm in an old school rag, brains blown out
So if a bitch gets to trippin' she get thrown out
In Valley Joe, everybody should know
Don't trust no ho, cuz fuck is all they good fo'
I had one last week, with no flaws
NO kids, no man, and no draws
I beat 'em twice, and said that I was cool wit it
And like a pimp, I let my potna Young Dru hit it
That what I does, love a bitch, what fo?
I rather make her back weed, and cut blows(?)
Hit the grind, and make my pockets get fatta
If she get caught, I give a damn it don't matter
She has no life, so she don't need to bail out
Put her on the stand, that ho will never sell out

[Chorus]

See I'm hella slick, so I be the one that no one blames
Me and baby have sex without knowin names
I'm in the backseat kissin on that bitch neck
With one hand up in her purse grabbin' that bitch check
I find a rubber and put the thang on
Slide my dick in and tell that ho to hang on
See I'm a pro, giggolo, I get ladies
In Mercedes I've been pimpin' since the mid-eighties
I was young, but still a ho killa
I was taught to put it down as a go-rilla
Talk shit and let both nuts dangle
Hit the turf and sell game from every angle
I'm quick to strangle a bitch if she start pretendin'
Like you broke, girl you got money so start spendin'
Break bread, tramp that's why I'm with ya
Do I got to split ya, to make ya get the picture

[Chorus]

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