

Bun B**"Damn I'm Cold ft Lil Wayne"**

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See when I got Mercedes
I went and got a Mercedes
When I got that Bentley money
I went and got that Bentley
Now ye ain't help me make it
Dont tell me how to spend it
And yes I know the rules
Never marry Robin Given
My survela over chickenheads
We call em cheeseheads
I Lambo- Leap
In a girl like Green Bay
My Lambo- Sweet
Like sugar on the the freeway
And Im ridin dirty
Cuz im so UGK
1-2-3-way... 4-4 makes 8
9 times outta 10
Its 11-or a 12-Gauge
Friday the 13th
Thats the day that Hell raze
But ya'll boys too weak
Like 14 days
I'm so clean
Why wouldnt i be?
I be wit Ben Frank so much
He startin to look like me
And i do baby girlfriend
Come and do yours
And i perform
Everytime i pole
Like,
Was you sayin somethin, Mrs?
Ye ain't talkin bout nothin
Ye ain't talkin bout this
I woke up this mornin
Wit my eyes half-closed
Look into the mirror and say,
"Man, I'm cold"
Man, I'm cold. And I'm throwed. I say,
Man, I'm cold. And I'm throwed.

I woke up this mornin
Wit my eyes half-closed
Look into the mirror and say,
"Man, I'm cold"

[Bun-b]
See when i got that slab money,
I put the relio blaze
When i got that 'Lac money
I candied the Escalade,
A screw in a my neck
A house or 2 on my neck
A couple cars on my wrist
Red-Ready-Ready to wreck
We bout to do dis 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
And pour it out
For my lil' bro
And pass another one so i
Can pour out a lil' mo'
Fresher than Ozium
Cleaner than wax floors
Slick as linoleum
Swingin my 'Lac doors
Franklin's you foldin 'em
We tryna stack those
So before you play the role
You need to learn how to act
Swing as a crane
Fars triple trunks could bang
Hataz get back to flip it
Up wit two hands
It ain't a thang
It never was and never will
I put that on my life
Four feeta for ever Trill
For Real...

[Lil' Wayne]
That's right, all right
And we goin at the necks
Like a dog fight
I woke up this mornin
Wit my eyes half-closed
Look into the mirror and say,
"Man, I'm cold"
Man, I'm cold. And I'm throwed. I say,
Man, I'm cold. And I'm throwed.

I woke up this mornin
Wit my eyes half-closed
Look into the mirror and say,
"Man, I'm cold"

[Bun B]
Is it the ice in the piece Or the ice in the Chain?
Is it the ice in the watch
Or the ice in the ring?
Or the bracelet, face it
You feel a chill in yo veins
Could it from Bun B there
Or that boy Lil' Wayne?

[Lil Wayne]
Could it be the two-seater On them thangs
Got on a couple gold chains So dang da thang
I swang and bang
From lane to lane
Yeah, its getting hot
And you starting to feel the flame
Bun

[Bun-b]
Its getting brick and you Starting to feel a 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 Porth Pole

[Lil' wayne]
Like brr
Machine gun brrrrrrrrrr
I am a beast grrrrrrr
Money machine brrrrrrrr
H-A-T-E-C-O-P's
I say I know
When they say freeze
Yeaahhhhh!
And ya already knew
No cats, no rats, no tom and jerry shows
I woke up this mornin
Wit my eyes half-closed
Look into the mirror and say,
"Man, I'm cold"
Man, I'm cold. And I'm throwed. I say,
Man, I'm cold. And I'm throwed.
I woke up this mornin

Eyes half-closed
Look into the mirror and say,
"Man, I'm cold"

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