

## **Bun B**

### **"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? 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  
I said damn I'm cold, hot damn I'm cold

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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