

Jay-Z

"Cold Success"

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I got these niggas breezy
Don't worry about it
Let that bitch breathe

Verse 1[Jay-Z]

I used to give a fuck
Now i give a fuck less
What do I think of success?
It sucks, too much stress
I guess I blew up quick
Cause friends i grew up with
See me as a premie
But im not and my nuts big
I don't know what the fuss is
My career's elustrous
My rep is impecable
I'm not to be fucked with,
With shit, let that bitch breathe
I'm way to important
To be talkin bout extortin
Askin me for a portion
Is like askin for a coffin
Broad daylight i'll off your on switch
Your not to bright, goodnight long kiss
Bye bye my reply, blah blah
Blast burnin and past burnin the ta ta
Finish my breakfast, why?
I got a appetite for destruction
And your the small fry
Now where was I?
Let that bitch breathe

Verse 2[Jay-Z]

I used to give a shit
Now i don't give a shit more
Truthe be told
I had more fun when i was piss poor
Pissed off
This is what success all about?
A bunch of niggas
Actin like bitches runnin they mouth

All this stress all i got is this big house
Couple cars i don't bring half of them shits out
All this ace of spade
I drank just to piss out
Mean i don't like the taste
Could've saved myself six hours
How many times can i go
To Mr. Chao's, Tao's no move
Hold up, lemme move my bowels
I shit on ya'll niggas
O.G. tell these boys
[NAS: You ain't got shit on my nigga]
I got watches i ain't seen in months
Apartment at the trump
I only slipped in once
Niggas said HOVA was over,
Such dummies
Even if i fell
I land on a bunch of money
You ain't got nothin on
Nas, let that bitch breather

Verse 3[NAS]

Success, McLaren, women starin
My villain appearance
Sacred blood of a king in my veins aint spillin
Ghetto Othello
Sugar hero mellow
Camaro driven
Climax from paper then ask
Why is life worth livin?
Is it the hunt for the shit that you want?
To recieve is great, but I loves givin
The best jewelers wanna make my things
I make Jacob shit on the range
Just to make me a chain
Niggas bitchin but one love
Cant hold the paper in hand
They gotta brag about the feds young man
Old cribs i sold
Ya'll drive by like monuments
Google Earth
Nas got flats in other continents
Worst enemies, wanna be my best friends
Best friends wanna be enemies
Like thats whats in
But i don't give a fuck
Walk inside the lions den
Take everybody's chips
Bout to cash them in
Up your catalogue dog

Mines worth too much
Like Mike Jacks atv park
Matolla cant touch
Let this bitch breathe
[BOTH]Let this bitch breathe

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