

Mac Miller "Cold"

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Who the coldest motherf*cker in the room?
Coldest motherf*cker in the room?
Who the coldest motherf*cker in the room?
Coldest motherf*cker in the room?
Who the coldest motherf*cker that you know?
Who the coldest motherf*cker that you know?
Bring him 'round here he's gettin' froze
(He's gettin' froze, he's gettin' froze)

Roll it up, let's smoke
And tell me why your b*tch look like Glenn Close
I'm on my own two, that's ten toes
First a rule of sly, somebody says go
Why you bent low when your Jordans' retro
Girls playin' games for the bills, they Drew Bledsoe
There's a lot that you can buy, but I'll never own
And a lot of information that I'll never know
Learn 'til they get concerned for my sanity
Your life is filled with vanity, needs a little clarity
This the truth, this a taste, can you handle it?
A million dollars couldn't cover up the damages
Naked girl at the crib makin' sandwiches
And when we makin' love I got a candle lit
Some romantic sh*t to put her in the mood
The world woke me up, now I'm lookin' at the snooze

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Life, look at my hands I'm the lord of the rings
Musical cocaine brought me all of these Carrera keys
Soft top goin' hard on the block freeze that talk
And that plot about walkin' up on me
No security just my homies, the well dressed army
Presidential arm piece, my credentials I'm a G
All access jets wherever you won't be

Snatch that 'vette for my mans the day of his prison
release
Shoe was on the other foot I know he would've done the
same thing for me
But we'll let that be
Park it in the spot right next to my b with the chrome
wings
I was sent here to own things
Both sides of the court, colder than the airport
Therefore I'm the one that holds hair for, yeah what

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