

# Cot Damn (ft. Ab-Liva, Roscoe P. Coldchain)

## Clipse

Cot' damn! It's a new day!  
Cot' damn! But the nigga wanted money!  
Hou! Hou! Hou!

Cot' damn!Uh, they just can't understand or fathom my demeanor  
Unapproachable appearance to how I pack the ninas  
Out of two, Clipse they say Malice the meanest  
Got love for guns and caine, let nothin' come between us  
You mistook me for a rapper, huh  
Well that makes me an actor, cause I would rather clap a gun  
And buck on them niggas who hate  
Who wanna be in my shoes, live my life, but can't carry my weight  
I understand that the envy is part of the game  
But make no mistake, you and I, we are not the same  
Naw, bitch, I'm liable to splatter ya shit  
Light up ya world, 'til you start to stagger and shit  
Watch how them hollows straight rattle ya shit  
And I leave it to y'all, to freestyle and battle and shit  
That's not me, I'm more at home wit the chrome  
Or at play wit the yay, moving 12 for a zone, I'm goneCot' damn! It's a new day!  
Cot' damn! But the nigga wanted money!  
Hou! Hou! Hou!

Cot' damn!God damn, when that white hits the pan and  
Comes back hard, I can account for every gram and  
The streets molded the man I am  
The pimp, the hustler, the crook, the killer, go-rilla  
Traits of a blow dealer, cost my fame  
I hustle, I'm rich, blow scrilla  
I'm the torch that, carry the game  
The flame I throw, crack change came from blow  
Push the O's, six lay close  
Hug the streets, I hug the beat, change flows  
Thug the streets, my love is deep, my pain shows  
My hearts on a sleeve-a  
Nigga that they gave they soul and hearts to mistreat you  
Nigga told, they breaking my heart on the streets so  
Watch the phonies, watch ya homies  
We pop-pop, DROP you homeyCot' damn! It's a new day!  
Cot' damn! But the nigga wanted money!  
Hou! Hou! Hou!

Cot' damn! They call me Pusha for one reason  
Cause I keep that sniff all seasons  
Whether the price is up or down  
I keep a mound to pitch from, you don't have to shop around  
When it come to that money, I get stealth  
Three guns is fortune, and I don't mind sharing my wealth  
Dog, I know about my life  
I been around the world thrice times, I mean what I say  
From that Panama sun, to France's Champs-Élysées  
Grind so deep-rooted, I can't turn away  
To sell base is now somewhat therapeutic  
Hear what I say, please don't confuse it  
My verses heal, like Curt Mayfield's music  
(I'm your pusha!), damn right  
I treat ya nose to hook ya  
And only pull back to cook ya, partner Cot' damn! It's a new day!  
Cot' damn! But the nigga wanted money!  
Hou! Hou! Hou!  
Cot' damn! I be damned if I die of starvation, things is fucked up as is  
So I bangs my cabbage; do you not know the most effective  
Way of gettin' money, pull yo gun, rapidly  
And watch you see the situation be corrected  
Lord Heavens, why must I live so devilish  
They say whatcha do comes back on you two times  
I shoulda been died, but I'm still walking around wit two nines  
Who wants to be a millionaire, me, and you ain't got no more life lines  
You a snitch nigga fighting crime, go ahead and tell the police  
Cause every move you make, I'mma throw a slug  
And hope you choke blood, nigga, on every breath you take  
Not to be broke, cause Coldchain fate witness  
Naturally spitting from me, human gat, field to the limit  
Head to diminish, loud niggas talking gibberish  
Grind beef, I deliver it, with complimentary service, for certain  
Live in the living room, searching to hurting you Cot' damn! It's a new day!  
Cot' damn! But the nigga wanted money!  
Hou! Hou! Hou!  
Cot' damn!

Songwriters

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