

# Cold

## DJ Khaled

Kanye West! (Swag King Cole) DJ Khaled! Can't a young nigga get money any more? (ah)

Tell PETA my mink is dragging on the floor (ah)

Can I have a bad bitch without no flaws

Come to meet me without no drawers? Dinner with Anna Wintour, racing with Anja Rubik

I told you mahfuckas it was more than the music

In the projects one day, to Project Runway

We done heard all that loud-ass talking, we're used to it

I'm from where shorties fucked up, double-cupped up

Might even kill somebody and YouTube it

To whoever think their words affect me is too stupid

And if you can do it better than me, then you do it!

We flyer than a parakeet, floatin' with no parachute

Six thousand dollar pair of shoes, we made it to the Paris news!

Don't talk about style cause I embarrass you

Shut the fuck up when you talk to me 'fore I embarrass you Can't a young nigga get money any more? (ah)

Tell PETA my mink is dragging on the floor (ah)

Can I have a bad bitch without no flaws

Come to meet me without no drawers? And the whole industry want to fuck your old chick

Only nigga I got respect for is Wiz

And I'll admit, I had fell in love with Kim

Around the same time she had fell in love with him

Well that's cool, baby girl, do ya thang

Lucky I ain't had Jay drop him from the team

La Familia, Roc Nation

We in the building, we still keep it basement

We flyer than a parakeet, floatin' with no parachute

Six thousand dollar pair of shoes, I made it to the Paris news

Don't talk about style cause I'll embarrass you

Shut the fuck up when you talk to me 'fore I embarrass you

GOOD Music, we fresh, we fresh

Anything else, we detest, detest

Bitch-ass niggas got ass and breasts

All that said, let me ask this quest! Can't a young nigga get money any more?

Tell PETA my mink is dragging on the floor

Can I have a bad bitch without no flaws

Come to meet me without, don't talk to me 'bout style, nigga,

I'll mothafuckin' embarrass you

Talking 'bout clothes, I'll mothafuckin' embarrass you

Hollering 'bout some hoes, I'll mothafuckin' embarrass you

Way too cold, I promise you'll need some theraflu(Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh) Get the theraflu  
(Uh, uh-uh, uh-uh, uh) Get the theraflu  
(Uh, uh-uh, uh-uh, uh, uh-uh, uh-uh)  
(Uh, uh-uh, uh-uh uh) Get the theraflu

Songwriters

CHAUNCEY HOLLIS, JAMES TODD SMITH, KANYE WEST, MARLON WILLIAMS Published by  
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected  
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>