

# Chimes

## Hudson Mohawke

Her heart is so cold  
Her heart is so cold  
Her heart is so cold She in love with the pole  
She grind for the rolls, and she tweakin' her nose Her heart is so cold  
Her heart is so cold  
She in love with the pole She want your friend and your foe  
She want the life with you, no, she gotta heighten the O She took your car to go and see that nigga  
She in his ear like "I'ma leave that nigga"  
You ain't really see it comin', did ya?  
She took your heart and tried to feed it to ya  
Twitter told you she was out of town  
She ain't notice she was out of bounds  
You 'bout to bust out all her windows, ain't ya?  
And catch a charge that ain't 'bout no paper Her heart is so cold  
Her heart is so cold  
She in love with the pole  
The money, the car  
The cars and the clothes  
The life with you, no, she gotta heighten the O My dealer want 911 Porsche a nigga  
All this money, might Scott Storch a nigga  
Preacher crew might start extortin' nigga  
Know who run the town like I'm from Boston, nigga  
Mixin' purple with that Henny, man it get you startled  
When you talkin' 'bout that money, man they'll eat your heart out  
All my niggas rollin', sippin' on that molly water  
Shorty on that hazy, shout to Richard Porter Her heart is so cold  
Her heart is so cold  
Her heart is so cold  
She in love with the pole  
She grind for the rolls, and she tweakin' her nose Her heart is so cold  
Her heart is so cold, she in love with the pole  
The money, the car  
The cars and the clothes  
The life with you, no, she gotta heighten the O She in love with the money  
She in love with the molly  
She in love, that's so crazy  
She in love  
Forreal though, do you feel love?  
I get trill love not real love

I'm tryna figure, should I tip her?  
I'm an H-Town nigga, straight up You ain't been around a richer nigga  
He can only show you bitches' pictures  
It's like the chopper shot the nigga down  
But he don't even see that she the trigger  
Ain't nothin' wrong with your ambition, baby  
Come fuck this platinum musician, baby  
Your nigga pockets screamin' "Out of order"  
Fuck net-a-porter, we can cross the border Her heart is so cold  
Her heart is so cold  
She in love with the pole  
The money, the car  
The cars and the clothes  
The life with you, no, she gotta heighten the O

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