

40 Below

Mick Jenkins

Love? You know, what do you know about love? What do you possibly think you know about love? You know, I'm sick and tired of men usin' love as some kind of disease you just catch. Love should've brought your ass home last night! I heard you say you sorry, you sorry and you tired. You don't love me! You only love your

damn self!How she got soo cold

How she got soo cold

How she got soo cold

How she got soo cold on me

How she got soo coldSoo cold, soo cold

Soo cold, soo cold

Soo coldHow she got soo cold on me

How she got soo cold

How she got soo cold

How she got soo cold

How she got soo cold

How she got soo cold

How she got soo cold

How she got soo cold on ya

How she got soo cold

Cause the last that I remember

Think I left you in December

But it feel like February on a nigga

(How she got soo cold)Shawty was a beauty from the start, I was seventeen

That's when I took notice of a sculpture angelic

Though I knew it was a long way from heavenly

Can I kick it?

Skip the visitation, let her know I need the digit

Young nigga, all I really had was jokes

Just finessin', she a low key blessin', I didn't even know

Not reminiscin', just lamentin on mistakes I made

Youngin' thinkin' like "my time right, I done got my mind right"

Yeah she heard that mixtape I got a little limelight, I let her know

She didn't let up, learned a lesson when she let me go

Just let me sing and this is how it go

I could hold it down

Want to be your nigga

She said "not right now"

I said "how you figure?"

I could hold it down, down, down, down, down, down

Want to hold it down, down, down, down, down, down

I could hold it down, down, down, down, down, down, down
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