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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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