

# Cold

## Stormzy

Ok

Coldest nigga alive, I'm so cold

You niggas get on my nerves, you're so old

Easy, yeah

Alright I painted my whip in the vid like a prick, now I'm carless (Cold)

Now it's a Uber ting, I've still got this regardless (Cold)

Who? What? Them man there? Nah, them man are harmless (Cold)

I just went to the park with my friends and I charted (Wow)

I have never been a victim, never been a target (Cold)

The girls love this shit, yeah, they love it like Barfest (Cold)

Hashtag merky, the label and I'm coming like Darcus (Cold)

I was on the roads when Giggs made "Talkin' Da Hardest" (Wow)

Look, rude boi, done him on sight

One time, check two, bun him on sight

Niggas ain't brave, I can see it in your face

Let me tell you about the days I was runnin' on a hype, like

Who are you, where you been, where your snow line?

Where your stacks? Where your strap? Where your crow line?

Big pump don't stuntop when it's showtime

Kinda funny how I didn't need a cosign

Shut your mouth, you ain't squeezin'

Pussy boy, I just leave him I been cold a whole season

I should call my next song "Freezin'" (Cold) Touch the mic, then just wheel 'em (Ey)

You man are got too much feelings (Alright)

Late night, I'm at Neasden

Filet-o-Fish and I'm breezin'

Ain't dropped nothin' for a minute, I'm fine (Cold)

Roll to the booth, then I bill it with rhymes (Cold)

Know a couple OGs that are livin' off crime (Cold)

But a young black boy made a milli off grime (Wow)

So tell Boris Johnson, "suck your mum, we don't care" (we don't care, bruv)

And tell them riot feds, "oy buss your gun, you won't dare (you don't dare, bruv)

All my young black kings, rise up man, this is our year (our year)

And my young black queens right there

It's been a long time comin', I swear

If you don't turn this up, it's no fun

You ain't heard of us? You're so dumb

Can't be scared of pussy or youts

You can have your burner tucked, I won't run

You can have all the hype, I won't dust  
You can send all you like, you won't buss  
Man can't bluff me out, I call bluffs  
Them boys get fucked about and call us  
Crikey!

Oh my god, it's Big Mikey  
Copped a whip, it's so pricey  
I should call my next one "Icy"  
Touch the mic and get lively  
Don't draw me out, I'll ask nicely  
Do the road and do wifey  
I wonder why they don't like me  
Cuh I'm

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