

# Cold (feat. DJ Khaled)

Kanye West

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>