

Wiz Khalifa, Cold One

If I ever put you on the game then you don't owe me one
If I ever let you get a pound don't say I sold you one
If you ever try to get a bitch I'll let you hold one
If I ever pull up in a whip then it's a cold one
If the police come then I'ma act like I don't know nothin'
When the money come in, ain't no question, I'ma fold some
Baby girl a freak but she keep actin' like she wholesome
I keep it one hunnid ain't no halfin' I'm the whole one

Wasn't always rappin', come to trappin', I done sold some
Niggas don't have they own swag, think they stole some
Won't say it in person, on the internet, they troll-some
If I'm in the booth, I get my young nigga to roll some
Ain't even a stoner, but I convinced her to smoke some
If her ass is fat, I bend her over and I poke some
If they won the championship then I bet I coached them
If it got a platinum pipe then I bet I rolled them
Two bitches they come back to back, am I getting jumped?
Load the kush, they smell and they say they like my approach
Blowin' on them clouds she say it's shaped just like a ghost
Smokin' on that loud, don't even matter what's the coast

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