

# Pastor Troy, I'm Cold

(Pastor Troy)

I'm in a 98' Coup Deville  
Gleamin like a motherfucking Bellery Cheville  
My mind on my mill, these hoes on the grill  
I tell 'em I'm a boss, and then they check the frost  
These niggas lookin lost, these hoes lookin puzzled  
Because I got me 5 bad hoes in my shuttle  
And then they all cuddle, they love each other  
Yeah you right, I'm a bad motherfucker  
Supreme ass hustla, from the city of the A  
And if it ain't pimpin, then its motherfuckin yay  
Well okay, well uhuh, and all that pimp shit  
Need me a bitch to buss the rent with  
What's up baby?  
Thats yo Benz?  
Them yo girls?  
Thats yo friends?  
Its all cool, I'm with my folks too  
Lookin for somethin to get into, a cold world

[Chorus - repeat 4X]

Damn I'm cold, I'm freezin  
Damn I'm cold, a cold nigga

(Pastor Troy)

Yeah, as I was saying, baby I'm boss playin  
So why don't me and you just hit the town?  
Ever met a king? Ever seen a crown?  
Ever let a real ass nigga take you down?  
Crazy as it sounds, ooh, that maybe what you need  
I'm Pastor Troy, that's John Reed  
My Uncle JB, and thats my Uncle Ice  
And thats my Uncle Money, baby, mac life  
And thats my nigga Nature though he needs no introduction  
Shit everybody know 'em, for years he been hustlin  
We cut out the struggling a long time ago  
Been big bang Tucker for as long as I know  
Shit me and my bro nigga, the older and the younger  
Went to play bumper cars in some Hummers  
And that aint no boss ass shit, I'll show ya some  
And yeah I think I'm all that bitch, I done won  
A cold ass nigga, I be flyin to the brawl  
Pasta nigga, baby callin for the law  
All my dogs tell them hoes play they roles  
Pastor Troy, nigga brrrrr, ice cold

[Chorus] - 2X