

Cold Hearted

Meek Mill

Yeah, yeah
I never had a role model
I was loading gold hollows in my little Glock-40
A little shorty, heart colder than December in the morning
And I think it was December when they me
Nigga's is jealous
Fuck can they tell us
With them dreams they try sell us
Probably why I'm rebellious
To the fraud niggas, I lost niggas when I got paper
It's like more money I made they got faker
And it's crazy when your best friend turn into your top hater
Wanna roll up and smoke you like top paper
Damn, what a feeling when you and you're homie chilling and
You know he got thoughts of probably robbing and killing you
Momma said don't ever, ever let them belittle you
Instead wait for them haters because they'll riddle you
Last year was like a bad year
Even though I touched more paper than a cashier
Small circle, I ain't never really around squares
They say it levels to this shit, you niggas downstairs
Different floors for different bosses
Different tours on different jets, my niggas saw
Different city with different bitches and different whores
Sometimes I look in the mirror, Meek Milly this your car?
Look at your arm, check out your neck, look at your charm
And to think my niggas started off with cooking raw
When it was hard the coach told me to get the ball
I step back for the three, watch it go swish and fall
And that was And 1, they thinking how we get this far?
We was just down by three and they thought we took a loss
They couldn't D me like Earl Boykins, I'm sticking soft
Tried to pick me off like Champ Bailey but I'm Randy Moss
And I ran it all for the touchdown, what now?
Go all bust down, fuck clowns

My heart getting cold
Then the streets getting colder
They said I would't make it no way
I think my heart getting colder, my heart getting cold
Told them I would make it one day
Young lord knows

Dedicated, de-terminated and disciplined
When Diddy, Hova, and Baby talking I'm listening
When I be in the jungle the Devil be whispering
Slugs flying by me I hear them, they whistling, that was a close call
Stand up nigga so I won't fall
My teacher told me I would never go far
Seen him last week, he was my chauffeur
I was like "told y'all"
Mommy was a booster, daddy was a shooter
So they couldn't blame me when I went and copped a Ruger
Looking at my homies, see the ghost of Freddy Krueger
Cause if he catch you sleeping he's going "I got your medulla"
I'm a father and my son don't see a lot of
If I don't get he'll probably end up with a chopper

In a field out in Philly do you feel me?
Told my momma I won't let these haters kill me
Getting high even though it might derail me
And I won't ever let these bitches see the real me, do you feel me?
Times change like the Rollie did
Now I'm killing these niggas the way that Kobe did

Ayo

It gets fucked up when your own family start calling you up
Shit, money's the root of all evil
Family start telling you "you acting different nigga"
You're goddamn right I'm acting different
With all this motherfucking money
But then when it comes from your brother, your sister, your mother, your father
her
That shit hurts you to the core man
When they start acting like something that you ain't never motherfucking seen
you done grew up motherfucker
They gave birth to you, know what I'm saying?
You got raised, you done played in the park with them
This money thing, this shit will fuck you up man
You got to watch what you ask for
You sure you want this son?
You sure you want this money?
You sure you want this fame?
You sure you want this power?
Shit have your own mama talking to you like you ain't shit
Yeah everybody want it, everybody need it, money motherfuckers
Get money don't stop but I ain't mad at them
Shit, but shit even bosses got feelings you know?
Dear mama, dear papa, family, we're all we got
Don't let this money bring us down
Shit, everybody eats B, everybody eats, everybody eats lets go

Uh, yeah

And we started off as kids, stomach's touching our ribs
And them streets all night like we ain't have nowhere to live
I remember Sundays we ain't have nothing but Liv
Thirty thousand was the tab and you ain't have nothing to give
I ain't trip, I ain't trip, I pour bottles, I ain't sip
I let niggas shine bright, you still act like I ain't shit?
Let you have them little hoes, they was all on my dick
And you main wanted to fuck me nigga, I ain't hit
Twenty chains, eight watches, can't fit on my wrist
When I speak about them things I never said it's my shit
I said it's ours nigga and when you're ready we're gonna ball nigga
Like Kobe Bryant nigga
But i know just what I saw nigga
It was envious, you looked sideways and I remembered it
The reason that my heart's cold now on some December shit
You used to give thanks for giving on some November shit
Talking about the twenty-fifth, matter of fact the twenty-sixth
Maybe it's the twenty-eighth, fuck it though my money's straight
Imma be on airplane mode flier than a pilot
I've seen it, I've seen it
Jealousy in your eyes, I swear that look was deceiving
And I was surprised man I ain't want to believe it
You said you would ride but shit I know you ain't mean it
But yeah nigga I've seen it

My heart getting cold
Then the streets getting colder
They said I would't make it no way

I think my heart getting colder, my heart getting cold
Told them I would make it one day
Young lord knows