STORMZY, COLD

Coldest nigga alive
I’m so cold
You, niggas, get on my nerves
You’re so old
Easy, alright?

I baited my whip the vid like a prock
No I;m careless
No it’s Uber thing
I;ve still got this regardless
Who?
What?
Them man tehere
Nah, them man are harmless
I just went to the park with my friends ans I charted
I have never been a victim
Never been a target
The girls love this shit
They love it like Barfest
Marky the label and I;m coming like Darcus
I was on the roads when Giggs made
“Talking Da Hardest”

Look, rudeboy, done him on sight
One time, check two, bun him on sight
Niggas ain;t brave I can’t see it on your face
Let me tell you about the days I was running on a hype like
Who are you
Where you been?
Where your snow line?
Where you stacks?
Where you strap?
Where you crow line?
Big pump
Don’t stunt when it’s Showtime
Kida funny how I didn’t need a cosign
Shut your mout \
You ain;t squeezing
Pussy boy
I just leave him
I;ve been cold the whole seasons aye
I should call my next one Freezing
Touch the mic
Then just wheel them
You man habve got too much feelings
Late night, I;m at Neasden
Filet-o-Fish and I;m breezing