

Cold Heart

Chris Travis

I'mma die a legend nigga

Cold heart

No feelings for a women I'm just

Coming up from nothing, tryna' become something

Like a king in my dreams

I'm the man that it seems

But it seems like damn, I'm just doing what I can

Dropping freestyles for my fans, just to say that I'm the man

But I'm still spitting real

I call up with the glam

Friends don't keep it real

I'm just tryna' build a brand

But when money come in, everybody helping hands

Head up in the sky, dark blood on my hands

Man I do this rap shit, that's what ya'll don't understand

And it's deeper than a lyric

I'm just something they can't withstand

Bad women want my heart, I just put 'em in a trance

Tell 'em shoot up in they head

Now she tryna' have my kids, but the shit ain't what it is

I'm not ready for this here

My vision is crystal clear

I'm just looking out my rear, for a fake or a queer

We po'up, that's a cheer

And I ain't talking 'bout no beer

You can't have some of this syrup

Lost line and boy you looking like a lost deer

My cousin told me, go kill

Mothafuck a record deal

Ain't nobody out shining, I'm the best

That's how I feel

These niggas faking, niggas steady hating

I'm just tryna' be what my pretty momma made me

Friends turn foes

Man these niggas out-dated

Suffer from the pain, reason why I stay faded