

# Cold Hearted (feat. Diddy)

## Meek Mill

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Yeah, la-da-da, la-da-da-da, 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 swarmed me  
Niggas is jealous, fuck can they tell us  
With them dreams they try to sell us? Probably why I'm rebellious  
To a fraud nigga, 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 out on you and smoke you like top paper  
Damn, what a feeling when you and your homie chilling  
And you know he got thoughts of probably robbing and killing you  
Momma said don't ever, ever let them belittle you  
And stay away from them haters cause 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 'round squares  
They say there's 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-one, 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?  
Gold AP all bust down, fuck clowns My heart getting cold, and the streets getting colder  
They said I wouldn't make it no way  
I think my heart getting colder, my heart getting cold  
Told them I would make it one day, only Lord knows  
Dedicated, determinated 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 gon' knock out your medulla  
Oblongata, I'm a father and my son don't see a lot of  
If I don't get he gon' 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, 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  
Let's go, hahahahUh, 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 your 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, Metta Peace and Gasol, 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  
As long as Papi smiling  
I'mma 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, and the streets getting colder  
They said I wouldn't make it no way  
I think my heart getting colder, my heart getting cold  
Told them I would make it one day, only Lord knows

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