

# So Cold

Little Brother

Sliding through the city, caught shining, music real loud  
Seat way back, laid back with the windows rolled down  
Ohhh, everybody's talking  
Eyes on me, they can't stop watching  
I'm so cold, I'm so co-oh-old

I feel tremendous, splendid even  
You can put it in the air, homey I ain't leaving  
Didn't major run but them hoes were teasing  
So I'm back to doing me, yo finally breathing  
Shooting out loads while you niggas are skeeting  
Had a moment of clarity while you still geeking  
Kicked down the door, ain't no need to peek in  
I'm a bold muh'fucker, got both of my feet in  
People got a pension for seeding  
Just make sure I'm slided at the top when the brackets is out  
Cause Poobie make tears appear from the fear  
I steer in my peers when they hear me shout  
I'm a man, never see me pout  
Eighty-eight never see my route, till I scored again  
Most niggas live life in a fantasy world  
Deep rooted in reality, no time to pretend nigga!

We love to party, love to ball we  
Love to floss with no shame  
We act a fool, we rock the jewels  
Got people calling our names  
So plain to see, I can't believe  
You ever thought that I'd change (let 'em know how I'm living)  
So cold, bout twenty below  
So cold, bout twenty below  
Heeey

Yo, I promise you don't want no part of this mayne  
You a slave, still a part of the chain  
And Phonte is a part of the change  
And to my whores galore, I thank you for your support like ballers and chain  
s  
I go past the pulpit, and triple 5 past your bullshit  
Just to get to the heart of it and  
I get deep in your cartilage, all y'all singing  
My ball swinging like Christmas ornaments mayne  
I'm a keep on keep on at the dime of a drop  
And your time on the top, but he won't be long  
When I spit that hardness niggas all testify  
That Phonte's a rhyme phe-no-me-non  
I hail from the city of the martyrs  
Greensboro, spit thoro for the robbers and the bloggers  
And even for the fathers listening with their kids  
Like "'Te and Chaundon, hot damn they got a problem", for real!

Uh Chaundilla, none iller than I  
And the Replacement Killer, my nigga who gon' try?  
So cold, you should all come thank me  
If the flow was a rock form I could probably sell it to Franky  
Uh, "inhale... " you can all breathe easy  
Bring it to your chest, now you all +Lil Weezy+ (yeaah)

I'm so naughty, surrounded by fake tits  
It's like I'm at a Tupperware party  
Currently the PC type, hauling my pink toe  
Need to meet the hoes, yeah we fucking tonight  
Yeah I act a fool but this is still the curriculum flow  
To take you wack niggas back to school  
If you ain't pay your dues I'm coming through with the invisible bully  
You Arnold Jackson niggas scared of "The Gooch"  
Really scared of the truth, they came prepared with a noose  
They'd rather kill themselves than be compared to me in the booth

[Chorus: Phonte]