

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]