

Black Panther f/ Celph Titled, Oktober "So Cold"

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"I'm sitting here, all alone...
Wonderin' why, why you did me so cold"

[Verse 1: Celph Titled]

We stay spittin' in your ear
Come out the bushes firin', make you surprise hit of the
year
And just off GP, my niggaz be blazin' easily
Shoot entire fam' when we shoot, show you some
decency
Avidly raw, rhyme with a mechanical jaw; and we won't
fight you
Hit you with the MA-282 .50 Caliber sniper rifle
Go 'head and try to hide them secrets, what you gon'
do?
When your casket drops, they'll have plenty of dirt to
dig up on you
After that sex change, I guess you not the man now
Cut off your arms, you the best MC, hands down
We manipulate, young impressionable minds with
extremely exceptional rhymes
Celph Titled's the one you idolize
Sellin' cassette tapes with Don Lapre
Marketing my methods on exactly how the god will
speak
With deadly words that'll rearrange your clique
I'm in the bathroom with a Tommy gun, droppin'
gangsta shit

[Chorus]

"How could you...have been so cold?" (2X)

[Verse 2: Oktober]

It's like the darkest night meets the coldest winter
Ink froze when I wrote the scripture, sippin' on the old
elixir
I use ice water color, composin' pictures depictin'
Me as the kingpin of game pimpin'
Hoppin' out the back of black Continental Lincolns
Visitin' the next man's women and call 'em chickens
Listen up, delinquents: I told y'all

Number two below the zero EP, frostbitten
I'm so cold, but I wasn't born to be
I see spirits in my weed smoke, hauntin' me
Fools got nothin' on me, the ?? won't cry
I'm so cold, the blood freeze when I make the song
bleed
I give two fucks about y'all blue butts
Hoodied up like I be reppin' minority Ku Klux
If you gamble with your own life, roll dice and I might
Put your mind, body and soul on ice, 'cause I'm so cold

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Celph Titled]

Lemme put these fuckin' words in your head, real
simple and plain
My gun'll make you levitate; in the streets, I'm David
Blaine
Deranged and insane, put you in a burgundy tomb
I got you callin' 9-1-1 in the emergency room
Military action, send in the regime
At my shows, we sell ammo in vending machines
The Bruce Willis of rap; I got "Die Hard" fans
And right with knife-sharp hands, slicin' your fam'

[Verse 4: Oktober]

Yo, I make muthafuckers freeze in they place like
sculptures of ice do
I'm in my thirty-two degree fahrenheit mood
Oktober and Celph Titled; we hold the belt title
But for death, we still fight you ill rivals
Tongue still reps the sword, simply slice you
From words exchanged back into days, I'm spiteful
To let trespassers in the game is taboo
Cover your scar with a Black Panther tattoo (That's cool)

[Chorus]

"How could you...have been so cold?"

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