

## Little Brother f/ Chaundon "So Cold"

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[Phonte] 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  
[Rapper Big Pooh] 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! [Chorus: Phonte] 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  
[Phonte] 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 chains 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'ma 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! [Chorus: Phonte] [Chaundon] 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]

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