

# So Cold

Max B

[Intro: Max B]

Paul Couture, Max Biggavel  
This what we sound like baby (Couture)

[Chorus: Max B]

I'm so cold  
Baby, why your blood zero below?  
No matter how many tries  
Nobody really ever sees us unless we froze  
She said nigga, "You got a mouth like gold  
But your heart like snow, you're so cold"  
See I got a thing for you and I can't let go, I'm goin' home

[Verse 1: Max B]

They recommended semi-automatic weapons  
Tradition, f\*ck a second amendment as long as they legal  
They independent niggas  
Hands in the sin box, dealers and killas tryna make a play  
She ain't get the best of me, schemin' like a refugee  
Daddy what's the password? Screamin' "Open sesame"  
Ain't a nigga f\*ck it yet, Bigga you the first  
I be bangin', she be buckin' back  
They ain't give me nuttin' yeah  
They just say the same shit  
We just play the games  
Speak my name Don Biggie, it came to change  
Nigga, we came, saw, conquered  
Eloquent music, God is my mantra  
Pop out your closet like boogie monster  
Workin' like Fonda, workin' like a sponser  
Leavin' in a Cadillac, pulled up in a Honda  
Said her name was Lexis, Mama named Shonda  
f\*ck for a couple 150 dollar massages, yeah

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[Verse 2: A Boogie wit da Hoodie]

Yeah, I got a lotta flavor  
You could tell that it's me from a block or two  
Yeah, look, I got a lotta haters  
So you know my body bitch, I keep a Glock or two  
Ooh, and this rockstar shit get dangerous  
So I'ma move how I gotta move  
Yeah, I'ma rockstar but some gangster niggas wit' me to shoot who I tell 'em  
to  
If you feel a way, nigga spin the block  
Spin the block and hit his thought box off

I got everything in Saint Laurent  
And Louboutin, Louis flip flops, ah

All my prices gettin' hot  
And I'm gettin' hot with a pop star, ah  
I got different color whips and all my watches iced out, yeah  
This my lifestyle now

[Chorus: Max B]

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[Verse 3: Max B]

His body hit the dash, came from the second floor  
Nigga lit, I hit a swig, ridin' late night  
Clear my conscience  
Baby steady hittin' up the phone  
Player racked with guilt, bring a half of gallon milk  
Niggas came around it's built  
Got a crew of niggas that'll squeeze if I tell 'em to  
Couple of 'em felons too  
Knowing they can send me back, drama coke cleared out  
Now that she can hear me rap, mama want a big house  
Baby said she want a bag, she ain't never earned it  
Told her to earn the profit, but she ain't never turned it  
Nigga, don't be lookin' so concerned  
Drink the Henny, 'cause it burn  
Blow the dope we get, never do the opiates  
Icy like a Mountain Dew, colder than the Soviet  
50 to 100,000 a show we get  
Every flow we spit, niggas duplicate  
f\*ck around, shoot your face  
Niggas be movin' records, we movin' weight  
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[Outro]

Uh, yeah, I love that shit baby  
Cold blooded baby, the cold nigga Biggavel  
A Boogie, what's happenin' baby?  
Paul Couture  
Let that motherf\*cker ride