

Bomb The Music Industry!, Cold Chillin' Cold Chillin

Cold face, cold legs. Walk three blocks and pay two bucks.
One bold sign: Interference on the line, waiting twenty minutes time every time.

Transfer at Bedford, twenty more Manhattan bound,
ten billion kids. I am happy with my flaws. I am happier when no one is around. (is around)

And everybody looks around
to blame our Brooklyn burning down
on white kids, hipsters, students but
we act like were not one of them.
Its easy. Just use your eyes to judge
and go back to your powder drugs.

Im no better. Smile while pushing through the crowd,
A round for friends. Find a corner at the bar. Aberrations in a real confusing town.