

## Cold Chillin' Cold Chillin'

**Bomb the Music Industry!**

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.  
And everybody looks around  
to blame our Brooklyn burning down  
on white kids, hipsters, students  
but we act like we're not one of them.  
It's easy. Just use your eyes  
to judge and go back to your powder drugs.  
But I'm no better.  
Smile while pushing through the crowd,  
"A round for friends."  
Find a corner at the bar.  
Aberrations in a real confusing town.