

**Cold Chillin Cold Chillin
Bomb the Music Industry!**

G C Em C
Cold face, cold legs. Walk three blocks and pay two bucks.

G G/F# Bb C G
One bold sign: Interference on the line,

C G G/F# Em D
waiting twenty minutes time every time.

G C Em C
Transfer at Bedford, twenty more Manhattan bound,

G G/F# Bb C G
ten billion kids. I am happy with my flaws.

C G G/F# Em D
I am happier when no one is around, is around

C G
And everybody looks around to blame our Brooklyn burning down

C G
On white kids, hipsters, students but we act like we're not one of them.

C G G/F# Em D
It's easy. Just use your eyes to judge and go back to your powder drugs.

G C Em C
I'm no better. Smile while pushing through the crowd,

G G/F# Bb C G
a round for friends. Find a corner at the bar.

C D G
Aberrations in a real confusing town.