

Freezin' In The Cold

Classified

[Verse 1:]

Now ever since I took my wife's hand for my life span
I feel like I've been spendin more time with my mic stand and my pipe man

Things are getting heated, almost got a nice tan
Head up in the clouds, I get too high, I got no flight plan

So what's next? Should I keep speakin my mind
Keep on, readin the signs, tryin to keep wit the times
They say freedom is blind, and I can't see the future
So I got to make it work, there ain't no plan B for Luke here

I drop beats and spit bars and try to get established man
But I keep gettin barred from every bar establishment

I need to keep it focused like a camera lens
But I handle everything from music to the management
And I must be heaven sent, but I'm sittin at the bottom

I should be at a level 10, so where's my medals man
They said music will influence the people who listen to it
So I'm tryin to contribute wit what I do, so get into it[Chorus][Verse 2:]

I know a couple emcees who think they better than me
Well if you can't beat them, sign them and put HalfLife behind them

I played the role of coach, plus the ref and the linesman
Show you what not to do, so you can put your time in
Self made man, noone helped or gave a hand (nope)
Livin month to month, I worked for months to pay the rent

So now I take the reigns, I major, I major made
Ya I talk a lot of shit, a lot of things stay the same
I still break the chains, kids stay in your lane
Learn to listen, stop dissin, burnin bridges, nothin changed

The same motha fuckas who got beef with me
Are the same motha fuckas wanting beats from me

You want ? after, from producer to weak rapper
I speed past ya, and turn pages on each chapter

You beat jacker, give it up and walk away
You make it hard for a kid to love a culture these days[Chorus][Verse 3:]

A lot of rappers run they mouth, but they run when shit starts

Immitators wit no substance, like armpit farts
And most rappers now a days claim that pimpin's easy
But they girlfriends' look cheaper than Canadian tv
I'm a main character, of course I'll be winning kid
I never had to sell my soul like Bart Simpson did

I go no tour, I'm drinkin liquor til it's tasteless
Half in the bag, like potato sack races
Is that supposed to be the way, make a livin, get paid
Smoke weed, drink liquor everyday, I can't complain
But shit will take it's toll, I know I'll feel it when I'm old
I got direction in my life, but I don't know where to go[Chorus]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>