

## Classified

# "Freezin In The Cold"

Visit "[Freezin In The Cold](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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:]

Now I don't know where I should go  
See the same things happen, everything is on hold  
So, I need to grow, or take control  
I gotta make a move now or I'm freezin in the cold  
So now what should I do? I don't know  
Write another verse? I don't know  
Make another album? I don't know

[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, no one 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? 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:]

Now I don't know where I should go  
See the same things happen, everything is on hold  
So, I need to grow, or take control  
I gotta make a move now or I'm freezin in the cold  
So now what should I do? I don't know  
Should I make another beat? I don't know  
Should I quit smokin weed? I don't know  
You think they're ready for it? No  
I ain't ready for it. No

[Verse 3:]

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

Now I don't know where I should go  
See the same things happen, everything is on hold  
So, I need to grow, or take control  
I gotta make a move now or I'm freezin in the cold  
So now what should I do? I don't know  
Get a real job? I don't know  
Or maybe go commercial... I don't know  
You think they're ready for it? No  
Cause I ain't ready for it. No

Visit [Classified](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

