

Jimmy P. "Cold Shoulder"

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I express lyrics in ways that you can relate to
How would you feel if someone said in your face that
they hate you?

I got it daily- stuff to rarely smile over
Get in my shoes, this is shit you walk a mile over

Record labels don't want me- they're my family
I'm angry cuz I don't think people can understand me
I don't want a hand out, just wanna stand out
Get this cash fast, some paper to help my man out

Might've heard my demo and fell in love with the punch
lines

This is real rap, talking about the crunch time
That happens when you're the one that is standing
between
You and your dreams of cream and being in
magazines

And when it seems like things just can't go any worse
Don't stop cuz you'll never know how close you were
To being on the billboard charts, it's all over
You gave up your soul and the goal to the cold
shoulder

A cold wind is blowing and I know it
Cuz I've had a cold shoulder all of my life
So stop giving the cold shoulders
[X2]

How am I supposed to write without an inspiration?
Dedicating this to those facing situations
Create frustrations, making you all complacent
Living in a basement, awaiting payments

Living check to check has got me in my room pacing
Gotta bust my ass or else I'm on the pavement
I know I can make it if I work hard enough
Try hard enough, push, kick and strive hard enough

I write lyrics every day and respond to my fan mail

Running with my momentum and don't ever stand
there
My shot came here fast but it can go even faster
That means I have to grab ahold of the dream that I'm
after

A dream deferred is not in my literature
I'm a little bit more mature, more competent with words
They can say men can move mountains- I'ma start with
a boulder
Holding the weight of the world on my cold shoulders

A cold wind is blowing and I know it
Cuz I've had a cold shoulder all of my life
So stop giving the cold shoulders
[X2]

Freedom of thought, bleeding, feeding all of the chaos
Reading your palm, meeting dead and gone in a
sÃ©ance
Taking crayons, writing messages and confessions
My mind is being read; my brain waves can be
detected

To get inside my head is the job of a new detective
I must be a deviant who's needing to be corrected
It's ineffective, thinking the thoughts of the masses
They were clearly brainwashed, their thoughts not so
reactive

My actions are all acting, so I look interactive
However I'm held captive, feeling like I've been trapped
in
A brand new world where the struggle has got me
covered
Feeling pretty troubled from watching Big Brother

And my doublethink is on the brink of extinction
With thoughts that sink in, have you started thinking?
About your life changing as you get older?
Have a warm heart but keep the cold shoulder

A cold wind is blowing and I know it
Cuz I've had a cold shoulder all of my life
So stop giving the cold shoulders
[X2]

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