

boiling point

MIKE

I been stuck beneath my goals
Digging out the hole like a barrel and the smoke
If you think I fear you than you bold
I'm comparable to cold
Man ya niggas need respect and some Theraflu to go
Ain't no therapeutic flows, when you hear the dude compose
And I been running from the jakes, I got some emeralds to glow
I pray that I'm memorable when old
Visions of my past got my temple moving slow
Steady pedal in these roads
I'm ready for confetti, spittin' heavy till I choke
He said I'm like a yetti holding coke
Cause you ain't even know if its the yetti or the coke
Stumble off my papa Henny, ready to explode
With my head beneath the snow, ay ay
Tell em 'cut that shit out'
Winter New York, tell em 'cut that shit out'
sLUMs season here, tell em 'cut that shit out'
Cut that shit