

## 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