

Snow Falls

MIKE

Winter New York
Snow falls, yeah

I might fold the rays of dawn
Young dancing blonde with a golden state of mind
You too old to take your time
You too bold to step a line
Need to hold your head to just to the renaissance
broken pentagons
The crusty, crumpled papers that my pen is on
This the dirty run so you know the Henny strong
This the angry nigga when they count him and he's wrong
This the angry nigga that was alone for many months, many months
Many months then he gone

Yeah yeah

And I be falling out of concept
Walking with my conscience
Talking up on nonsense
At least for now there's certain things I cannot process
The fact I obsess for different type of objects
I'm in the projects straight dropping projects
And lately I been practicing these high sets
I took the ego out of everything my pops said
I can't sense how
These niggas snaking but not shed, I'm not fed
- turn to a thug when confronted and shot dead
Running if I want it, it's nothing - less
The eve still approaching provoking the process
And Adam is still waiting he hoping its not yet
He choking his pride, yeah
Yeah

Just so all y'all niggas know
This nigga MIKE
He killin' the game
Taking over winter New York, man

There's nothing that y'all