

Bye Summer

Casey Veggies

Summer Summer I'm sad that you left me
I learned so much stuff and seen the best fees
Got with em' and broke up
Getting more mature now I'm listening to slow stuff
Doing style changes like a bowl cut
I got closer to the homies no homo
And jumped around everywhere like a Pogo
Met new people, got more creative, bought way more shit
And talked on the phone late night for hours like a day shift
And oh yeah the pool parties were the shh... hot
And it was hot as hell whether not you like it
06' til infinity I'm still prices
Name is Casey Veggies go and tell a friend
Summer I will miss you until you come back again

It's like
Believe in the little kid, I know you wouldn't believe what I done did, What
I been through
My words go to your mind and it makes the music mental
Guided by many, hated by plenty
But really they fulfill me, but I was never empty
In the Toyota but why not the Bentley
Keep pushing until enough is in me
And I don't need nobody to defend me
Big Hof talking about how much he gonna lend me, I wish I had it
But money don't come like magic, and I spent it all
On this thing called fashion, writing these verses making a nigga tear up
It's my passion, young ludacris my life is just crashing
Skateboard P, I can do it too, now I'm skateboard c
And all my real niggas right by me
Oh, and hate is a motivator, if ya can't remember my name y'all gon know it
later
I work hard, didn't wanna come out last night
Big boy, but I was always an outcast
So did Summer did Winter
Wrote so many verses got paper cuts and splinters
My name is Custom, check the resumes
Throw on some mean Nike's like every day
Mother I love you, you were my life is very needed
Whenever you say something to me I just receive it
All these rappers say they the truth but I don't believe it
Nigga give me the fame and a deal
Y'all gon be seeing, yea maybe y'all won't believe it
Throw on some Levi's and don't forget to crease it
I just wanna make it one day, I wanna be something
Whether it's writing rhymes or shooting threes on him
I need a chance, trust me I'll give it my all
To all y'all until I fall, I feel ten feet tall
That's what the high self esteem does for ya
Spitting too hard Mama I need a lawyer
Hot out the microwave nigga I'll bore ya
Don't usually play games but girl I'll toy ya
Beyonce is the best, what's up with Latoya?
As I get older I get harder and harder
Thank you Father So fresh dude, thank you barber
I love girls thank you barber
Speed it up at a faster pace, get out the way I'll spray you with mace

It's not everything it's just a taste and I hope you all like it
Put the skateboard by the Nikes we all gonna eat there
Catch me where they sell street ware I'm telling you I'm not asking
Shoot a few Swisher's for my daddy
If we was golfing she would be my caddy
I can't understand you, all I hear is static

(It's like all I hear is static
Man, all I hear is static)