

# 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)