

# This Summer

Dave East

[Intro: Dave East]

Taylor on the beat  
Real niggas stand up  
It's holiday season, bitch  
Whole water, you get jammed up (forever mean mugga, word)

[Verse 1: Dave East & D. Jones]

I'm the reason you think you got a chance  
Broad daylight, aim at his face, so he ain't got a chance  
They strippers, they gotta dance  
We gangsters we gotta move, we run us, you gotta lose  
Making sure you never disrespect, only point to prove  
Georgetown inspired me, painted the foreign Hoya blue  
Fuck police, I say what I want, I got a lawyer too  
Stash in the Bentley, I'm hood, still riding filthy  
I told them I could walk on water, oh, god forgive me  
If you got a plan to rob me, hope you got a plan to kill me  
Bitch this Crip plus I've been sick, ain't doctor can heal me  
Came up with all the hustlers, mastered how to chef  
Gettin' head in a foreign, gotta steer with the left  
Met this forty off with my right, package be here by the morning  
We ordered that shit tonight, flight to Florida to get some white  
Just send it, I get it, break it down and feed the set  
Don't be partying with guala, just sent it and get the jet

[Chorus: Dave East]

Talking shit on the 'Gram, they see you and they quiet  
He was fat 'till he got shot, now I ask if he on a diet  
If they don't let us in the building, we gon' start a fucking riot  
I got niggas that sold a lot of coke but they ain't never tried it  
Talking shit on the 'Gram, they see you and they quiet  
He was fat 'till he got shot, now I ask if he on a diet  
If they don't let us in the building, we gon' start a fucking riot  
I got niggas that sold a lot of coke but they ain't never tried it

[Verse 2: D. Jones & Dave East]

I'm the shit that you made up, on the first, gave 'em no cut  
That bring the fiends back all month, teach your class if y'all want  
A professor with grams, you die, you next to your mans  
Really invested in scams, garlic with devilish plans  
Garlic noodles and lobsters, somewhere planning to hit  
When you come from the dirt, a clean getaway is the shit  
Salmons and scallops, breaking down pounds at the palace  
Grown women ready to fuck, don't want you around if you childish  
Dripping in jewels from jewelers that don't talk to the broke  
Crib big now, homie get you drowned in a moat  
My daughter got her own pool, I'm giving out swimming lessons  
How we living, my kid ain't stressing, violating these Smith-N-Wessons

[Chorus: Dave East]

Talking shit on the 'Gram, they see you and they quiet  
He was fat 'till he got shot, now I ask if he on a diet  
If they don't let us in the building, we gon' start a fucking riot  
I got niggas that sold a lot of coke but they ain't never tried it  
Talking shit on the 'Gram, they see you and they quiet  
He was fat 'till he got shot, now I ask if he on a diet  
If they don't let us in the building, we gon' start a fucking riot

I got niggas that sold a lot of coke but they ain't never tried it

[Outro: D. Jones]

Nah, that's that north-side of Philly, east-side of Harlem shit right there

That's the difference between us and y'all

That's the difference between hustlers and customers

You feel me?

Yeah

Alright, cool