

# Summer In December

G-Eazy

Uh, yeah  
I just told myself, uh  
Yeah, uh, yeah

Welcome to LA  
The land of opportunity where everybody stay  
The girls are pretty, some will shine 360 days  
But I don't always feel that way, today I need some gray  
Yeah, uh, please protect my soul before they weather it away  
The land of opportunity where everybody stay

Yeah, and move out to this town where dreams, ambitions, and get lost in the party  
Takes a toll on you, man, this shit will charge a large fee  
Just don't forget who you are, G  
Staring at the man in the mirror, like I recognize him hardly  
Brought my sins away and twist some parsley  
Stop and chill, these days I do it sparsely  
In another universe I coulda' had a stroller and a car seat, but-  
And tell me things not happen how they supposed to  
But somehow it seems I hurt all the people I get close to  
Experience a breakdown some 27 goes through  
'Cause you don't want to see heaven, yeah, where Janis Joplin knows you  
On phone calls with Mama like she tryin' to give me a earfull  
She said "This is the town that happens in so just be careful  
Been tryin' to keep your head straight  
And dead-off all that bullshit, that's just dead weight"  
Yeah

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The whole world's outside knocking at my door like "Gerald, where the fuck t  
hat album at?"  
But I ain't home, I'm on the road, the stage is where they found me at  
So my personal interest, take a backseat to the business  
But I balance like a gymnast, like Simone in the Olympics  
So please pardon my tardiness, I'm tryin' to put my heart in this  
Give this shit my everything, every time when I start with this  
Hungry for the world, I swear I starve for this  
Yeah, artists come and go these days it's easy, they're not hard to miss  
Here today, gone tomorrow, they fade into a dark abyss  
Hollywood sunk to a dream, like how the fuck you fall for this?  
Have to know yourself or you just really gon' get lost in this, sauce  
I really paid the cost to be a boss  
I paid in cash and skipped the tax, ain't asked for no receipt  
When I get stressed I play the beat and split a Swisher Sweet  
Damn

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Yeah, uh, please protect my soul before they weather it away  
The land of opportunity, yeah, uh