

Endless Summer

Jaden Smith

Leader of the new school like Slick Rick the Ruler
Shoulda went to Harvard like Yara, I can school ya
So mundane when I'm off the medulla
Fuck top five, my nigga, who's cooler?
Cryin' on the plane, your boy going through it
That was loose change, got a thing in St Louis
I'm just tryna make a name into music
I'm driving down the street and all the pretty girls lose it (Jaden)
Once upon a time I was the coolest
Valentine's day just came, got her tulips
Now I'm on the PCH cruisin'
If you ain't with the tie-dye, well, you better move it
They wonder how I do it, how I do it
You can see me talking to the ocean, man, I'm fluent
And it's fluid, yeah, that's true shit
And I got more waves than a cruise ship

I wish I could get through this feeling (I got Calabasas going stupid)
This feeling, this feeling
I wish I could get through this feeling
This feeling, this feeling

Look, no gravity, Wavey Baby the icon
So happily spittin' verses long as a python
You can't understand the heights that my kite's on
Cleaning out your lyrics with Lysol
This is like fight club for the written word
Spit a poem in reverse
You probably couldn't spit a verse
Yeah, you did it, but I did it first
If I'm looking for a copycat, I never got a search
It's right here, man, I can make the pain disappear from your nightmares
Still inside the dreams when I cry tears
Light years away from the earth, said I'm flying the highest sphere
Criteria's too serious
I told you niggas the flow is grown delirious
Flow pyramid, the sphinx is water erosion
With no ocean, I swear your mind is a slow pokin'
I'm not jokin'
And If the hook wasn't comin' I'd be still going

I wish I could get through this feeling
This feeling, this feeling
I wish I could get through this feeling
This feeling, this feeling

Ooh, the hills can't hold me
I slip through your window and we rock some flow
I swear I'll ring your doorbell, girl, your mama knows me
But I'll probably just go walk homeall alone and feel the breeze

I get the pen and paper going 'cause it feeds my needs
The young sophisticated one only Queens can see, it bleeds with ease
Into a nice evening, Shangri-La, nirvana, heaven rest between her knees
I need to see, need my wings, I need to eat
I need completed pictures, memories
Is fading, aww babe, you know I'm crazy

In the time, summer haze
I know a lot of figures checking
'Cause they need the king
Know a lot of niggas testing
But believe in me
More weight than in every flow
When you sneeze, you geeze
So please believe you rolling with some G's, Louise
Like to let it all burn like ebonies
And give a speech on my Martin Luther
Lose a tooth inside the booth

And you know we only spin the truth
And the gold vision, you're living proof
Aye, what up?