

# SLUMMER 4 JUNKIES

Killer Mike

Summer was when he really grew up, became a man  
But it slipped through your fingers so quick  
Only thing you had left to hold on to was the memories

Stay high and holy, ain't into watches, don't mind the Rollie  
I ain't a pastor, you bastards, I keep a black pistol-y  
Chubby young jit, talk slick, rollin' like roly polies  
Fifteen, my girlfriend was thick and she would slowly blow me  
I would beat it down when she'd come around  
She was down, she would help me sack up my nicks and dimes  
She was fine, I was in my feelings, I was out my mind  
It's that, it's that, it's that teenage love, makin' love, no glove  
It's that, it's that, it's that 'bortion money, gotta get it up  
It's that, it's that I still feel like we still killed our baby girl  
It's that, it's that it get worse-er, had a baby by her thug  
It's that finally understand why women go to church and hum  
You can hear them with a hurt so deep they heart can't come back from  
Smile and make each other cum, but could not overcome the slum  
I remember the last time that we made love on her mama's sofa  
Told me she was pregnant by this older nigga and it's over (It's over)

Promises  
Promises, promises, promises, promises, promises  
Promises  
Promises, promises, promises, promises, promises, promises  
Promises  
Promises, promises, promises, promises, promises  
Promises  
Promises, promises, promises

A couple summers and our teenage love had turned to somethin' slummer  
I couldn't love her like I used to, she's somebody's baby mama  
But she called me to come over when she go to see her mama  
And we make love and she talk about her stress and all her drama  
After project light would shine through the project window blinds  
I would slowly stroke her body, I would pick and poke her mind  
I asked her, "What you gonna be?" And she said, Michael, I'm gonna be fine"  
Told me with my brilliant mind (Mind), "You gon' be better than fine (Fine)  
Told me I had places to travel and she really wasn't into flyin'  
Told me I was more than a dope boy, don't follow the deaf, dumb and blind  
Then seen her a couple of times and told her, "Hey, baby, I owe you"  
She hugged me, held on me tight, "You did it, Michael, I told you"  
You did it, Michael, I told you

Promises  
Promises, promises, promises, promises, promises  
Promises  
Promises, promises, promises, promises, promises, promises  
Promises  
Promises, promises, promises, promises, promises  
Promises  
Promises, promises, promises, promises

So many promises  
Promises  
Promises  
So many promises

Promises

Promises (So many promises, yeah)

Ayy

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Hey, yeah

Ooh (Promises, promises, promises)

I remember you called and said, "Michael, I am pregnant," I responded  
"Baby girl, a baby girl might be a blessin'"  
And I ain't Usher, baby, but this here is my confession  
I must own it, I didn't want it, even now, I know I'm flexin'  
'Cause all that raw dog sexin', I knew I would get you pregnant  
And all this teenage love is really just about possessin'  
They call it adolescence 'cause we learnin' adult lessons  
And I ain't grown because I rolled some stones and carry weapons  
I was rubbin' on your tummy when your mommy asked for money  
Told me your procedure's Monday and she gon' need like four hunnid  
And had I known your mother wasn't gon' never let you keep it  
I wouldn't have told my partners, would've kept that news a secret

Wouldn't have told nobody, woulda kept it to myself (Ooh)

Wouldn't have told nobody, woulda kept it to myself (Kept it to myself)

Wouldn't have told nobody, woulda kept it to myself (Promise I would)

Wouldn't have told nobody, woulda kept it to myself (Ooh)

I thought you meant every word you said back then

So did she

But when you're that young, you'll promise anything

You'll promise the world, even if you don't really know what that means

That sure sounds good, though

But as much as you hold on, some things are still out of your control

Getting older, reality hits you from every direction

People aren't who thought they were

And, you know, you might not be who you set out to be either

But we do the best we can with what we have

And try to show love

Somethin' for addicts, somethin' for users

Somethin' for junkies and the substance abusers

Somethin' for car washers, somethin' for shade tree

Somethin' for my uncle Jeff, he died and they paid me

Somethin' for kinfolks in front of my storefront

Shout out to Terrence dad, I never hit your blunts

'Cause that was them blow blunts, that wasn't no 'dro blunts

That was them geek junts and I got slipped one

Man, I was geeked once, man, that was no fun

I had to call moms 'cause I am Denise son

She said, "Stay calm, chill out and eat somethin'"

Laughed at me later on, said, "You was just geeked, son"

This is for geek monsters, this is for junkies

What Ready Ron did to DMX, did somebody do to you? Ayy

This is for the Js working hard to get paid

Pay 'em fair wage and do not treat your people like slaves

Somethin' for junkies, somethin' for losers

Addicts and users, substance abusers

This is somethin' for junkies, somethin' for losers

Addicts and users, substance abusers

This is somethin' for junkies (How did this feelin' take hold of me?)

This is somethin' for junkies (Can't get away, won't let go of me)

This is somethin' for junkies (Me)

Written somethin' for junkies (You're lookin' for the high life, hold on)

Woke up straight, trap was great, countin' my money  
Had a quick convo with my auntie the junkie  
I tell her, "Baby, you been goin' too hard lately  
See, you like sixty, baby, but you been lookin' eighty"  
She said, "Shit, Michael, I been smokin' since '80  
Before the shooters, back when they still called it freebasin'"  
She closed her eyes, fantasized 'bout better times  
When she was beautiful, fine and still snortin' lines  
She told me stories of glory, the club Sans Souci  
Atlanta nightlife was glamour, rich, Black, bougie  
"A damn movie," she says, puffin' a damn loosie  
Trigger warnin', the next moment she took a hit  
She zoned out, came back, took a spit  
Looked at me and said, "All of y'all got the same shit"  
She said, "Michael, you say you love me, I know you mean it  
'Cause you still treat your junkie auntie like a human being

I am everyday people  
I am everyday people  
Lookin' for the high life, hold on

You're the child of the most high  
There is no high higher  
And, in fact, the high you seek, you already have  
It has a high no addiction can offer  
It is only felt through self-love  
God bless you, my child  
You can run on and see what the end will be  
God loves you and so do I

This is for you, this is for me  
This is for everybody, everyday people  
Everyday people  
Whether you're free, you gotta see  
It affects everybody, everyday people  
Everyday people  
This is for you, this is for me  
This is for everybody, everyday people