

# SLUMMER

Killer Mike

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 Poly  
At fifteen my girlfriend was thick and she would slowly blow me  
I would beat it down when she come around  
She was down, she would help me sack all my nicks and dimes  
She was fine, I was in my feelings, I was out my mind  
It's the-, it's the-, it's the teenage love, making love, no glove  
It's the-, it's the-, it's the abortion money, gotta get it up  
It's the-, it's the-, I still feel like we still killed our baby girl  
It's the-, it's the-, it get worse, and had a baby by a thug  
It's the-, finally understand why women go to church and hum  
You can hit 'em 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 the mama's sofa  
Told me she was pregnant by this older nigga and it's over

A couple summers and our teenage love had turned to somethin' slummer  
I can't love her like I used to, she somebody's baby mama  
But she call 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  
As the project light would shine through the project window blinds  
I would slowly stroke her body, I would try to pick her mind  
I asked her, "What you gonna be?" and she said, "Michael, I'm gonna be fine"  
Told me with my brilliant mind  
"You gon' be better than 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  
Done seen her a couple of times  
And told her, "Ayy, baby, I owe you"  
She hugged me, held on me tight  
"You did it Michael, I told you"

See, she was such a fine young thang (Such a fine young thang)  
But that ain't my side of things (Yeah)  
Think I might touch the danger for the love  
She my summer love  
In the throes of love (Ahh)  
Summer love (Ahh)  
Slummer love (Ooh)  
Slummer love (Ooh)

So many promises, promises, promises  
So many promises, promises, promises (Ayy, ayy)

[?] sunlight, still I hear (The sun going down)  
Still hear the voices  
Still hear your voice, yeah  
I remember

I remember you called and said, "Michael I am pregnant"  
I responded, "Baby girl, a baby girl might be a blessing"  
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 sex and 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 (Secret)

Told everybody  
I was young, we had told everybody

Boy, if you lived in the ghetto, in the hood and you seen some of these people that was getting pregnant  
You would realize like they can't afford to get pregnant  
They don't need to be pregnant  
This girl could go to school, this girl is smart  
Her parents ain't paying for it  
She actually gon' get a scholarship, but she ain't gon' tell 'em that she be en fuckin'