Dear Summer

Lil' Wayne

Dear Summer,
Yeah, suffix people, you know, you, you, you already, yeah, come on
Kickin rocks on the block tellin all the old g's
I be coming for your spot when your not looking
Hot cooking momma got it on the kitchen table
I thank God we were always able to
Get the leather couch, big screen, cable too
Nintendo when good grades came through
Then the cooked k's came through
Some soft some stepped on but we kept on
And I slept with the work plenty nights thought I heard
Niggas coming thought I saw the cop lights but
I was dreaming, then I woke, the junkies was still feenin
N I had coke so I had hope u may say that is wrong
But I ain't talkin to ya child I'm talkin to this song
I'm just doing the walk down memory lane
If I crash just pick up my brain
And yes, my nikkas the same, but they quicker to bang
And if they do then I'm the nikka u blame, so I shoot first anyway
And I would do the honors anyday
And tell your honor he a bitch to his face
And whip through the state like I whip through the A
Show ya ass how to take 4 and get 8
And it don't take 4 nikkas to get straight
The only hot boy even off this plate
Young weezy baby, that's what ya bitch say
Give her ass a location and a template
Show her how to work the innerstate
Stop working with that thinner weight
Get ya breaks fixed
Stop playin, cause all we know is gunplay
Trip while you full and my clip gon be empty
When the stomachs get empty anythings tempting
Ain't nobody safe when it's for the kid's sake
Hurricane wipe the south like a earthquake
We tryna save face but we ain't got a place
To stay, so they made us evacuate, we on our way pussies
We eat no cake
Ya'll notice when you see us put your jewels up
Put your cars, put your clothes, put your shoes up
It's that serious, homie, pick the news up
It wasn't good nikka, think about the hood nikka...
The people who ain't, never had shit, ain't gon neva have shit
Bullshit cause they still gon try to manage nikkas doin anything
Like God gon understand them
But please understand us, nikkas with money lost mansions
Nikkas with nothing lost families
Lives lost in traffic, brought it up to the attic, there goes the stashes
But a nikka got passion
Even though the bounce back seeming like magic
Shit, but call me sick freak
Watch how I turn one k to a hundred g's
Yeah, dear summer, summer breeze
Summer please know I live for ya
Throw on the wifebeater, let back the lid for ya
A few years I prolly hear from ya
But now I'm here for ya

I know nikkas that shed a tear for ya
Behind bars tryna get to ya
They prolly never see ya
It's that real talk if you ever heard it homie
Shit hurt so much might have to hurt ya homie
No commercial no frontin no curve on it
No cut, tell life so what
The drought's in not only white slowed up
The weed slowed up we can't even roll up
Fuck, put it in the money too, but that's the last thing cause hustle is wha
t we do
Hustle with what, how we getting on
Where he sittin at, what he sittin on
Stand up if you know it's true
The end of the world cumin and my city the proof
There, and this is after disaster, this ain't rap dis a recap
Stepping of the g4 still strapped
Bust ya head in the air that's a skycap
Have my car pick me up where I arrive at
Drop the work off cause it don't go where I reside at
Garbage bags filled up with dollas
Dead presidents, gotta dump the bodies
Birdman, as long as we gon eat, then everyone eat off me
Feet off ground, fingers to the stars, reach
And I'm a get death through these balls, believe me
I'm down for the cause, even, when everything paused, I proceeded
I'm a leader, meet the son of Jacida, fuck the world not the people, there.

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