

One Summer

M Huncho

Quincy, tell 'em

One phone, one line all summer
One take on life, can't fuck up
One take on life, can't fuck up

This that Michael Owen, '96 'til '02
Gettin' packs for a mission for a '42
They just dog food, I be soul food, ah
And this is way before I sold food
Bitches fuckin' up my whole mood
Tellin' me I'm so rude
I tell 'em I ain't regular
Tell 'em I'm a cold dude
You don't get far in life bein' nice
'Cause if people, yeah, they feeble, yeah, they evil
Didn't want a real come up
Trappin' 'til it's sun up
Lappy with a copper
Never home for supper
Mist in the every days
Been like four summers
Balenciaga runners
Still I do the run up
I watch real jiggers make it, then they plummet
We have meetings with the bruddas like a summit
They lookin' for attention, bro, just burnin'
We got a lot to lose, I'm consistent with the hunnids
Breakin' 'em without the tears
Breakin' bread with all my peers
Panicked couple times but you know, it's only God I fear
'Cause I bleed like you, bleed
Only I'm in seventh gear
I got Calvins on my underwar
No, literally, I got that Calvin in my underwear
And they shifty, you know, I don't get no funds to scare
Officers askin' if I got the gear
Sorry constable, I got difficulties, I can't hear
And the cloth they made me from, yeah, it's kinda rare
And the cloth they made me from, yeah, it's kinda rare
Uh, and it's kinda rare
Uh, oh yeha, and it's kinda rare

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I bone one night, no hug ups
I take this cash, all one up
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I don't really care about postcodes
Ask RB, I get them packs sold
Any size, I bag those
Any time my back closed
Life so private, I ain't got a brag [?]

'Cause braggin' what they always do
Contemplatin' on the half a food
Should I shot it? Should I stop it?
And this shot is for a fashion nigga, points to prove
Now we ain't got points to lose
Just reuse in this life of sin
Little jiggers runnin' 'round puttin' knife to skin
Goin' school up in the mornin', readin' my surrender
Grab the re and get the price on them
Comin' to the table, bring a slice, my friend
And they do it for the net, yeah, they want a trend
And I do it for the [?], I got guap to spend
All these headers really made us all from boys to men
Yeah, boys to men
We ain't talkin' boybands
Hit him in his vehicle, joy hands
I know acts that do it point-blank
We're all just little fishes in this whole tank
But me, I'm a lion in this jungle
Ah, Huncho, yeah, I gotta eat
Ah, and my brothers, yeah, they lions too
They claimin' that they know me, but they envy me

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All this losing sight shit, that's bullshit
Mans winnin' out here