

Summer Madness

Phora

Steady cruising down the 1-0-5
Sun beating on my skin, it's the summer time
We all kids with no guidance, so we running wild
Looking for ways to get fast money, homie, fuck a job
Ain't no time to punch my name in on a clock
That's probably why half of my niggas slaying on the block
And they ain't with the talk, either you banging or you not
I chose to stay away, these cats will spray you on the spot
Cause in the summer time, the murder rates go up
Cali heat with no AC will make you go nuts
Temperatures rising and attention high and
Brothers is dying and mothers is crying
Lives getting taken, I'm hoping it's not mines and
Any of my loved ones, cause all I hear is sirens
I just need to get away and get some fresh air
Maybe to the islands, they ain't dealing with no stress there
I should take a whole crowd with me
And take a break from all the noise in this loud city
But I love it here, it's where I was raised
So many warm nights, so many beautiful days
So many good girls stuck in the bad ways
Lifes too short, we hit ninety-five in the fast lane homie
Yeah, stuck in the bad ways
Lifes too short, we hit ninety-five in the fast lane homie

And not with or without shine, we gon' shine
Keep on climbing until we on top
I'mma keep doing me until my heart stops
Summer time high got me out here on the block...
Avoided them things that they wasted, go pop...
Summer time high got me out here on the block...
Avoided them things that they wasted, go pop...
Stay avoiding them things that they wasted, go pop...

Oh, summer time, summer time
Love the way all these sunny days make us come alive
Always on the grind, gotta hustle, best not fuck with mines
Family I'm stuck with mine, swear it's been a couple times
I almost lost a loved one, the gun shots
Only got one life to live is what I was once taught
Plus I don't care 'bout who's, where's, and what not's
Drama always fucking up my flow like a blood clot
Just stop spreading all the rumors, I got places to go
People to see, money to make, I hate being broke
Momma you hear me? They playing me on radio shows
Breakbeats & Rhymes the only station playing it though
But it's all good, I never asked for much
Summer in the city, homie, better fasten up
Niggas driving drunk, they be taking they chance with luck
If you ain't got a place to stay, then you can crash with us
Cause we all family, yo, that's how it goes
Till your ass do something scandalous though
And kids back then, had rocks for they slingshots
Now they got rocks in they pocket with that thing cocked
I'm tryna show another way to 'em
I pray for 'em, hope this summer y'all are safe homie
Yeah, I'm tryna show another way to 'em

I pray for 'em, hope this summer y'all are safe homie
One life

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Summer time high got me out here on the block...
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Stay avoiding the things then they wasted, go pop...