

Dear Winter

Smoke DZA

Uh Riiight

Dear Winter I know you gon' miss me
Know we go together like cargos and Rugby's
Tracksuits and Laver sneakers
A Smoke DZA song with a Big K.R.I.T feature
She crack the door open I just put my feet in
A couple slurs about smoking some herb
And we'll pick it back up where we just left off
They don't understand how I'm just that frost
Her daddy was a hustler a political man
And her boyfriend just did 8 months in the can
Niggas keep reminding me but I'm like "And?"
Them niggas had their run now it's time to expand
Fuckin' with shorty I got my cheddar up
She need a NY nigga to match her temperature
So fuck them other guys that criticize
Besides I know where I lie through Winter's eyes
Kush Da Button they ain't understand
Wanted to hate but THC changed they plans
Think I got her with my hustler poems
Then I took 'em 'round the corner on Rolling Stoned
Right It's all good you could talk poppa
Itunes top 10 with the chart toppers

That didn't happen though real life
Uh right

But I'm good for now
In the hood for now
Got to handle a couple things 'til I'm fucking with Spring
Shorty keep hollering see what Summer could bring
Then Winter we can do this again
Dear Winter