

# Dear Summer

Memphis Bleek

Dear Summer, I know you gon' miss me  
For we been together like Nike Airs and crisp tees  
S dots with polo fleeces  
Purple label shit with the logo secret  
Gimme couple years, shit, I might just sneak in  
A couple words and like peaches and herb

We'll be reunited and it feels so hood  
Have the whole world saying, "How you still so good?"  
Well, I do, this in my slumber summer  
I ain't none of these half-assed newcomers

You know how I do Summer, I drop heat when you bring the sun up  
The combo make niggaz act up, I pick the gun up  
Niggaz back up, they know I'm not no fronter  
I don't talk shit, I just flip it, ya

Sorry Lance, I'm just trying to advance my quotes  
I ain't making you the butt of my jokes  
But let's not stray from what I came to say  
To my beloved, think we need sometime away

They say if you love it, you should let it out its cage  
And fuck it, if it comes back you know it's there to stay  
It's tugging at my heart but this time apart is needed  
From the public, who should've gave me the Pulitzer'

Instead gave me they ass to kiss  
But you know me, thugging 'til the casket dips  
But still shine light down on all my peers  
I know they weird some queer, I still want them to share

And all the success I received, I know you can't believe  
I still love 'em but they don't love me  
They like the drunk uncle in your family  
You know they lame, you feel ashamed but you love 'em the same

It's like when niggaz make subliminal records  
If it ain't directed directly at me, I don't respect it  
You don't really want it with Hov for the record  
I put a couple careers on hold, you could be next kid

Keep entering the danger zone  
You gon' make that boy Hov put your name in a song  
If you that hungry for fame, motherfucker, c'mon  
Say when take ten paces and spin

But on another note, 'bout to take another vaca'  
On another boat, goddamn a motherfucker rode  
His way out the hood and I pray that I stay out for good  
But any day you know a nigga could

Try and play like he Suge then I gotta play like Dutch Schultz  
You pass the dutchie, I blast you, trust me  
Niggaz can't fuck with me  
I'm in a good mood, you lucky, I got a good groove

And I ain't trying to fuck my thing up  
But I will lay down a couple green bucks, get you cleaned up  
Now, I'm 'Pulp Fiction', Colt four-fifth  
And young niggaz that blast for me, no religion

Listen here, Summer baby  
I just believe it's the right thing to do  
I got a brand new bitch, corporate America  
She showing me a lot of action right now

And I know you put me on my feet and all  
But I mean, it's time for me to grow  
You gotta let me go, baby, you gotta let me go

I'm done for now so one for now  
Possibly forever, we had fun together  
But like all good things, we must come to an end  
Please show the same love to my friends, dear Summer