

# Short Summer (feat. Emanny)

Joe Budden

Check it  
No regrets, nigga no regards  
I know the bar, raise mine, yall can lower yalls  
What I lack in talent, I normally show in heart  
Prolly why they want the encore before the show can start  
So if you in my life, know ya part  
That's the best way for us to never grow apart  
Even through the mid-life crisis', yall know who the nicest is  
Always tell it like it is in spite of it  
Dudes frontin quite a bit, know i've grown tired of it  
Sometimes you'd rather just watch the movie than write the script  
Authentic,?  
More vintage, yall mimic, all gimmick  
I ridicule what's been done  
See I aint fooled by what's spewed bout they income  
Lose some you win some  
Perception, shit'll give you grey hairs and then some  
Inception are you living a dream of livin in one  
Haters see me get to thinking that it cant be all good  
So I just kill them with the car, Brandy Norwood  
And keep chasin success that yall scared of  
Done carryin dead weight, I'm no longer the paul bearer  
Check, I'm too grown for all the games I dont play with suckers  
I'm on the sideline, just watchin the dave and busters  
But when you think of Joe this is unrefutable  
(Not a word, he means irrefutable)  
The paint is fucked up, but the picture gon' be beautiful  
its gonna be a short summer  
Cause most of yall ain't built to last  
It's gonna be a short summer  
Cause soon enough your shit gon' pass  
It's gonna be a short summer  
You had your fun but now it's done  
It's gonna be a short summer  
A new season has begun  
Which wrong are you an heir to  
How can I be compared to  
Nigga you fallin off with a parachute  
Ya stack short, you got some earnin to do  
You new school, just means you got some learnin to do  
I dont care to argue  
You to easy to tear apart through

What I hear is partial, that whole project is Sarah Marshall  
And I dont know what type of shit you on  
I tried to make you get the point but you was Chris Duhon  
So where Ray Felton when you need em  
When niggas show you who they really are you should believe them  
Catch me with the top down, turnpike speedin  
Bout to have Jersey on fire like Cleveland  
With my back in the wall I ain't never got slayed shit  
Lebron was king until that pressure got Wade  
So if you marry the game i'll be at the alter waitin  
With some niggas I dont call till its an altercation  
Less bail money, less court cases  
More mile high, more vacation  
More of my back rubbed, more of my feet massaged  
Had me thinkin she invented face time Steve Jobs  
They can't stay afloat, they proll need a mention  
We in two different boats, but yours need an engine  
Nerve of you niggas I earth you niggas  
Took the mirena out of shorty, gave birth to you niggas  
Dog, I hear everything you say  
You Steve Irwin to a upset stingray  
A lighter to a upset Jean Grey  
Now who's hotta, you notta  
True scholar, new prada, a few dollars  
Niggas want to hit em with the chrome like Blaka  
I'm waiting for them when they get home like Posada  
How did he compare a stove to hells kitchen  
That just make a man real mad, Mel Gibson  
So death to all the bullshit by any means  
Kill em all, hang em from the ceilin using skinny jeans  
For aspiring rappers that want to pop a can  
For the families of Sean Bell, Oscar Grant  
Nigga ya heat wave is almost up  
Playing for keepsake you almost fucked  
So when you talk about Joe  
When you done being critical  
Say the painter was wild  
But he made sure the portrait was originalPARKS WAT UP

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>