Summer Breeze

NHÂ²

Now even though I was only a young buck, I was still trying to kick it
Having a gang of fun and much too young to be wicked
'Cause when I was thirteen you know we didn't have cars
It was either double ride the peg nuts or hop on the handle bars
And then we went and bought a gang of balloons
And had a water balloon fight that lasted until the night
Then after that we played some hide and go get it
With the neighborhood home girls, dumb enough to be with it
All in fun and games and keeping it cool
But my my, when you're kicking it, time flys by
'Cause every hour's a minute and every minute's a sec
And if I came home late my moms would ring my neck, yeah
But I regret not the whoopings I got
'Cause to be able to play the next day was okay
On a mission to hit up the neighbor's fruit trees
Just a bunch of kids chillin', enjoying the summer breeze
Summer breeze, flowing like the wind
Boy you need to know that you got a friend and I'll always be here
Summer breeze, flowing like the wind
Boy you need to know that you got a friend and I'll always be here
Now I'm growing some fuzz, getting older like 17 or 18
And the only thing I know is to stay clean
T-shirt, short pants, Nike's on spotless
I was even old enough to buy me a cutlass
Saw a vehicle to ride around town, play with the hoes and
Roll down the window and mack to the one who's chosen
Yo, them biker pants is looking kinda right on you
My name is DJ Quik and my homies is having a barbecue
Before I finish my whole sentence complete
Yeah she was off the bus stop and in my passenger seat
And we was sliding to the westside, stopped at the store
To get some bulls farm because that make 'em kick it a little more
And at the spot, you know that chicken was kicking
The pig on the grill and so the day was chill
But that night my girl was tipsy and was ready to skeeze
But I didn't even trip, too busy jocking the summer breeze
Summer breeze, flowing like the wind

Boy you need to know that you got a friend and I'll always be here

Summer breeze, flowing like the wind
Boy you need to know that you got a friend and I'll always be here
Now I'm 23 and I remember the times when
We was chillin' like villains and didn't have no nines
Like when we used to mob to beaches to kick it and swim
Now I hang around and watch the tides come in
And I'm thinking how many funerals I've been to
Watching all my homies get buried in them boxes they put 'em into
And then I read a letter from upstate, from my homie G-Wayne
Who's been locked up since '87, '88
And it really ain't nothing fly about it
So he go 'I'm a stay strong or I'm a break down and simply cry about it'
And when it seem like things just ain't gon' be right
I gotta thank my creator for letting me sleep last night
And wake me up in the morn because I shutter to think
That could be me dead or locked away in the clink
So I'm lifting my homies spirits as tall as the trees
And I can even hear him calling me, in the summer breeze
Summer breeze, flowing like the wind
Boy you need to know that you got a friend and I'll always be here
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