Short Summer (Feat. Emanny)

Joe Budden

Check it
No regrets, nigga no regards
I know the bar, raise mine, y'all can lower y'alls
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', y'all 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, y'all mimic, all gimmick
I ridicule what's been done
See I ain't 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 y'all scared of
Done carryin' dead weight, I'm no longer the paul bearer
Check, I'm too grown for all the games I don't 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 beautifulIt's gonna be a short summer
'Cause most of y'all 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 begunWhich 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 don't care to argue
You to easy to tear apart through

What I hear is partial, that whole project is Sarah MarshallAnd 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 don't call 'til it's 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 original

Songwriters
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