

Truth Hurts F/ DJ Quik

"Summer Breeze"

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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 homegirls dumb enough to be
with it
All in fun and games and keeping it cool
But my my, when you're kicking it, time flies by
Cause every hour's a minute, and every minute's a sec
And if I'd 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
It'll always be me (I'll always be here) (Repeat 2x)

Now I'm growing some fuzz, getting older like 17, 18
And the only thing I know is to stay clean
T-shirt, short pants, Nikes on spotless
I was even old enough to buy me a Cutlass
A little 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
barbeque
Before I finish my whole sentence complete
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 ??? farm, cause 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 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
It'll always be me (I'll always be here) (Repeat 2x)

Now I'm 23 and I remember the times when
We was chillin' like villians 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 cause I shutter to think
That could be me dead or locked away in the clink
So I'm lifting my homie's 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
It'll always be me (I'll always be here) (Repeat til fade)

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