

## Summer Breeze

DJ Quik

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 flys 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)