

# Farewell Summer

Joell Ortiz

Yaowa!

Lot been goin on these past three months  
If you don't mind, I'd like to share it with you

Let's see, summer of oh-ten  
Well right before it kicked off I lost a really close friend  
Last time we kicked it was at a show in Coney Island  
Fucked with some bitches, I swear I miss my homie whylin  
That was bad enough news, like I needed to hear more  
Mr. Marshall Mathers is interested in us four  
"Us four" being Crooked I, Joe Budden  
Royce and myself, but I swear it's always somethin  
When the talks got real, E-1 started frontin  
Tryin to cockblock but we handled that, it's nothin  
Listen close, hear it from the horse's mouth, it's crazy  
The deal ain't finalized but yeah, Slaughterhouse and Shady  
Shows been gettin better, Highline was retarded  
When Fat Joe came out New York City went bonkers  
Styles P came out and put it down for all of Yonkers  
Even Sean Paul ripped it after twistin up the ganja  
Closed the show with Jim Jones, you know "Nissan, Honda,  
Chevy" had the fans Andretti, that's a monster  
Wish I coulda spit that on the stage at Summer Jam  
Can't complain though, that verse helped me scoop a couple grand  
Aside from the music, yeah, copped a new apartment  
Two bedroom joint, nothin fancy, lil' carpet  
Marble in the kitchen, cool walk-in closet  
A paintin here and there, somethin simple for an artist  
If you havin girl problems I feel bad for you son  
Well then feel sorry for me cause I had more than one  
Like E-1 and Slaughterhouse single, I lost +The One+  
Before the us and Pharoahe Monch Canada tour was done  
I argue with her like, "Bein insecure is dumb  
The only thing that I could get from all these whores is cum"  
We did the Skype thing in my bunk on late nights  
Always started cool but ended in the same fight  
Why I ain't pickin up the phone once again  
It only takes a second to reply to BBM  
Baby I don't know what to say  
Maybe it was the 20-hour drive from Montréal to Thunder Bay  
Maybe my phone died, maybe I'm sound checkin  
Maybe I'm on stage goin in for the crowd sweatin  
Either way it's over, you failed to understand  
You was dealin with a star, not your average brother man  
On another note, I got to kick it with my sons  
Up in Dave & Buster's winnin tickets, it was fun  
Did Rockaway Beach, played some frisbee in the sun  
At summer camp they had a Track and Field Olympics and they won  
I took it down to Miami on the 4th  
Wobbled out a mansion and did cameo of course  
Shit I brought to the telly looked like panties on a horse  
Freak brain, this bitch said "Nigga, ram me 'til I cough!"  
I gotta call the bitch but yeah, Flex see that I'm focused  
Droppin bombs like I did to get rid of the roaches  
Feels good bein Puerto Rican from the pro-jects  
And countries overseas havin a ball like my cojones  
This summer I did well settin up for oh-eleven

Comin up on a year my granny said hello to Heaven  
My moms still goin through it, e'ry now and then she cries  
I'm tryin to bring a different set of tears into her eyes  
"Free Agent" is FIRE! The world gon' see it's tough  
I'ma drop the "Yaowa" mixtape with Green to heat it up  
Shout to ICU, the documentary is nuts  
Some people on there gone, a lot of memories, but yup  
Gotta keep it pushin though the ride gets bumpy  
I'ma keep whippin until I get money  
Hate to be so blunt, but I came up extra poor  
Borrowed from next door, couldn't get ketchup from the store  
The butt of all the jokes cause of the rejects that I wore  
Matching perfectly with all the V-necks that I tore  
But nope, not no more, my feet keep the sickest kicks  
Still doin V-necks but nowadays my shit is crisp  
I'm comin for the title boys, hope you niggaz rhyme  
I'm treatin this like high school, "A" game every time  
Let you niggaz party, go on vaca', I'ma grind  
'Til e'ry verse I kick is like Pele in his prime  
Y'all don't want a war, be screamin mayday with a nine  
Your thought caliber's no MATCH for this AK in my mind  
Don't get clapped, like sex with a dirty slut  
When I'm done with rap, they gon' hang your boy jersey up  
Cause I done been an all-star on all bars  
My dad left, and the apple never falls far  
So I'm gone like a sports car  
Anyone who think they better is just +Wild+, Draw Four card  
I did this by myself, no help brother  
No more sag, I'm comin for that belt fuckers  
Said my prayers, and God called Joell's number  
So stay tuned in the Fall, "Farewell Summer"