

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"