## **Middle of Da Summer**

Philly Take em back to the block, Meek! Middle of the summer In the middle of the summer I used to play the block all night til the sun came up, Everybody got they gun game up In the middle of the summer Middle of the summer

Stack all winter just to stunt in the summer, Ridin in my new camaro, sometimes I wonder Will it take me under or will it make me stronger Thinking the times when I was broke it only gave me hunger Shorty walking through the block it only made me wonder My homies was sellin dope and doin jay-z numbers, Niggas smoochin wrist was cold and throwin a.c. numbers, They on it was from the zone, used to say we youngins But we was ready though, Around the time when all the rap was on the radio Me and my niggas on the block with hammers heavy though I used to put it in my hand ain't wanna let it go Ain't wanna let it go, no The work was low the numbers was right Used to play the summer league a couple youngins was nice They ain't make it to the league cause it'll fuck up your life In the middle of the summer when you fucking with white

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Charlie nix marching through screamin stop the violence, He had will smith with him tried to stop the wildin But as soon as they left the hood, man shots was fired, Ambulances rushin somebody mama cryin They say the good don't make it here, Ain't no fightin hammertime and they gon take it there North rushin, cops lock you like jamaican hair Young boul, sixteen, and got eighty years Middle of the summer, people cooking out Oldheads lookin out Rest in peace, tears for the soldiers that got tooken out I was in the streets, momma told me to be in the house Ten o'clock I was on the block, moving in and out City of brotherly love, I was only thirteen, I seen a puddle of blood, Grown man lying there, he got one in his mug, His grandma screaming, 'told you about selling them drugs! '

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It was the middle of the summer, but it was feeling like the winter, July was feeling like december We ball hard to the finish (uh) They say I'm cold cause I'm a winner, We had a quarter brickies Half of birdies Stash box ride super dirty. Tryna get that money Ziplocks, nose candy Back to back in them black caddies And we said this is our summer, and we taking it there I'm all up in this mirror, like look at this audamir Standing in my rear while starin at this painted mirror Still tryna get it square Super fly how we live Aw knocked out lights comin, knocked out mean a bike's comin Smellin two stroke These philly streets will make you lose hope Her son was murdered now she use coke It was the

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