Summer In Florida

Andre Nickatina

whats chrakalackin, nackalackin, nigga watcha packin?
now i hate bitches widda passion
high model street fassion
i stay weeded with the beat bashin
talkin shit when im smashin
put ma rap down, profound ina virgin town
hit the (?mall) like the God, now im splurgin now
crack a rhyme, hard crimes in all 5 (?barrels)
its somthin like egypt n the pharo's
gimme the keys to ya' city, ima still pick the lock
and leave hella clues fo da cops
leave fingerprints on tha glock
leave ID on tha block
dawg did ya do it? no i did not
gun powder flour, nigga (?) towers
i love gummybears, sweet n sour
dawg its tha (?) lyrico, myrical spunge, bitch
shell toe adidas n airforce ones, bitch
smellin so cute in ma sean jean john suit
filmoe street, nigga bus' duce duce
its da fellony rhyme n a mellody crime, its heavy
ya cetch 4 raps right across ya belly
ya big homy, in vegas lika coleeonie
its all real, nota macaroni SIIN
imagine bullets bouncin off ya CHIIN
fo eva fuckin off your dirty grin, n den, yeeah1984, i was on da plane dat was about ta soar
i was jus 14, about ta go down n see ma family
jus when the plane was about ta land, i saw dat ma cusin was da man
he gave me da formula, dat was ma summer in Floridain 1984, i was on da plane dat was about ta soar
i was jus 14, about ta go down n see ma family
jus when da plane was about ta land, i saw dat ma cusin was da man
he gave me da formula, dat was ma summer in Florida

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