

# On A Sunday Afternoon

## Lighter Shade Of Brown

Hi this is Huggy Boy  
This is going out to all the homies on a Sunday afternoon

Sittin in the park on a Sunday afternoon  
Me and the crew just jammin the oldy tune  
Sippin on a cold bottle of brewsky  
Gave O? a swig he passed it back to me  
Right about then up came some of the homies  
Mike, Elia P, J Smooth, Phil and Larry  
Bustin out the ice chest Phil popped the cooler  
Elia P drunk brew nothing better to do  
Mike his cup yo is filled with bird  
J Smooth had a cold glass to you know it word  
Girls at the place just preparing the food  
The sky was clear and the weather was cool  
Kids at the playground playing on the merry go round  
All the cars cruisin bumpin their funky sound  
Cause it's Sunday last day for a funday  
Back to business as usual come Monday  
At the park everything went real smooth...  
On a Sunday afternoon

(Chorus)  
We were chillin at the park  
Just waiting for the sun to go down  
It was me Shylo and the homies  
A Lighter Shade of Brown(on a Sunday afternoon)

I said chill(chill)  
All the vatos in the park stay ill(ill)  
Playing horseshoes to win the bill(bill)  
Carnisata nappin on the grill(grill)  
So now we eat  
The cops cruise by looking for the boos  
But what Ruben had was plainly simply apple juice  
Coming up short just like a fool  
Went back to his car with nothing he could do  
All the cars in the parking lot low profiling  
And everywhere you look you see somebody styling

Cars would listen rolling deep with booming sounds  
Its a good time to cruise around  
In the parking lot where the brownie was stackin  
And all the vatos are looking for some action yeah

(Chorus)

Well the sun was set and it began to get dark  
And we were gettin ready to leave the park  
We had a good time(ahh yeah)  
Yeah we had a good day  
Pack the stuff off and we was on our way  
Yo mackin the brownies as we all cut em off at the pass  
But the all actin soft as we pulled up  
They was actin all shy to us  
But essays yo want to know who's the flyest  
We bowed out and Jimmy Hassler passed out  
Una sta feo so hey yo pimps jacked out  
Coming up short they gave us no run  
So yo homies consider this a dry one  
Time to cruise the boulevard  
Time to have I'm guaranteed to find a brownie while the night is young  
We were rolling yeah looking real smooth  
Cause cruising Whittier is how we ended our afternoon

Smooth chillin just kickin it  
With the top down, down to the ground  
I know they be watching me smooth chilliin  
Just kickin it with the top down, down to the ground  
I pump it up for you...smooth  
Smmoooooooooth just chillin on a Sunday afternoon

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