

Lazy Afternoon

The Roots

It's a lazy afternoon

Summertime, as I recline, lay back and relax, let the sun shine
Consider this a message to my mellow in the front seat

Of the Jeep pumpin' beats for your rump

In the summertime I'm risin' to the shine at 12 20

Ghetto streets are sunny, niggas is gettin' money

It's mad hot, and what I got to do I'm not sure of

I call up Maura, this dip I know from Bora Bora

Was rappin' for a second about what I reckoned that I

Was doin' at six, she was invitin' me to the flicks

That I'm with, blew a kiss Now I'm in the shower

I meant the bath in which I simmer for half an hour

Then got drier, put on attire to inspire

Hit my dresser for numbers of women that I admire

Laid around and lounged 'til around two

Then I got up and ate, drank a brew and caught a page from the crew

Sayin' 'Where ya at? Later, meet us up at the Plat

Bring a sack, ayo it's Saturday, it's gonna be fat'

Now it's 3 37 and I still ain't left the rest

Electric Relaxation from A Tribe Called Quest

With the boom, tokin', smokin', coolin' out

As I parlay in my room 'cause it's a lazy afternoon
Consider this a message to my mellow in the front seat

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Was rappin' for a second about what I reckoned that I

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That I'm with, blew a kiss A page from my crew

Bring a sack, nigga, it's Saturday

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