

Summer Wit' Miami (feat. Trey Songz)

Jim Jones

They say rap music is subliminal
But the music for us is like our own diary
Something like a confession
They tell me life is a bitch She's something like the seasons
Just like mother nature
She come and go as she please
That's why they get their period once a month I say that to say this, if you think that bitch
Summer is yours, she could be cheating on you
Ya heard? Uh, just got me feeling like opium
I'm tryna dance with the loaded M
Open up a bottle and it goes around
I'm leaving drunk by 4 a.m. And watch me jump in the golden Benz
Top down with the pokey rims
Now I'm swerving, so you know I'm bent
I lost count, who knows what I spent I recall nine cleavage
Bitches stepping on my nice sneakers
One hand in the sky, the other hand was on her thigh
I was grinding to the beat with my hammer on my side Now G's only as we speed to the Rolex
And three or four G's is what we sneeze at the Rolex
Play some out your part, it's about 6 a.m.
You think the night is over but it just began They say clubs pacing like Bad Boys 2
You can see the snow bunnies do what bad girls do
And that's ecstasy, weed that had girl too
Scoop the bitch that had key's to some fast old blue Now, I'm speeding to the telly, I got the Porsche behind
Trying to get in her belly the only thought on my mind
Like damn, I'm not trying to be pushy or nothing but
Since the strip joint girl, I should have been fucking I shoulda lil' mama, listen
Spending my summers with the top dropped low
Throwing my hundreds at the top notch hoes
When we smoking on the top notch dro
Dro, dro, that's the summer wit Miami Bottle in the air, I'm living without a care
Shorty beside me, wind blowing through her hair
Oh, no, no, that's the summer wit Miami I can't keep it low anymore
I'll be with my girl, when it starts to snow, I get bored
And when you love three women
It's hard keeping up with lies See, spring's my first love, I started creeping with July
Used to say I had some shows
Catching planes to M I
Then I started tricking dough, I brought the range for July Mama said, I'm love sick over this hot ass hoochie

I seen her when I told Nas I slapped her with coffy
We don't play disrespect but that was the day that we met
Summer jam O 2, I hit the stage with my set But her man, he was from Brooklyn
She still slipped me the number
She said, he's on vacation, so, get with me this summer
Then I been flirting wit her for about the past two years So now, she hates seeing me in the winter
Ain't gonna last through the year
So now, I'm looking at winter like life's an adventure
And when June come, I'll be gone till September Now, would you hate me for that?
I know your heart's cold, could you wait till I'm back?
I'm just a sucker for love
But a nigga hold you down if you wanna fuck with a thug Spending my summers with the top dropped low
Throwing my hundreds at the top notch hoes
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