Summertime

clipping.

Set's up high, bitches and whips topless
No ceilings, they pitchin' that Helen Mirren
It's summer, that pot stick (pot stick)
Block burning, G's banging on the beach
White tees, no socks shit
Palm tree on lean, bass rocks with the knock
Every cockpit bumpin' that Pac on the stock system
Rattlin' but battle ready cause all got the heavy metal
Taught to haggle for the fed he watchin'
Watch it, everyone observe the color of the block where they walkin'
Watch how they walkin', see her at the payphone code talkin'
She got them eyes, shorts, thighs thick, pussy poppin'
So the lay of the block maintain as long everybody play they role, if not
Try to step on somebody else's line, but when they do
A critic quick to put a clip in a nine
A motherfucker will die in the summertime
Low nose clown on they pogo bounce when they slow-mo round
Make the hoes go down, homies smoke that loud 'til they choke fall out
And they run they mouth, what they don't know might end 'em
Cause them women so fine in the summertime
Turn a six to a dime in the summertime
Motherfuckers still die in the summertime
It happens all the time in the summertimeHold the liquor, it's an avalanche comin'
A Cali nigga flooded in ice and quite stunnin'
And who wouldn't believe the West Coast brung 'em
When the rest start runnin' when my set start gunnin'
I came to represent for the Liquid Empire
The Lexus squire with about six friars
It's been a minute since I lit a nigga on fire
And I won't stop rockin' 'til ya nigga expire
I-a gut the mic with the negative hype
Any steelo will fashion, I'm a negative type
Write whatever you like, starts day into night
Paragraphin' how you have it, I be crashin' your sight
As a treat, I'll eat all beef and gripes
Toss up you niggas tryin' to peel my stripes
Killas don't fright but hold up, here's the truth
Summer turn cold when the crown hits the booth, nigga
Low nose clown on they pogo bounce when they slow-mo round

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It happens all the time in the summertimeDice game, rice rocket, pipe laying, sidewalkin'
Eyes, drankin' wine, talkin' (?) (Right?)
Price payin', eye sockets, dry makin', fire lockin'
Fly paper skyrockets, scare residentials
Donuts in the cul-de-sac, photos at the intersection
Show 'em that na's back, flipping off the pigs and
Breaking mirrors cause he own it jack
And he on about half a pill and he don't wanna yack
So he keep it rollin' like that dice game
Homies talk shit, Andrew Dice Clay
Homies take shifts watching vice playing nice like they ain't narcs
Roll a seven, guns spark, dogs bark, dial nine-eleven
Cars parked ring alarms, homies stop bettin' just for a second
Then started up again like resurrection, then count their blessings
Stop rubberneckin', you lookin' sweeter than confection, pause
Laugh it off or get a weaponLow nose clown on they pogo bounce when they slow-mo round
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It happens all the time in the summertime
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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