

# 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 sponge, 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 felony 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>