

Summer Time

Lost Boyz

Summer, summer, summer time
Summer, summer, summer time
Summer, summer, summer time Well listen Summer time in the city
Now niggas ride around town, for another sounds, look before the smithy
And even on ball courts, you got the shorties watchin fellas
Doin anythings on they baggy shorts
And kids is having fun in the park
But there's a limit, moms says you best to be home before dark
Now we all know the flavor, were back on the black moms
Chattin with the next door neighbour sayin 'Hi'
The folks that don't ride
Her hands on the floor head 'cause the sun keeps gettin in the rock
Little kids in sweaty suits, with niggas like Lost Boyz
Strictly t-shirts or the boots
Standin on the van with, I'm wavin at chicks
Takin food from the vooda, and sips from the Mystics
Lex, coups, beemers and benz
Niggas hangin with they man makin hits
We bouncin in the city Summer, summer, summer time (summer time in the city) Summer, summer, summer
time (summer time in the city) Summer, summer, summer time (summer time in the city) Summer, summer,
summer time (summer time in the city) In every borough there's a crew
Of niggas smokin blunts and drinkin brew
'Cause that's the way that us niggas do
With Newports in the ear, playin concrete sports
And shorties walk around in daisy dukes shorts, bounce
The would be throwin jams in the park
When the buddha is sparked, they get together after dark
GG and G tapes are bangin, it's strictly Spigg Nice
And that hat black, when me and my niggas are sayin
I'm given beats to my peeps when I pass through
In 89, 'cause them shorties smoke grass too
To make a avenue, somethin in god rule
40 Be, that is lee, agent I too
And to my peoples on the rock
132142, Yeah that's the rock
See Queens niggas do they thing
Champagne and rings don't hold shit
Bang real niggas hang in the city Summer, summer, summer time (summer time in the city) Summer, summer,
summer time (summer time in the city) Summer, summer, summer time (summer time in the city) Summer,

summer, summer time (summer time in the city)It's about 98 degrees, everybody's gettin' cheese

And a downy in my round, spit is walk around in dungaries

When new burgers got a lot around the corner

See a shorty and you want, now you best to push up on her, right?

I lay my act, slick sleen back, 40 ounce down south

Bounce bounce like that

Smokin' charm as we creep thru the streets

Lost Boyz, they bites and they eat meats

They blues, no socks, short skirts, t-shirts, red Reebok

Shorty bouncin' with friends

3 Piece, bbs, cloned out on the Benz

I wanna hit in the car, how them skins feel

Shorty with the ribbon in the windshield

So one two, this is how we do

Summer time, Lost Boyz comin' thru in the citySummer, summer, summer time (summer time in the city)Summer, summer, summer time (summer time in the city)Summer, summer, summer time (summer time in the city)Summer, summer, summer time (summer time in the city)

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