

# Lazy Afternoon

## The Roots

It's a lazy afternoon 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 click 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 It's a lazy afternoon Consider this a message to my mellow in  
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