Summer In The City

The Stranglers

I am the king of the city, top down windows, I'm puffin' like Diddy
Ridin' 'cause the haters face mad, team gritty
Honk your horn twice if your missies lookin' pretty
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Well, if you run wit your niggas, then I walk with my killas
Mo you will never have a woman, yeah as long as I'm the dealer
What you feelin', sure you want some
I brought my slums, cats play like rums
And money in large sums and navigators and guns
Baby mamas wit sons, ain't afraid to let you have it
If you trip with their loved ones you tripled your fare
What I hear most is and no no
You best get on your mark, get set and go go
Like Jagged Edge leave ya more Def than So So
Type of person continue short sit in the front row
Get your hands out my pocket, you don't want just blow blow
The only bird I get wit more is the doe-doe
They be like oh, oh, it's what they screamin' from the back
[Incomprehensible] timber is when I hit 'em wit the axe
Put ya gun away and you might live to see another day
Come in head, run and done and bustin' like Adele
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Asked around you got a Range, boy I been had wheels
Aiyyo you think you gotta little change, yeah my dirties love me truly
I remember you use to shoot that thang, ya never knew me
And ya used to claim gangs, uh-huh
Yo, when I rock Vokal, it's either Timb's or Nikes
When I step in my Prada, I'ma rock the ice
When the 'Tics do a show, I'ma rock the mic
Born in "New Jack City" like Wesley Snipes
Drive a SS M.C. with racing stripes
Runnin' two P's of L.G., flip it twice

Hang round with cats who bust and they don't think twice
Nothing but dome shots, no coming back twice
All I knew was hustling and rolling the dice
Scraping up dimes for whole-orders of China Men Rice
Now I sacrificed my life for publishing rights
Hoping everything gonna be aight

St. Lunatics at the Super bowl, top row gettin' super blowed
Rams on the 24 second down two to go, now we in the Louis tho
It's two below hundred degrees, I'm drivin' about 103
With a S.T.L. hat on, top down holdin' a blunt
You know I'm smokin' wit the windows up
I be the young dude Chief into kung-fu with sun-do
Come through, Beanie Man, you don't really want to
How come you, think you can, I'm from the city
Where the muddy Mississippi might sink you, man
I'm getting brains in the Range with the brains blown out
With TV's, the wood grain and them thangs rolled out
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It's like a hot day in July, just bangin' when I fool guys
It's the credible, edible, federal when I'm high
On the hills on the lane, '64 Chevy the brains
Blown, gone, spread foam, wood and chrome
How you doin' mama, my name is Lee
I be the fabulous M.C you heard of
St. Lunatics, word up, I'm like "Okay," all the sun out
Ice down but I still pull a gun out
Feel that bow down, it's real rap verbally peelin' cats off da map
Turf shake 16 bars of earthquake
If I do the whole song boom, it's Vietnam
You see it wrong, so I'ma gone leave you alone
Put my mind back on, who I'ma bone to take home
Got mine, get cha own, grab a cell call Big Tone
Need some Air Max 'cuz dem boys bobbin' like stone and a
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