Summer Flings

John Cena

Yeah, we doin' things now man
It's just another day in the life y'know
Always tryin' to do some big bid'ness
Sometimes when we havin' fun
Some shit goes down y'know, you ain't expectin' nothin'
Then, somethin' come out of nothin
It was just another typical day in the summer
Me, Trademarc, Crouch and my little brother
We put the whips out, we cruise up to the strip man
Three wheel motion killin' fools like a hit man
We on some chill shit, vibin' out
But we still in the mix, fuck hidin' out
On the corner of L Street, I locked eyes with her
I ain't steppin', man, this bitch had guys with her
She came through the crowd, walked over to me
Catchin' P off guard, she actin' like she knew me
Her name was Shannon, she was canon
She's hangin' with Melissa, this big booty chick you couldn't miss her
This chick was like a fitted cap, all over my dome
Said, she wanna be down, but I ain't takin' her home
That's when she said she live right down the street
She love white chocolate, well, I got somethin' sweet
Saw you walkin' down the street and I
Heard you say you had somethin' sweet for me
Lover
(Somethin' sweet)
Lover, somethin' sweet
Saw you walkin' down the street and I
Heard you say you had somethin' sweet for me
Lover
(Somethin' sweet)
Lover, somethin' sweet
We run game, [Incomprehensible] Blanson, what's your hon's name
I can take an Eva hot bitch like bum change
Playin' hard to get when I step, I'm afraid
I can treat a chick like cheap gas and upgrade
Whatever you need, whatever you want
With Trademarc on your arm, girl, what more could you flaunt
There's just something about us, summer fling got you wondering

Where I'll be in spring, but that's another thing
I'll be out, girl, quicker than tans
If you want somethin' stick hurr, stick wit'cha man
I ain't lookin' for a lover girl, I'm lookin' for sex
I can tell you I got money or I'm pushin' a Lex
Whatever gets you hot, that's what I say next
Gettin passed through the crew, girl, that's a safe bet
I think it's funny how it doesn't take a whole lot
Trademarc's like an open flame, getting girls hot
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(Somethin' sweet)
Lover, somethin' sweet
Yo, with these sweet flows, the streets knows
Whether we pimped out in streets clothes, we the bomb like deep throws
My speech grows to reach hoes all over the globe
I got class like a Ric Flair robe
Man, I'm in and out quick like Jordan in the zone
D takin' out a bitch like a pass from Shaq to Kobe
You know me with a extra set of hands
A bitch couldn't hold me, man, I leave 'em lonely
If I catch a glimpse of your chick when she smile and fine
I make sure she lose your number, she'd be dialin' mine
I ain't about a wife even if she won this right
I'll fuck for seven days but stand for one night
Man, we decked out John, the strict gutter
I'll have a girl repeatin' my name in sex like the bitch stutter
I got moves lookin' butter with a tight fade
Forever dipped fresh man like Minot Gray
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