

Rhyme for the Summertime

G. Love & Special Sauce

August the third month, summer with sun rays
While sunshine blazed, my eyes were kind of glazed
Cream in my coffee, I'm makin' a call
Cooling by the fence of the street with the sex stalls
So many freaks, geeks, rats, cool cars and fat girls
I'm that kid go lounging in my own world
Dig daydreaming girl think she's a dancer
I'd like to catch the ho, show but my visit was canceled
I was hungry my takeout had been fixing
Ordered fried rice, egg roll, wonton and big chicken
Then I went to meet the Mac Lil'
Cool elixing, drinking, tipping wine from the bottle
Models fly girls with sauce bums who are lost
More garbage that's tossed, all are the doors and windows
Roof tops and building, 25 cents a show
All the freaks know a rhyme for the summertime
Straight up, rap mop blue
Digging the scene from the street side view
Cooling on the block, take a look for some action
I can't rest till I find satisfaction, I can't rest till I find satisfaction
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Can't rest till I find satisfaction, can't rest till I
find satisfaction
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