

Summer In The City

St. Lunatics

[Chorus: x2]

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 misses lookin' pretty Well if you run wit your niggas, then I walk with my killas

Mo you will never have a winning hand, yeah as long as I'm the dealer

What you feelin' (uh) you sure you want some

Brought my slums, cats play like rums

Money in large sums, 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 no, no

You best get on your mark, get set, go, go

Like Jagged Edge I 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

Hey 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, bustin' like andale [Chorus: x2] 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)

Ya used to claim gangs (uh-huh) Yo, when I rock Vokal its either Timb's or Nike's

When I step in my Prada I'm a rock the ice

When the 'Tics do a show I'm a 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 Superbowl
 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, Beenie 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 [Chorus: x2] 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 "OK", 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 { *booming sound* } it's Vietnam
 You see it wrong, so I'ma gone leave you alone
 Put my mind back on, who I'ma bone and take home
 Got mine, get cha own - grab a cell call Big Tone
 Need some Air Max cuz dem boys bobbins like stone, and a [Chorus: x2] Ya ready for this, it's Ced let-me-
 entertain-ya
 Wassup, representing on wax
 Talkin on record like P-Diddy
 I'm just here hollaring for The Kings of Comedy
 You know too sharp Steve Harvey, Bernie B. Mac
 Keepin it on the D.L Hugley [Chorus]

Songwriters

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