

# 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)  
Aiiyyo 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 aightSt. 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 bobbin 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

JOHN SEBASTIAN, STEVE BOONE, MARK SEBASTIANPublished by  
Lyrics Â© CARLIN AMERICA INC, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected  
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>