

# Lazy Afternoon

Brian Stokes Mitchell

It's a lazy afternoon  
Summertime, as I recline, lay back and relax, let the sun shine  
Consider this a message to my mellow in the front seat  
Of the Jeep pumpin' beats for your rump  
In the summertime I'm risin' to the shine at 12 20  
Ghetto streets are sunny, niggas is gettin' money  
It's mad hot, and what I got to do I'm not sure of  
I call up Maura, this dip I know from Bora Bora  
Was rappin' for a second about what I reckoned that I  
Was doin' at six, she was invitin' me to the flicks  
That I'm with, blew a kiss Now I'm in the shower  
I meant the bath in which I simmer for half an hour  
Then got drier, put on attire to inspire  
Hit my dresser for numbers of women that I admire  
Laid around and lounged 'til around two  
Then I got up and ate, drank a brew and caught a page from the crew  
Sayin' 'Where ya at? Later, meet us up at the Plat  
Bring a sack, ayo it's Saturday, it's gonna be fat'  
Now it's 3 37 and I still ain't left the rest  
Electric Relaxation from A Tribe Called Quest  
With the boom, tokin', smokin', coolin' out  
As I parlay in my room 'cause it's a lazy afternoon  
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Bring a sack, nigga, it's Saturday  
Hit my dresser for numbers of women that I admire  
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