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
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, cause it's a lazy aaaaaaah
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
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, cause it's a lazy aaaaaaah
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 A page from my crew
Bring a sack, nigga, it's Saturday
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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/