

# summer in the city

## Freecorder

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 missies lookin' pretty  
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Well, if you run wit your niggas, then I walk with my killas  
Mo you will never have a woman, yeah as long as I'm the dealer  
What you feelin', sure you want some  
I brought my slums, cats play like rums  
And money in large sums and 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 and no no  
You best get on your mark, get set and go go  
Like Jagged Edge 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  
[Incomprehensible] 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 and bustin' like Adele  
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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  
And ya used to claim gangs, uh-huh  
Yo, when I rock Vokal, it's either Timb's or Nikes  
When I step in my Prada, I'ma rock the ice  
When the 'Tics do a show, I'ma 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 Super bowl, 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, Beanie 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  
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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 "Okay," 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, it's Vietnam  
You see it wrong, so I'ma gone leave you alone  
Put my mind back on, who I'ma bone to 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  
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