

# Summertime

Asher Roth

Summertime, blue skies  
Feel the breeze, blowing trees  
And it feels good, so good  
Like it should, can you feel it too?

Summer sand, sun and tanned  
Feeling like a 100 grand  
Underpants up in France  
Like I'm from another land  
I'm a man, I got needs  
Like I need you on your knees  
Hummer me underneath  
Don't forget the NUTees  
Hit the weed, wait a week again  
What you see me in starting with  
B and M. Tell me what's the BPM?  
89, yeah that's fine, feeling like  
It's Summertime. Sipping something  
Potent, hope it's love potion number 9  
Damn you fine, from behind, what's your sign?  
What's your size? Up your bra, oh my God  
Knock it off, knockers all natural  
Actual, but he won't, Asher will  
I'll be down for anything but only if the  
Ass is still..  
Water in my glass of milk  
Abusing this mouthwash - woosh, woosh  
Kush, kush - don't you wish  
This was your life? This is your night  
When it comes to Summertime  
Don't you know the world is mine?

Rolling down the street, need to celebrate the weekend  
Picking up my best friends, tell em bring the weed and  
90 degrees, even got a slight breeze  
And, I don't need to tell you that this be my favorite season  
Hanging on the beach, but I'm sitting under trees and  
Got a little vodka mixed in my iced tea, and  
Don't you know I'm light-skinned? Gotta use the right shit  
SPF 45th, chilling in my whiteness  
Rolling up sticky buds, sticking all to my thumbs  
Only smoking on a joint  
No, I can't be smoking blunts  
Not for fun, just invite the hot ones  
Bring em to the hot tub, suddenly their tops off  
Now my rock hard living like a rock star  
Push it to the limit but stay out the back of cop cars  
Can't be locked up by law enforcement  
All I do is lean back, breathe, and enjoy this..

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Catch me in that '83 heavy Chevy

Do this for the pipin'  
Candy with a clear coat, girls to my liking  
36-24-36 sizes, Coke bottle models  
Filled with surprises, eyes is  
Wide and girlfriends giggling  
Eenie-meenie-minie, trying to find me  
What I'm swimming in  
In the sundress, gotta undress  
Who got a body and brains, game's  
The dumbest. Trees be the bombest  
Loving the calmness  
Living life too right to get the wrong shit  
And I'm on this, you tell my money  
They blow dros, spit flows, lay low where it's sunny  
Can't complain about a thang mane  
When I'm chilling with some of the finest thangs on the continent  
So I'm content with having a good time  
In my zone, on Patron with a splash of lime

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