

## Sundress & Sandle Season (Interlude)

Benny The Butcher

Aye, yo, Butch, it's hotter than fish grease outside, my boy  
That means it's sundress and sandal season  
But some of these shorties is nastier than jail food  
You know the hoes I'm talking 'bout  
The ones to be flying to Miami on Spirit with a buddy pass  
And they be five-deep piled up in one room at a LaQuinta Inn  
Them hoes don't be having nothing except for an ID and iPhone c  
harger  
But they done been to every brunch from Buffalo to Beverly Hill  
s  
All summer, making sure they get a flick in front of that grass  
wall

Every ninety degree night has shorty in the club  
Lace front, smelling like hookah smoke and Newports  
And had it in so long, starting to look like a Tyler Perry wig,  
that's nasty work  
She then came to the club with nothing but fifteen bucks  
And they tags still on that Fashion Nova fit  
Hoping them Griselda nigga pull her into this section  
So she could take a boomerang of Benny to make her baby dad mad

Look, we still got six weeks 'til fall  
And Mr. Power X-Man done told you already  
Everybody can't go, but don't worry  
'Cause Summertime Butch is coming, nigga