Summa Tha Time

Black Sheep

We like blowing up the spot
(Summa the time)
We're known for fronting, not
(Summa the time)
We give our shows all we got
Wreck the stage and lots play us
Like the sun because were hot, hot

It's Black Sheep, beep-beep, everybody on your feet
Catch the beat, sweet sweet, got you bopping down the street
Shorts to short-sets, shorties for short sex
Forties, my forte: butter fill and four Becks
That defines Dres, d-are-e-s, no further ado
I charcoal, broil and foil more than any barbecue
In the breeze like Lenin, listen when IÆm beginning
In Nueva York, better known as kings' dominion
We're back again, smacking beats across your head and back
And when you front I'l make you stand out like a fat African
Peace to all down South, I know it's hot as Hades
Love to all the fam-a-lam I scrambled in the Eighties
Now we're in the Nineties, as months go where the hour went
I stack mint and think of what? Black empowerment
I think wife, and black child to raise together
I think about the winter knowing nothing last forever
In this world things happen at the drop of a dime
Some things never happen at all, and yes yÆall

(Summa the time)
IÆm hitting your face like the breeze
(Summa the time)
It's like I rip the mic to so many degrees
Huh, I'm docking it in your port
I'm slamming it in your court
Me taking the shorts?
I'm holding the for'ps, child please

Some of the time I'm with my crew, some of the time I'm not
Bouncing down the block, blowing up the spot
But only when it's hot do I see nuff niggas looking at me
Displaying signs of jealousy, it means they're still Black With NV
I go by the name of the Sugar Dick Daddy Lawnge, ripping the song
Suckers see me, want to be me, but IÆm creamy and theyÆre dead wrong
To whom it may concern: yo, donÆt even try, kid
Because you couldn't see me even if I was your eyelid

When I rhyme for the summertime, believe I can
Bring more relief from grief than the Icy man
Be it your front yard, your stoop or porch
Like the Kackalackan sun, I'm guaranteed to scorch
I know it was about time we dropped the now, oh gosh
We got more niggas rolling up than even at the car wash
Yeah, we're here to tan that ass like the summer sun
For the nigga that tried to dis us, we know he's the dumber one
When you hear the Sheep are rocking be on the lookout
Cause we gather more hungry crowds than a cookout

(Summa the time)

I like to tour around the world
(Summa the time)
I'm chilling hard with my girl
I like to wake late
For summer heat's sake
Listen to the fat beats we make
And chill on a summer break

It's the summer blitz, dips with pretty lips
Bros with or without doe flip for hits
Yo, microphone check one, be no other heap-topping
I rock a flock and mock, Sheep-Sheep rocking
Sonny, can you feel me? Honey, I be fly
Money making, really there's a ribbon in the sky
For One Love, I'm kicking my diction less the fiction
Non-believers thought me hiking and fishing
Now I spike them like a Viking
Wildstyle, like summer in Astoria
Way back my peoples made Ajax join the Warriors
Back when park jams found me trying to see the band
Until parties in the centre saw DJs as the man
A bird, a plane, feel the breeze changing lanes
I put a chill in your veins, even on a crowded train
IÆm cool, more cool than Morris dropping Time
-Less legit hits for some ones in ninety-nine
Since a long time ago, IÆm getting mine
Put the 'genuine' in genuine, son, I shine

(Summa the time)
I'm taking respect, do you copy?
(Summa the time)
I'm whyling with my baby boy Papi
I'm with the Lawnge one
Running, ripping up tracks un-
'Til the summer skill that we flex
Says it's time to chill
(Summa the time)

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