

In The Summer

Chris Webby

Yeah, feelin' fucking good right now man
God damn

Ay, I'ma crack a cold one, me no catch flack from no one ,I just kick back a
nd roll one
Hit the piff til' my dome spun, with a chick with her toes done
On the beach with reclined seats til I soak up the whole sun
With Sublime up in my speakers, vibin' to Santeria with a sexy mamasita
Livin la fuckin' vida, shit I'm feelin' fucking lovely
Not a single cloud above me, not a single fuck to give
I'm winnin', 70 and sunny
All my worries melted away like the snow and ice, now I'm playing mini golf
and my stroke is nice
You know what it's like, no weight up on my soul tonight
Timon was right, Hakuna Matata's the way of life
Late at night, catch me laying on the hood of my car
High as fuck, eyes up, take a look at the stars
And leave it at that, hit 'em with the steeziest raps
That's why I've got your girl rubbing sunscreen on my back
Smoking Js everyday like dazed and confused
Catch a fade, gettin' blazed while I lay by the pool
In the Summer, just throw on a pair of stunners
And go and catch a vibe motherfuckers

Ay, It's all good in the Summer
Chillin' with the sun in my eyes, top down let it bump in the ride
It's all good in the Summer
Faded 'cos we love to get high, post up, catch a couple of vibes
It's all good in the Summer
And we don't even got nowhere to go, see back when my brim down low
Yeah, we don't even got no where to go

The sun is shinin', time to fire up the barbie
Fuckin' higher than the stars when I'm arriving at your party
I'm a fan of hard liquor, in a brown paper bag
I'm a fan of fat swishes, pass it 'round, take a drag
I need a couple double rums, with the salted rim promptly
Bet these drinks'll fuck me up as much as fuckin' Bill Cosby would
It's all good in the summer, I'm in the hood with my brothers flippin' burge
rs with no shirt when I'm cookin' up supper
And when I'm drunk I fuckin' think I'm Chef Ramsay
My beers in my right palm, I guess tonight I'm left-handed
Damn it, I'm fuckin' hammered so I jump in the pool
And sober up and start again, 'cos we got nothin' to do
Comfortable, doin' shotguns 'til there's chunks on my shoes
Jump in the Coop and make a beer run, re-up on the booze
Now me and Webby in the Chevy 'cos we ran out of blunts
And by the time we got back, the cops are angry out front, fuck

Ay, It's all good in the Summer
Chillin' with the sun in my eyes, top down let it bump in the ride
It's all good in the Summer
Faded 'cos we love to get high, post up, catch a couple of vibes
It's all good in the Summer
And we don't even got nowhere to go, see back when my brim down low
Yeah, we don't even got no where to go

And I'm up on my cloud, and right where I wan't to be, no bringing me down,
yeah
You can find me when the sun goes down, I'm around, lightin' up a dooby you
can smell across town
No bringing me down, ay ay ay

Ay, It's all good in the Summer
Chillin' with the sun in my eyes, top down let it bump in the ride
It's all good in the Summer
Faded 'cos we love to get high, post up, catch a couple of vibes
It's all good in the Summer
And we don't even got nowhere to go, see back when my brim down low
Yeah, we don't even got no where to go