

## Summertime

clipping.

Set's up high, bitches and whips topless, no ceilings  
They pitchin' that Helen Mirren  
It's summer, that pot stick (pot stick)  
Block burning, G's banging on the beach, white Ts, no-sock shit  
Palm tree on lean, bass rocks with the knock  
Every cockpit bumpin' that Pac on the stock system rattlin'  
But battle ready cause all got the heavy metal  
Tucked to haggle for the Fendi watches  
Watch it, everyone observe the color  
Of the block where they walkin', watch how they walkin'  
See her at the payphone code talkin'  
She got them high shorts, thighs thick, pussy poppin'  
So the lay of the block maintain  
As long everybody play they role, and not  
Try to step on somebody else's line  
But when they do the critic quick to put a clip in a nine  
A motherfucker will die in the summertime

Low nose clown on they pogo bounce  
When they slow-mo round, make the hoes go down  
Homies smoke that loud 'til they choke fall out  
And they run they mouth, what they don't know might end 'em  
Cause them women so fine in the summertime  
Turn a six to a dime in the summertime  
Motherfuckers still die in the summertime  
It happens all the time in the summertime

Hold the liquor, it's an avalanche comin'  
A Cali nigga flooded in ice and quite stunnin'  
And who wouldn't believe the West Coast brung 'em  
When the rest start runnin' when my set start gunnin'  
I came to represent for the Likwit Empire  
Tha Liks Esquire, with about six priors  
It's been a minute since I lit a nigga on fire  
And I won't stop rockin' 'til ya nigga expire  
I gut the mic with the negative hype  
Any steelo will fashion, I'm a negative type  
Write whatever you like, starts day into night  
Paragraphin' how you have it, I be crashin' your sight  
As a treat, I'll eat all beef and gripes  
Toss up you niggas tryin' to peel my stripes  
Killas don't fright but hold up, here's the truth  
Summer turn cold when the crown hits the booth, nigga

Low nose clown on they pogo bounce  
When they slow-mo round, make the hoes go down  
Homies smoke that loud 'til they choke fall out  
And they run they mouth, what they don't know might end 'em  
Cause them women so fine in the summertime  
Turn a six to a dime in the summertime  
Motherfuckers still die in the summertime  
It happens all the time in the summertime

Dice game, rice rocket, pipe laying, sidewalkin'  
Eyes, drankin' wine, talkin', where that Fernet, though? (Right?)  
Price payin', eye sockets, dry makin', fire lockin'  
Fly paper skyrockets, scare residentials

Donuts in the cul-de-sac, photos at the intersection  
Show 'em that Corona's back, flipping off the pigs and  
Breaking mirrors cause he own it jack  
And he on about half a pill and he don't wanna yack  
So he keep it rollin' like that dice game  
Homies talk shit, Andrew Dice Clay  
Homies take shifts watching vice playing nice like they ain't narcs  
Roll a seven, guns spark, dogs bark, dial nine-eleven  
Cars parked ring alarms, homies stop bettin' just for a second  
Then start it up again like resurrection, they count their blessings  
Stop rubberneckin', you lookin' sweeter than confection  
Pause; Laugh it off or get a weapon

Low nose clown on they pogo bounce  
When they slow-mo round, make the hoes go down  
Homies smoke that loud 'til they choke fall out  
And they run they mouth, what they don't know might end 'em  
Cause them women so fine in the summertime  
Turn a six to a dime in the summertime  
Motherfuckers still die in the summertime  
It happens all the time in the summertime