

For the Summer

Fabolous

Yo, I just got the new thing for the summer
Now I need me a boo thing for the summer
We can kick it like Liu Kang for the summer
You can't tie me up though
Shit I don't even tie shoe strings for the summer
I just let 'em hang like a new chain for the summer
Speaking of I doubled the Cubans for the summer
Black girlfriend like 'Really, 2 Chainz for the summer?'
But I done blew change on a few things that was dumber
That's why it's cash rules like it's Wu-Tang for the summer
With that said I might cop two things for the summer
They both gon' be blacker than Luol Deng for the summer
And then I'm nicknaming 'em Hussein & Osama
That's a Saudi and an Afghan, new slang for the summer
That's the Audi and the Aston's new names for the summer
Cup in my hand, it's D'usse for the summer
Every night a dark night, I'm Bruce Wayne for the summer (Lord)

Summertime shootouts, the wild west
Brand new kicks and white T's, my style fresh
Talkin' fly to every shorty walkin' by, she could get it
For the summer but at least give me a weekend with it
Summertime shootouts, the wild west
Give it up like a gun pressed to your sundress
Runnin' game like the summer tournaments
Smoke somethin', sip somethin' with a player on the bench (Lord)

This all or nothin' for the summer
Just cop it, we ain't cuffin' for the summer
Playlist poppin', let it shuffle for the summer
Me and this fly chick with a duffle for the summer (Lord)
Ass like a carry-on, marijuana marathon
On them nice Saturday's people be gettin' married on
But we just tryna catch the party, flip it like a spatula shawty
Got bands, matching Carty's, strippers like the bachelor parties
I'mma butt smacker when I'm off the nutcracker
Barry Sanders on hoes, hell of a cut backer
Slut back up, too much act up
Ain't no cash behind you, I got too much backup
I mean paper keep coming, can't do nuttin' but stack it
Swag too crazy, can't do nuttin' but jack it
My studio's a padded room, I'm flowin' like I had a shroom
Should've dropped this for summer like the son I had in June (Lord)

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Ayo, L.A. for the winter, New York City for the summer
Gotta bring you with me, you too pretty for my number
No time for hopin' you call
I mean girl you so dope I might go through withdrawal

Fall in love for the summer then elope in the fall
You ain't even gotta pack soon as they open the mall
She can hit it, she could get it, she could get it, yeah
It's too early for the title but feel like we committed
It's the B-K Nets games at the Barclays
Bustin' off in the bed, soundin' like eight-K's
Brrrat, brrrat, brrrat
All up in it like 'where it at?'
Never had a real one in your life, took care of that
When you fuckin' with the gold chains on you hear that
Bling, bling, every time I hit it from the back
Bling, bling, fuck around and go another round ding, ding
Yeah that money got me on my Mayweather
Going for the winter at least until that May weather
It's too cold back home, I had to stay weather
Never did this before, don't ever say never

[Fab:] Hey so um, what you doin' for the win'er?

[Female:] What you wan' do?

[Fab:] I don't know what you doin', You know I wanna take you to L.A. for the win'er

[Female:] I don't know what you're talkin' about, taking me to L.A

[Fab:] You know what I'm talkin' about. I'mma take you to L.A

[Female:] I don't know you. Where I know you from?

[Fab:] Look you ain' never had somebody that wanted you to be with them...

[Female:] No, I don't know you

[Fab:] Are you sure that you was good?

[Female:] No. This guy's crazy

[Fab:] See I know what it is, you ain' never had a real one

[Fab:] I ain't never had a real one til you