

Cold Summer

Larry June

Hey, hand me that lighter
Alright, yeah

On my way to Costa Mesa (Costa Mesa)
Trunk full of heels (Heels), pocket full of Franklins (Franklins)
Stay for a week, after that, hit San Diego (San Diego)
Man, another day, another quaalude (Sock it to me)
Ridin' by my lonely (To the neck)
'Cause one thing I don't need is more fake homies (Groovy)
A flight to Miami (Yeah, baby)
Touched my first ten thousand in Miami, understand me?
Why you think I like mojitos? (Man)
Flight to Puerto Rico (For real)
It was me and Wayne, no matter what, that's my bro-bro (I love you)
Times got hard, bagged it up and then we sold those (Yeah)
K-9s hit the train, I'm thankful they didn't find those (Thank you so much)
They lookin' down on me (Yeah, they lookin' down on me)
My son three months, I turned to that fast money (Damn)
30 days in the rental (The rental)
Reno, Tahoe, L.A., let's get it (Yeah)
Then hit the tri-city (Tri-city)
Man, Jersey, Philly, D.C., she with it
It was nothin' like that feelin' (That feelin', swear to God)
Two-piece at 19, sent the uh on the doubles
Now we out in Santa Cruz (Santa Cruz)
Order some pancakes from Denny's (Man)
Baby bustin' a move
Five hunnid, that's cool (Good job)
Your first car, that's smooth (Yeah, baby)
I really came from nothin' so I'm humble with it
Make the right move, don't stumble with it (Stumble)
Life get crazy, I just rumble with it (Rumble)
I ain't goin' out like a bitch, I want it, I'ma get it
I ain't stressed out by a chick, it's way too many

Yeah
For real, nigga
Cold summer
Check it out
Cold summer
It's way too many
Man, yeah
Cold summer (Now y'all feel my pain)
Cold summer
Uh, groovy, yeah baby
Uh, you're doin' good
Numbers, uh, groovy, man
Ayy-ayy-ayy-ayy