

## Summer of Surf

Riff Raff

Gone for the summer  
Gone for the summer yeah 80 day vacation  
I said a 80 day vacation  
80 day vacation  
I said a 80 day vacation  
Summer  
Stretch plum Hummer  
I'm gone for the summer yeah stretch plum Hummer

Swag when I surf  
Now watch me surf this swag  
Swag when I surf  
Now watch me surf this swag  
This is the remix  
Yeah this part two  
She 'bout to surf on me  
I'm 'bout to surf on you

She on for the summer  
Other side of town  
She tell me to come over say her parents out of town  
She a bad broad  
And she never acting for Open up garage zero cars in garage  
I tell her call her friends  
Yeah I think menage a trois  
Plus we got some money her parents left her a credit card  
Yeah it's a black card I'm thinking shopping spree  
She's thinking more Hummers  
I'm thinking 'bout the Florida Keys  
Yeah  
Gone for the whole night  
Kawasaki bike  
She fed me five pounds of lobster  
Fed me every bite  
Hold a minute take a pause  
We in the bathroom stalls and she's playing with my balls  
While I check my missed calls  
She seen a naked pic  
It's a Motorola  
She say "I like that bitch  
Tell that bitch to come over"  
We back to the Range Rover  
Back to the topic  
Girl you need to stop it  
Yeah

Ball game  
Barstool  
Going four for four  
Ball for ball Like a ball stool You be on that rap shit  
I ain't 'bout that battle shit  
You be on that cap shit  
I be high capping bitch  
I be on that trap shit

Might pull like three or four  
Beef or the circle down Got a bad attitude I'm looking for the excuse

To knock it out of bounds girl  
You out of bounds girl  
Talking out of time girl your ass is out of bounds girl  
Not at all  
Hop all the bright bitch with fat ass  
Bring me syrup weed and pills and some tylenol  
I ain't even stressed out  
f\*ck my opponents  
It's summertime  
I'm ex-pills and coronas  
HDTV's picture jumping out the plasma  
Bad bitch with all this ice think she catching asthma  
Yeah I'm on the side breathing  
Yeah she 'bout to faint now  
Thug girls see my ice have a mental breakdown

I got a freestyle license  
No more writing  
You damn near catch a virus all the freestyles you fighting  
Forty-fifty G's on my icy devices  
Your parents see my ice have a midlife crisis  
Yeah  
It's time for them to see the counselor  
Trying to get in VIP with me?  
Go and see the bouncer  
Yeah  
Cause you ain't paying me nothing  
Ain't get no me you thought that I was bluffing  
Yeah can't afford  
Nah I ain't no joke  
I'm riding 'round on rims  
You be flipping hundred spokes  
Yeah throwing caution in the wind  
Gucci on my loose plate  
Girl I don't want your lips  
Girl you got some loose lips  
Top and bottoms even even on the top part  
I ain't trying to grab your ass  
Your ass ain't got no class  
It ain't got no tightness  
I turn heads like vice grips You be trying to wrestle with me  
f\*ck that