

Summertime (August)

Robb Bank\$

I think I might be happy

All my niggas is Springs banging
3 6 playing, OBP repping, I'm Zoey Saldina smanging
That vintage Starter coat got a nigga lookin' ancient
Not a cent I'll be saving, choose presence over nations
Nurse outfit Belladonna treating me like her patient
Pornhub reenactments on our vacation
Just got enough racks to buy the house party out
But I ain't Drake, I ain't bout to be flying no bitches out
We doing photoshoots to show the world what we 'bout
You tryna photoshop boxlogos over your mouth
Season of the witch, I let the Voldemort enter me
Fuck all you new rappers, and Beyonce's pregnancy
Couple flood waters straight from Hurricane Irene
Full body suit BDIT, fuck Supreme
Shiit, y'all watch the throne while I safeguard the coffin
On the throne touchin' pussy like I'm boss Team Rocket

Can I live?

Can all you niggas die?
Can I pull a trigga trey, cause I know all you niggas pie (ya lil bitch)
If I die today, remember me like Perfect Cell
Me and your bitch swappin' gene pools, workin' cells
Now that's gangsta
You can't stand me?
Live in Florida, ain't been to one club in Miami
Bitch I got a Lexus and nigga don't even drive
I'm parked up, my girl ass look like the handicap sign
Still stuntin' nigga, you don't want it nigga
Clique full of pretty bitches, ho, I got a hundred niggas
Straighter than straight, I know you fools ain't gunnin, boy
It's a cold world but it be hot up in the summer, boy
So I keep your bitch in that tube top
From American Apparel boy it's nothing
Step back from the game to watch the competition plummet
South nigga stay in NY shit like I'm Pumpkin

Feelin' like Yogi Bear and all this Death Adder
Tell her how my ex broke my heart to get the sex out her
What if I made a cliche punchline 'bout how loud my weed is
Man I bet you go deaf after
You hear another song from one of these dudes
All them pussy ass rappers with the star tattoos
All you VMA niggas never come to my channel
You got horses on your draws, nigga mine got duck camo
That Gorilla's In The Mist shit I'm on it
My nigga Juice told me, "If you got it nigga, flaunt it"
I slide that ignore icon when your ho callin'
And I bet you still tryna figure out my undergarmets

She taking off that tube top, I'm like, "go girl"
Hot up in the summertime, but boy, it's a cold world
Yeah yeah, said it's a cold world
Why we ain't get signed yet nigga? Cold word
Why I'm fuckin' your bitch nigga? Cold world
Why Miguel ain't with us right now nigga? Cold world

Yeah yeah, said it's a cold world
And J. Cole got no bitches nigga, cold world