

Summer Is Blue

Sainté

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Umm, □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□

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Your guy ain't like me, what a bummer, huh
Flex in blue, my girl up in red
My bad, man, I think she a gunner
Louis, the purse, jacket, Chanel
I know, man, she think I'm a stunner (Ice)
I know, man, I dress like no other (Splash)
And she be my number one lover (Yeah)
I flex overseas, I'm over the scene
But yet she like me undercover
My talent is still undiscovered
Text with my agent, tellin' me, "Patient"
I need me some stuff for my lover
So what if they think that I'm rude? (What?)
I know that summer is blue (Yeah)
Ignorance bliss, start (Swear)
I swear that I'm feelin' you too (Too, too)
I swear that she's feelin' me too (Feelin' me, man, swear)
Wait, and she wanna talk over food
I cover the bill, I tell her I'm leavin' in two
I'm busy, I'm movin' the loot
Got too much to lose
No, I can't talk to your friends
I ain't got nothin' to prove
So, what can I do?
You wanna follow the trends, I wanna follow the clues

Yeah, you cannot follow the route
You know the motto is true
Them versus us, that was the one
I got a squad for the troops
And I got a thot, she send me the drop
Before she send me the nudes
And she don't want you, she want Deuce
Hm, yeah
Counting them thousands up in the mountains
Drink from the fountain of youth
I might just pull up with sorrow tomorrow
To make sure the summer is blue
I got the winter on glue
I might just win and then win again
I might put the summer on loop
But we ain't got nothing to prove, yeah
Hmm, I need a 4x4, I ain't fucking with coupes
I might hit her once, it's a fluke
'Cause I ain't got nothing to do
Yeah, nigga too tall for the roof
She in stilettos, I feel like Chipetto
The way I'm controlling these yutes

Brodie if only you knew
Went from a F'd up kid with a messed up trim and a hole in his shoe
To makin' a whole lotta moves
She want me to show and to prove

You know I'm a star in this big blue sky
Why should I be only for you?
No wonder she over the moon
Two double O in the room
As long as she's criss I'm calm with it
Got a brown skin ting in Harvey Nichols
Got the pouch but I'm spendin' half on it
Give a fuck 'bout the shit they barberin'
So sharp I could give man's barber trim
No words, my guy, no arguments
You can take the debates to parliament
How we say what you say so marvelous
Uh huh?
How can you rate those yutes
Spinnin' the same old tunes?
It's feeling like déjà vu
I weren't gonna stay but you buggin' me to
Guess it won't be too much trouble to spend all my summer with you
As long as it's blue