Da Summer

Three 6 Mafia

Yeah, yall know what time it is
Three 6 Mafia in this thang and we heated it
We bout to let yall know what the business is in the M-town
Like, like

See in Memphis them thugs be kind of like layed back
In some clean ass rides bustin a sac or hittin a pack
I'm fresh for ya pop a drank and I gotta get beamed up
My converty been dirty in the grass but I gotta get it cleaned up
I'm calling my team up
Mess witcha pull list in Marietta
I'm looking at about eleven
Meet me at for I gun and get 'em
Them G's and them fiends so deep
them fools always gotta start some shit
And now the coppers done ran a player clean off the strip
Up in the summer

Book of red dark as we busted through the misty fog
Me, Scarecrow, Juicy, Boo, Crunchy, just sign my role list Paul
None but that 9 up on my side
That side you tried to fight
Got bitches on my side
Get these bitches out now
Who got that fire please pass me that light my nigga
when ya doing that gin
Just want that really, really want that Henney just
want to fucking flare
And men my lung just busted open from disc under
That'll land up in a trauma Koopsta coming from da summer

Getting my groove we got to ride
Ridin' through the hood with my homies getting smoked out
In da summer

When Gangsta Boo ride
Ride with me baby I'm getting caught
Ya come across a chick lil' somethin who sets it off
Its da summer boy lets get together and hit the pool
Skinny-dipping yeah that's what I'm saying it's all good
Ex-ed out a little baby they call me the Lady Boo
Hypnotized a little always da summer who got me loose
It's no prob' to me you
Lets go shine together dude
Come and play with me
Come and ride with me
In da summer

See in da summer can I cut 'em off
Scarecrow chop a limb down, burn a log
Gotta keep a easy eye out for the law
Keep a big bank and buzz when the summer fall

Wanna spread nothing none till it kinda slung
Then I roll up a crumb till it gotcha gone
Here come another bum wanna winning won
Crunchy, Boo, let me hit it triple honey Hun
For the birds that don't know that's yellow
It makes me slow down the pedal
Pre-coasted quick on the medal
And I will leap I will mail it
Don't watch that dope I can't sell it
You and the jealousy mellow
Because you can't fuck with rebels
Lord Infamous hot as a kettle
In da summer

Pastor E. and J, Grandma Gay, lets take a ride and shoot
To my high school
North side where they break the rules
I'm scoping out some freaks in the streets
With a sexy switch
What's up with them dingy shoes, and maybe I'ma holler trick
Rolling through the Green Pearl clean
What's up Black and Kim
Chiefin on the swishers slangin way down to the ground
While I'm dozing off on you cuz haters squalling call 'em Kirks
DM riding on 20 chromes
Under the seat he keep them tones

In da summer we be coming
We be dropping just like women
We be hurting 'em hypnotize
We be taking people under
Do you people remember me?
When I popped up on the scene
We were fuller of that green
We were high up on that dream
Yeah, Crunchy still the same
No, that game didn't make me change
All we got a little change
Now you people be acting strange
Used to D
I'm used to game
Wont you catch up with them lames
All them people be calling your name
'Cuz you trying to steal my fame
In da summer

Yeah, yeah, keep it rollin', keep it rollin',
keep it rollin', keep it rollin'
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, another hot one
Three 6 Mafia heatin' it up
Earthquakin' it, bakin' it, another summer hit
Low down dirty
Mafia, (mafia), mafia, (mafia), mafia, (mafia)

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