```
Yeah, yeah, yeah...
This Chicago, nigga!
You don't wanna get turnt up
You don't wanna get burnt out
You don't wanna have to call home like "momma look how I turned out"
Everything I did was all bad and now I'm tryna get it all back
Summer boy gotta fall back
Yeah I called God, He ain't called back
This is Kanye West and you tuned in with my nigga, the fellow heavy hitter D
J Pharris, yo Soutside what's up?
This Chicago, nigga!
You don't wanna get turnt up
You don't wanna get burnt out
You don't wanna have to call home like "momma look how I turned out"
Everything I did was all bad and now I'm tryna get it all back
Summer boy gotta fall back
Yeah I called God, He ain't called back
I guess I could've left a voicemail
But like don't nobody check that
I'm better off sending emails
Or typin' messages in all caps
I'm just waitin' on a text back
Maybe I just need a long nap
They been sleepin' on me anyway
I'm right here, where y'all at?
You don't wanna get lost with me
You don't wanna see the lost city
You don't wanna play games boy, you know I used to play Varsity
Run up on you, like a track meet
Tobi Lou on that trap beat
Hair real long, like Apache
My girl brown like a khaki
My bad, I got off track
You don't wanna lose track of me
Stiff arm, can't tackle me
Juke Juke bring it back for me (yeah)
Glitter shorts, no fashion week
This is how I dress casually
I put these on to do grocery
Bags on me like Tobi Keith
And I really need that somebody, yeah
I really need, really need, really need that somebody, yeah
I really need that somebody, yeah (I do)
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I really need that somebody, yeah (I do)

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I really need, really need, really need that somebody, yeah
This Chicago, nigga!
I really need that somebody, yeah
I really need that somebody, yeah
I really need, really need, really need that somebody, yeah
I really need, really need, really need that somebody
```

Yeah, yeah

Yeah somewhere, in the summer time Some-something happens in the summertime Summers after summers...