

Roots, The "Lazy Afternoon"

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Chorus

It's a lazy afternoon
(Summertime, as I recline, lay back and relax, let the
sun shine)

Verse 1

[Black Thought]

Consider this a message to my mellow in the front seat
of the Jeep pumpin' beats for your rump
In the summertime I'm risin' to the shine at 12:20
Ghetto streets are sunny, niggas is gettin' money
It's mad hot, and what I got to do I'm not sure of
I call up Maura, this dip I know from Bora Bora
Was rappin' for a second about what I reckoned that I

was doin' at six, she was invitin' me to the flicks
That I'm with, blew a kiss Now I'm in the shower
I meant the bath in which I simmer for half an hour
Then got drier, put on attire to inspire

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Hit my dresser for numbers of women that I admire
Laid around and lounged 'til around two
Then I got up and ate, drank a brew and caught a page
from the crew
sayin' "Where ya at? Later, meet us up at the Plat
Bring a sack, ayo it's Saturday, it's gonna be fat"
Now it's 3:37 and I still ain't left the rest
Electric Relaxation from A Tribe Called Quest
with the boom, tokin', smokin', coolin' out
as I parlay in my room 'cause it's a lazy afternoon

Other verses as Verse 1, with the following variations:

Verse 2: "this dip I knew from Bora Bora"

"'cause it's a lazy aaaaaahh!" (dental style :-)

Verse 3: " I'm in the shower"

"a page from my crew"

"Bring a sack, nigga, it's Saturday"

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