

Austin Sherrie

"Summa Tha Time"

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[Hook: Black Sheep (Emage)]

We like blowing up the spot

(Summa the time)

We're known for fronting, not

(Summa the time)

We give our shows all we got

Wreck the stage and lots play us

Like the sun because we're hot, hot

[Dres]

It's Black Sheep, beep-beep, everybody on your feet

Catch the beat, sweet sweet, got you bopping down the street

Shorts to short-sets, shorties for short sex

Forties, my forte: butterfill and four Becks

That defines Dres, d-r-e-s, no further ado

I charcoal, broil and foil more than any barbecue

In the breeze like Lenin, listen when I'm beginning

In Nueva York, better known as kings' dominion

We're back again, smacking beats across your head and back

And when you front I'll make you stand out like a fat African

Peace to all down South, I know it's hot as Hades

Love to all the fam-a-lam I scrambled in the Eighties

Now we're in the Nineties, as months go where the hour went

I stack mint and think of what? Black empowerment

I think wife, and black child to raise together

I think about the winter knowing nothing last forever

In this world things happen at the drop of a dime

Some things never happen at all, and yes y'all

[Hook: Dres (Emage)]

(Summa the time)

I'm hitting your face like the breeze

(Summa the time)

It's like I rip the mic to so many degrees

Huh, I'm docking it in your port

I'm slamming it in your court

Me taking the shorts?

I'm holding the for'ps, child please

[Mr Lawnge]

Some of the time I'm with my crew, some of the time
I'm not

Bouncing down the block, blowing up the spot
But only when it's hot do I see nuff niggas looking at
me

Displaying signs of jealousy, it means they're still Black
With NV

I go by the name of the Sugar Dick Daddy Lawnge,
ripping the song

Suckers see me, wanna be me, but I'm creamy and
they're dead wrong

To whom it may concern: yo, don't even try, kid
Because you couldn't see me even if I was your eyelid
When I rhyme for the summertime, believe I can
Bring more relief from grief than the Icy man

Be it your front yard, your stoop or porch
Like the Kackalackan sun, I'm guaranteed to scorch
I know it was about time we dropped the now, oh gosh
We got more niggas rolling up than even at the car
wash

Yeah, we're here to tan that ass like the summer sun
For the nigga that tried to dis us, we know he's the
dumber one

When you hear the Sheep are rocking be on the lookout
Cause we gather more hungry crowds than a cookout

[Hook: Mr Lawnge (Emage)]

(Summa the time)

I like to tour around the world

(Summa the time)

I'm chilling hard with my girl

I like to wake late

For summer heat's sake

Listen to the fat beats we make

And chill on a summer break

[Dres]

It's the summer blitz, dips with pretty lips

Bros with or without doe flip for hits

Yo, microphone check one, be no other heap-topping

I rock a flock and mock, Sheep-Sheep rocking

Sonny, can you feel me? Honey, I be fly

Money making, really there's a ribbon in the sky

For One Love, I'm kicking my diction less the fiction

Non-believers thought me hiking and fishing

Now I spike them like a Viking

Wildstyle, like summer in Astoria

Way back my peoples made Ajax join the Warriors

Back when park jams found me trying to see the band
Until parties in the centre saw DJs as the man
A bird, a plane, feel the breeze changing lanes
I put a chill in your veins, even on a crowded train
I'm cool, more cool than Morris dropping Time
-Less legit hits for some ones in ninety-nine
Since a long time ago, I'm getting mine
Put the 'genuine' in genuine, son, I shine

[Hook: Dres (Emage)]
(Summa the time)
I'm taking respect, do you copy?
(Summa the time)
I'm whyling with my baby boy Papi
I'm with the Lawnge one
Running, ripping up tracks un-
'Til the summer skill that we flex
Says it's time to chill
(Summa the time)

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