

## Above The Law "Summer Days"

Visit "[Summer Days](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

What's up homes? Welcome to the catacombs  
We seduce the microphones, bless the chron - got me  
in a zone  
Just another Saturday night at the spizot  
We kickin' it tough we done closed up shop  
Plenty of Phillies rollin through homey  
Them thorough-breds and conversation with these  
tru's  
Ride the summer groove  
The incense enhance the hoes deliverance  
Niggaz takin a chance - askin for that lap dance  
But see these females, they ain't strippers, don't flip  
But your money back in your pocket  
You ain't got to tip  
Hennessy forever like sparklet's jugs  
And most people ain't never seen a table full of bud  
See members in my backyard  
Members at my door  
Members down the street bout to sell this sucka nigga -  
64  
A little barbecue while we get our groove on  
The homey loop a beat, IÂ'm a lace somethin smooth  
on em  
My trigger happy homeys and 14 deckaz  
People servin them eight figures in the land of records  
In California lifestyle, you can't ignore the crime  
So niggaz stand in line for the life and times  
Get your grind on

See I never forget (Those summer days)  
Homey gettin they back up  
Finna get me sack on  
Niggaz gettin they stack on  
Junkies gettin they crack on  
Hoez stay cuz they wanna play  
(Those summer days)  
Bitches gettin they game on  
Homeys gettin they bang on  
Niggaz gettin they slang on  
Bitches gettin the jank on

I'm in here coolin ready to shake em

Nigga what they hittin foe?  
Feelin like I drunk a whole liquor store  
Females are comin through  
Ready to kick it with the crew  
I like them Barbie Coast hoes  
Touchin they toes for them dollar bills  
And when it's drama - best believe it be on  
Cuz steppin on the wrong toes will get your head blown  
Because I once knew a nigga who tried to trip one night  
But he didn't know where the fuck he was cuz  
I lit him up like a light  
Cuz I know niggaz from Ghost Town  
Niggaz from Sin Town (whoop whoop)  
Even them niggaz from the Islands know that we ridaz  
? in the other room breakin niggaz, slappin bones  
On the low-low, fa sho' we got the plugs on them zones  
Night fall, homey's gettin drunk up  
Bout to break out the mac and the pistol grip pumper  
To tame niggaz, the same niggaz that was cool an hour  
ago  
Liquor be havin them fools actin schizo  
Or is it that bitch that ready to go home  
When the homeys roll and kick it they get high and get  
they freak on  
Or a fool locin up cuz he got drunk for his last night  
come up  
Mad cuz he got stuck  
Yo we let him rough up, but not too deep  
We understand your agony of defeat  
Cuz we can be gangstaz or we can be gentlemen  
We come strapped ready to tap that ass - tell a friend  
And say you heard it from some killers  
Some big wheel dealers  
Out to check a mill of em  
That's why I never forget (Those summer days)

Playaz get your swerve on  
Homeys gettin they herb on  
Bitches gettin they perm on  
Riches gettin they serve on

{female singing} Hoes stay cuz they wanna play  
Those summer days

Niggaz gettin they quote on  
Homeys gettin they swole on  
Riders gettin they roll on  
Players get your flow on

{singing} those summer days  
those summer days

Remember those summer days  
Those summer summer Sunday  
Summer days

Visit [Above The Law](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.