

Black Sheep "Summa Tha Time"

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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

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 eghties

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

(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

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

(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

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 center 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

(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
Until the summer skill that we flex, says it's time to chill
(Summa the time)

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