

## **Frayser Boy "Its Da Summa Time"**

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(DJ Paul)

Yeah, the hoes gonna come out to dis one boy.  
We gon' let y'all know how we do it in da south man.  
With the motherfuckin golds in our mouth.  
In da summa time, we get washed up,  
Then we gotta get glocked up.  
DJ Paul. Juicy J. Fr-Fr-Fr-Frayser Boy.

(Frayser Boy)

9:30 in tha morning, nigga's still yawnin'  
Roll me up a blunt, cause a nigga is jonein'  
Picked up my cell phone, checked all my missed calls  
Bitches playin on my whore, got a playa pissed off  
Its another pretty day, but it's kinda hot dawg  
Plenty freaky hoes out, tryin' to get knocked off  
Little bitty ass shorts, tryin' to show they ass cheeks  
Love me a freaky bitch, don't like em 'less they nasty  
Everybody gettin' out, gettin' they cars washed up  
Hate it for my niggas gotta spend they summas locked  
up  
Police, yeah they watch us. But they let us roll by.  
In da Bay it's very hot and everybody know why.  
So high, pull da weed needin' me some soul food.  
Boy you friendn a BBQ, Shit I'm friendn roll through.  
All day ridin', weekends clubin'  
Blowin' money, shootin' dice, nigga it's nothin.

(Chorus 4x)

In da trunk bangin', in da hood hangin'  
Do it real big, it's da summa time ain't it

(DJ Paul)

We come from the city where they love to ride big rims  
on errything  
Keep a unit and some green thas on errything  
Campaign, cause it aint no thang when it's on mayne.

Do it bigger than the Statue of Liberty cause we  
Chrome mayne  
Up at noon, I fire 'ah blunt up for my breakfast  
Hit the cleaners, pick up my Dickies with tha creases.  
Liquor store, gotta get some more, 'cause the last last

night

Hit up 'Cris, gotta get some 'yo or it wont be right  
Rep the hood, nuttin' special, this what we always do.  
But it's sumthin' about when the sun is out it make ya  
feel so new.

I'm washed up, I'm glocked up,  
'bout to trip on woahs and 2 liters get it yerked up  
Ya'll know how we do, when we do what we do, do  
We do ??? and only us and so much you need to do  
You Lil homie, we keep it jumpin' out with stunt mens  
and buildings  
We grillin' and killin' and choppin' it up with all that  
security, ya hear me.

(Chorus 4x)

In da trunk bangin', in da hood hangin'  
Do it real big, it's da summa time ain't it

(Juicy J)

Haters wanna see me fall, bitches wanna see me ???  
Ridin Maybach with tha strizzap in my lap  
Im at the mall, spendin' like I wanna spend.  
Ghetto fab and Memphis ten  
Some of these mothafuckas think they tough  
Some like 'Cris up in they cup  
Always on the main bitch Why you wanna hate on this  
??? to mix up, gobble nut and hell to spit  
And if my record sales drop, you still don't have to give  
me props.  
Talk is cheap, gonna face me nigga  
I'm still gonna always make these millas

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