

John Cena "Summer Flings"

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Yeah, we doin' things now man
It's just another day in the life y'know
Always tryin' to do some big bid'ness
Sometimes when we havin' fun
Some shit goes down y'know, you ain't expectin' nothin'
Then, somethin' come out of nothin'

It was just another typical day in the summer
Me, Trademarc, Crouch and my little brother
We put the whips out, we cruise up to the strip man
Three wheel motion killin' fools like a hit man

We on some chill shit, vibin' out
But we still in the mix, fuck hidin' out
On the corner of L Street, I locked eyes with her
I ain't steppin', man, this bitch had guys with her

She came through the crowd, walked over to me
Catchin' P off guard, she actin' like she knew me
Her name was Shannon, she was canon
She's hangin' with Melissa, this big booty chick you
couldn't miss her

This chick was like a fitted cap, all over my dome
Said, she wanna be down, but I ain't takin' her home
That's when she said she live right down the street
She love white chocolate, well, I got somethin' sweet

Saw you walkin' down the street and I
Heard you say you had somethin' sweet for me
Lover
(Somethin' sweet)
Lover, somethin' sweet

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We run game, [Incomprehensible] Blanson, what's your
hon's name

I can take an Eva hot bitch like bum change
Playin' hard to get when I step, I'm afraid
I can treat a chick like cheap gas and upgrade

Whatever you need, whatever you want
With Trademarc on your arm, girl, what more could you
flaunt
There's just something about us, summer fling got you
wondering
Where I'll be in spring, but that's another thing

I'll be out, girl, quicker than tans
If you want somethin' stick hurr, stick wit'cha man
I ain't lookin' for a lover girl, I'm lookin' for sex
I can tell you I got money or I'm pushin' a Lex

Whatever gets you hot, that's what I say next
Gettin passed through the crew, girl, that's a safe bet
I think it's funny how it doesn't take a whole lot
Trademarc's like an open flame, getting girls hot

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Yo, with these sweet flows, the streets knows
Whether we pimped out in streets clothes, we the bomb
like deep throws
My speech grows to reach hoes all over the globe
I got class like a Ric Flair robe

Man, I'm in and out quick like Jordan in the zone
D takin' out a bitch like a pass from Shaq to Kobe
You know me with a extra set of hands
A bitch couldn't hold me, man, I leave 'em lonely

If I catch a glimpse of your chick when she smile and
fine
I make sure she lose your number, she'd be dialin'
mine
I ain't about a wife even if she won this right
I'll fuck for seven days but stand for one night

Man, we decked out John, the strict gutter
I'll have a girl repeatin' my name in sex like the bitch
stutter
I got moves lookin' butter with a tight fade
Forever dipped fresh man like Minot Gray

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