

Lost Boyz "Summer Time"

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Summer, summer, summer time
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Well listen Summer time in the city
Now niggas ride around town, for another sounds, look
before the smithy
And even on ball courts, you got the shorties watchin
fellas
Doin anythings on they baggy shorts
And kids is having fun in the park
But there's a limit, moms says you best to be home
before dark
Now we all know the flavor, were back on the black
moms
Chattin with the next door neighbour sayin 'Hi'
The folks that don't ride
Her hands on the floor head 'cause the sun keeps
gettin in the rock
Little kids in sweaty suits, with niggas like Lost Boyz
Strictly t-shirts or the boots
Standin on the van with, I'm wavin at chicks
Takin food from the vooda, and sips from the Mystics
Lex, coups, beemers and benz
Niggas hangin with they man makin hits
We bouncin in the city

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In every borough there's a crew
Of niggas smokin blunts and drinkin brew
'Cause that's the way that us niggas do

With Newports in the ear, playin concrete sports
And shorties walk around in daisy dukes shorts,
bounce
The would be throwin jams in the park
When the buddha is sparked, they get together after
dark
GG and G tapes are bangin, it's strictly Spigg Nice
And that hat black, when me and my niggas are sayin
I'm given beats to my peeps when I pass through
In 89, 'cause them shorties smoke grass too
To make a avenue, somethin in god rule
40 Be, that is lee, agent I too
And to my peoples on the rock
132142, Yeah that's the rock
See Queens niggas do they thing
Champagne and rings don't hold shit
Bang real niggas hang in the city

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It's about 98 degrees, everybodys gettin cheese
And a downy in my round, spit is walk around in
dungaries
When new burgers got a lot around the corner
See a shorty and you want, now you best to push up on
her, right?
I lay my act, slick sleen back, 40 ounce down south
Bounce bounce like that
Smokin charm as we creep thru the streets
Lost Boyz, they bites and they eat meats
They blues, no socks, short skirts, t-shirts, red Reebok
Shorty bouncin with friends
3 Piece, bbs, cloned out on the Benz
I wanna hit in the car, how them skins feel
Shorty with the ribbon in the windshield
So one two, this is how we do
Summer time, Lost Boyz comin thru in the city

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