

Stat Quo

"Summertime Grind"

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Feel it, feel it
In that soy sauce, a day in that six
Sippin' sake wit a slant eye bitch
She's wondering how I get chips
I'm wondering do she lick pussy can she suck dick
Blackberry ringing constant for the ghost writer
Killing shit without a resume murder for hire
Bare witness to the birth of an empire
Diddy told me when niggaz hate you - they really
admire
Couldn't help but feel his spot
Saw biggie in his eyes nigga no lie
Vote few for my take street car I design
Let me ride 'til there's no tread left on the tires
And that's word to the chronic
Even now I'm smoking kush, feel I gotta pay homage
Young muhammad being broke is something I can't
stomach
So I vomit when the money ain't coming
For the record I ain't puke in a minute
Or the pearls spinning moves buy it all - fuck renting
As the judge hands down another sentence
Putting periods on nigga's lifes
Getting paid getting pussy nigga getting high
Getting frustrated cause all this wack shit is getting by
I guess they getting it, while the getting is good
80 percent of all rappers end up back in the hood
Hand them niggas in cleats and sneakers
suffer the same fate, poverty please to meet you
I let other people's failure be my teacher
So I hustle like it '89, where's my beeper
Street sweeper get the brooms out
Leaving kids in your girls mouth
I let them run around her throat like when schools out
We at the W, that pussy sweet, where the fuck is you
You know the hoes don't get to see the house
Make 'em pay for direction, pimp shit
let them trick spend - take 'em out
These bitches say I got issues - magazine
With my face on the cover, make my exes - scream
Like the performer of billy jean

I'm fucking wit the doctor,
Demerol in my bars - detox, knowing I left the roster
Fuck wit the safe you gonna see the chopper
Plenty moxice swagging Anaheim in Hollywood
Middle finger to the paparazzi you know I keep it hood
Get the picture, if you don't, then you probably should
You don't understand cause your ass never
understood
Eating good 'til it turn into a food fight
Claiming they need money but really need advice
Start wit a slice then bought my own dominos
I thought my problems would up and go
But more money more pot holes in the road
A drop top would leave you more expose
In the booth in my church clothes
Telling god what he already knows
It's my sanity I do it for
Fuck the world 'til she's my hoe
Pockets on rex-ryn on my feet bitch
Fetish for the lettuce but I'm careful who I eat wit
Niggaz 'll kill you at the table, quick
Have stuck up steam, lost, feeling sea sick
To move forward, you gotta get over the past
If not, go around and tell bygones to kiss your ass
Toast to the time, no champagne in my glass
Blood sweat tears - flying high hope I never crash
Cause I'm just trying to be who my father wasn't
And represent for my dead cousin (whaddup Courtney)
At the bank like fuck it
On my summer time grind, stat quo you gotta love it

Outro:
You know what it is
capish
Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah haaaaah ha ha
indeed
I'll fuck your shit up q
Back on this shit
We still here baby
Statlanta forever

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