

## WWE John Cena & Trademarc "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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