

Marcus Manchild

"Summers Mine"

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Let me start off like I've been focused on my dollars
Not about them blogs, dog, so fuck all of y'all
I'd rather pull up in a car with your broad, dog
In a draws off, here, done sucking my balls off
Am I a lost cause, lost soul?

Lost audience, stick to walking down that dark road
What you know about them top floors?
Elevator ride, when they facing look at their faces
See them haters eyes and you know the flame arise
Hot as when the heat is on
Watch how you speaking, your ' you on speakerphone
And they ain't even got a piece in out, piecing
All these niggas don't believing, I swear to God that's
on'.
Keep it though, bitch your business to you know with
the speakers blown
I see recline, head bobbing to the beat, this song
And he ain't know it 'cause she singing along
Every words or we are wrong, told you niggas that you
couldn't see me, dog
These bitches making me rich, you pussy niggas take
pictures with all these dicks
I'm convinced you niggas homos
So Chris told me fuck the world till the world tell me
they can't take it no more
So, so depth, but I ain't talking JD, can't hear that shit,
gotta see that shit
Just like it's HT
And it ain't a nigga playing me, since I'm in the game,
G
This ain't no attire to say ' did you get that?
Did you get that? Like a nigga who fronting, some
working, that's for his brick back
A nigga who bitch who work, get snatched up, get your
bitch back
No, you can't get that, get the fuck with your check up
I did that, everything that you dream of, pussy nigga, I
did that
Freestyling out the dummy, everybody can get that
First class when I said it, then I meant that

See, they be waiting there for your mind, break a spine,
nigga, see I'm right
Niggas talking about what they doing but I'm really see
'em like
I'm blowing up like I'm dynamite, I'm the highest kite in
the air, nigga
The way I do these pussy niggas ain't fair, nigga
I got a cigarette lit, that's that nicotine
I'm a movie star, nigga, put me on the screen
Goddamn, nigga, raspy voice, I'm freestyling and
you're whiling
Now I'm here chilling, got a bitch that's from the
islands
When I get her on the molly she come out the body, she
flying with the pilot
Balling, hold on, it's that turbo shit

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