

## Casey Veggies

### "Summer, I Suppose"

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It's a little story about my summertime  
Summertime

I was ridin' slow, sittin' low  
Flippin' grain, doin' my thing  
Baby girl ride it like she's supposed to  
Said baby girl ride it like she's supposed to  
Give me a couple weeks and I'll be back again  
With my homies too, you should bring your friends  
Oh man, oh boy you understand?  
All these clothes, diamond ring  
Dirty girl ride me like she's supposed to  
I said baby girl ride me like she's supposed to

Your dime up to your mind?  
Cuz you can't sing  
In the membrane when you go computing  
If I can take you home, can I be your sensei?  
Shorty got me wanting to put a ring on it, Beyonce  
We bumpin' that dream, she fancy  
I'm callin' on you like Nappy  
I'm the type to take her clothes off in the Jacuzzi  
There's enough for us and enough for y'all  
And at weekend make a movie  
Throwin' out these groupies and my real girl tryna do  
me  
Rolling by on my grind all the time  
Looking at them California street signs

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Everything ready, we at the beach

I might touch her ass cuz it's in my reach  
In a few weeks, picking and coping a new lease  
Rock the whole summer acting like I's just the new me  
But I'm truly the second since they knew me  
Pulled up on my own street and passed up the police  
She a bad chick with a Visa card  
And she spot that shit for me, man she be blowin' hard  
I love the summertime cuz in the summertime  
I'll be spending money, spending time, everything fine

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Summertime, I suppose  
Through the hood at the liquor stores  
Just got home, I was on retreat  
Back of the streets  
Back in the lot, get back on these beats

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