

Rich Mullins**"Nights in the Summertime"**

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[Intro: Professor]

Talk about, whether get ice, yo
Shorty got here without yo
Silver bags, check it, yo, yo, yo

[Professor]

I love the summer, warm weather, still rockin', all
leather
Black bag, black beretta, all night cheddar
Shorty's cluckin' on the block, talkin' bout who's clothes
is better
While the thugs on the block talkin' bout whose pussy
wetter
Spanish fly in the air, mad shorties everywhere
Smokin' blunts in the stairs, run my fingers through her
hair
Gas 'em up, give 'em backstage passes to X.L.
Wit Black Ice, end of the night, we hit the hotel
Oh well, summertime bring out the dog in the God
I see that thong through the spandex, and my dick get
hard
Got a get a little piece of that boo, you know how we do
I love it when you wearin' see-through, cuz I can see
through
Pick up a bag of lethal on the Ave.
Meet Ghost in the town, let him take a few drags
Professor on the Nextel, pollyin' wit Bagz
From Philly to New Yiggy, son, we stay gettin' cash,
worldwide

[Chorus: X.L.]

I can't even front on you baby (I can't even front)
Gettin' money and flossin' it (flossin')
Big pimpin' and ballin', baby (ballin')
Every night of the summer (every single night)
We the ones to bring it back (we the ones)
No doubt, it's no doubt (no doubt)
This is how we livin' it out (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Every night of the summer

[Bagz]

This summer I'm tryna lay low
Cruisin' down Maine in the Hummer
Make a stop, grab a few rubbers
Call a few numbers, meet up wit friends
Barbeques everywhere, we all up in here
Shorty's rob the X.L., slow dancin' in bras and
underwear
Lapdancin', christenin' the chairs
Ya bitches know legend got the private pools
So when the pussy get hot we make them profit move
I'm tellin' you, time to ball
Shorty's mud fightin' in thongs, playin' our song
Wet t-shirt contest, hard dick in my palm
Lovin' it all, New York to Pennsy', Shaolin to Philly
Heineken's and illy, we blaze thoroughly
Professor, sit and relax I got this baby

[X.L.]
And we blaze, we blaze...

[Chorus]

[Ghostface Killah]
Aiyo, it's Ghost Deini, toast, to the album of the year
Wu money, hit, the platinum and yea
It's for the seeds, let's put the future in their hands
Blueprint their plan, college cars and grands
We champs, see the dance is in our stance
And the truth is in the speakers and the proof is in the
air
Wallies on holidays, Dennis Coles and Rose
Plenty shows and dough, and still glow without
spendin'
Man, these jars wit bees in 'em, look at the seeds run
Hopscotch and double dutch, poppin' bubble gum
Wife-beaters wit all white sneakers, Yankee hats six
7/8th's son
Sat right on my face

[Chorus]

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