

DL Incognito

"90 Degrees"

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[Intro]

"The Sun is out man, it's hot as hell, summertime
summertime shine, summertime rhyme, enjoy
yourselves!"

[Verse 1]

Sorry I'm leaving
I'll be back from tour
I'm everywhere now like a corner store
I've pulled myself up from the concrete floor
I knocked on the door
But ain't nobody answer yet
Can't dwell on that
The summer is here
My horoscope said it's gonna be great year
It's going be lots of cookouts and lots of beers
A whole lot of shows, a whole lot of cheers
It's my preferred season
For mad reasons
the world's shitty place, but I'm glad I'm breathing
For those months
Niggaz smoke trees and get drunk
Just add a Heineken, and a Crunch to my lunch nigga
My windows down
My system pounds
The bassline's strong enough to shake the ground
The sound is adored the young people
It's so lethal
Forever things change like the Beatles
but..

[Chorus]

It's like 90 degrees, it's the start of my day
I'm trying to find a tree, I'm trying to find shades
I'm trying use me time in a productive way
I'm trying to get money, I'm trying to get paid

[Verse 2]

Relax and groove
We move in crews
The summer is the time for the BBQ's nigga

The kicks are new
The threads are to
Just chilling downtown like my peoples all do
I'm in my prime, I'm just trying to come up
Not a care in the world, not giving a fuck
It's all day everyday
Girls around the way
Got too many to choose from it's prime real-estate
So we play the field/ for real
And press our luck
Sometimes we get stuck
But we never give up
Cuz it's the thrill of the hunt that keep us moving
And a one stand is just an illusion
The night, life is better, with warm weather
She got a Jetta
Plus a friend that look a lot better
I got a team niggaz always down for cause
plus down with y'all
Fallow like the wizard of OZ

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

The sun is out so we hand wash rides
Got no more drama like Mary J Blige
Got no time to waste indoor or inside
Skateboards, mountain bikes, never on-line
Got a new car with leather air
Still not from the year
Yo GPS son will help me steer
I got a hook up, connected like chain mail
So before I hit the block my shit get detailed
Get It waxed, vacuumed buffed and cleaned
For now a 4.6 is out of my reach
I know my music ain't lifeless
One on the nicest
I keep rising like gasoline prices
My stress levels at an all time low
I know
Things can't stay beautiful
But for now captivated like a love potion
It's the summertime, just trapped in the moment

[Chorus]

I'm trying to get brain
I'm trying to get laid
I'm trying to get on stage
I'm trying to get everything, you think that's strange?

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