

## JF % CP

### "Summer Time"

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Summer, summer, summer time  
Summer, summer, summer time  
Summer, summer, summer time

[Mr. Cheeks]

Well listen Summer time in the city  
Now niggas ride around town, for another sounds, look  
before the smithy  
And even on ball courts, you got the shorties watchin  
fellas  
Doin anythings on they baggy shorts  
And kids is having fun in the park  
But there's a limit, moms says you best to be home  
before dark  
Now we all know the flavor, were back on the black  
moms  
Chattin with the next door neighbour sayin "Hi"  
The folks that don't ride  
Her hands on the floor head cuz the sun keeps gettin in  
the rock  
Little kids in sweaty suits, with niggas like Lost Boyz  
Strictly t-shirts or the boots  
Standin on the van with, I'm wavin at chicks  
Takin food from the vooda, and sips from the Mystics  
Lex, coups, beemers and benz  
Niggas hangin with they man makin hits  
We bouncin in the city

Chorus: 4X

Summer, summer, summer time (summer time in the  
city)

[Mr. Cheeks]

In every borough there's a crew  
Of niggas smokin blunts and drinkin brew  
Cuz that's the way that us niggas do  
With Newports in the ear, playin concrete sports  
And shorties walk around in daisy dukes shorts,  
bounce  
The would be throwin jams in the park  
When the buddha is sparked, they get together after

dark  
GG and G tapes are bangin, it's strictly Spigg Nice  
And that hat black, when me and my niggas are sayin  
I'm given beats to my peeps when I pass through  
In 89, cuz them shorties smoke grass too  
To make a avenue, somethin in god rule  
40 be, that is lee, agent I too  
And to my peoples on the rock  
132142, yeah that's the rock  
See Queens niggas do they thing  
Champagne and rings don't hold shit,  
bang real niggas hang in the city

Chorus 4X

[Mr. Cheeks]  
It's about 98 degrees, everybodies gettin cheese  
And a downy in my round, spit is walk around in  
dungaries  
When new burgers got a lot around the corner  
See a shorty and you want, now you best to push up on  
her, right?  
I lay my act, slick sleen back, 40 ounce down south  
Bounce bounce like that  
Smokin charm as we creep thru the streets  
Lost Boyz, they bites and they eat meats  
They blues, no socks, short skirts, t-shirts, red Reebok  
Shorty bouncin with friends  
3 piece, bbs, cloned out on the Benz  
I wanna hit in the car, how them skins feel  
Shorty with the ribbon in the windshield  
So one two, this is how we do  
Summer time, Lost Boyz comin thru in the city

Chorus 4X

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