

## **Ludacris F/ Trina**

### **"Summertime"**

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[ VERSE 1: Bosco Money ]

Summertime, summertime, mh-mh, summertime  
Warm breeze, state of mind  
Kinda peaceful, you can feel it in the air  
The time of year when the Earth gets nearer to the sun  
And the temperature rises  
And people shed their winter disguises  
Girls in short shorts, dudes in bermudas  
Shootin to the beach on Honda scooters  
For some fun in the sun while the daylight last  
Other people just layin out on the grass  
Gettin Saint Tropez with the band that's ol' A©  
And the heat beatin down bakes the troubles away  
It's like that, the warm weather is here  
But summertime only come once a year  
So I'ma make sure I got on the freshest gear  
And sport the type of girlie make ya stop and stare  
And sweat, cause that's the type to get  
All you gotta do is play yourself correct  
Throw on some shades, to get with the sport  
To clock cuties all day and not get caught  
Hop in a ride, drop the top  
Let the system pump until the record stop  
Kick back, relax, ease your mind  
Savour every minute of the summertime

[ CHORUS: Lady Of Rage ]

Ooohh, I like summer  
He-e-heeey  
In the summertime  
I wish it was summer  
He-e-heeey  
All the time

[ VERSE 2: Bosco Money ]

Summertime, 95 in the shade  
Coolin with a icy cold glass of lemonade  
Quenchin my thirst, got my shades on too and  
As girls walk by, you know what I'm doin  
Sneakin a peek on a freak on the sly tip  
Hail a cab, take a trip to the beach

Soak in some rays  
Break out the Pepsis, the Frito Lays  
Set up my blanket with mellow drama  
See the ultraviolet sun like microvave mama  
I been dyin to meet, so I get to my feet  
Step to her, get the digits, and my day is complete  
Break down my set up, and head back home  
Call the female on my cellular phone  
Beat around the bush to keep it stimulatn  
Don Juan love rap, and get to conversatin  
Hot and heavy on the birds and the bees  
Get her address, head like a breeze  
Out the door, but I can't tell you no more  
Cause I left the rest of the rhyme on her bedroom floor  
Hop in a ride, drop the top  
Let the system pump until the record stop  
Kick back, relax, ease your mind  
Savour every minute of the summertime

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3: Bosco Money ]

Summertime, lemon lime  
Sun goin down, but night time's the right time  
To flaunt the tan, the boutique ensemble  
And indulge in a deluxe convo  
Ice cream sundae with nuts and berries  
Makin sure I don't get a drop on my sparies  
Of course sportin shades, the frames is torters  
Checkin out a cutie in some hyped up high-waters  
Holes in the knees, hair blowin in the wind  
Lookin so fly, it's a doggone sin  
I smile, she smiles back, and I'm cool  
I know her name, cause she went to my school  
But I don't say it, just play it off and keep walkin  
Sometimes eye contact is better than talkin  
Or hawkin too hard like you just got back from the joint  
Understand my point?  
So I get to the record shop, steal an eye in  
I'm in the neighborhood, and feel like buyin  
Sometin new, like a compact disc  
Especially if the music make me feel like this  
Hop in a ride, drop the top  
Let the system pump until the record stop  
Kick back, relax, ease your mind  
Savour every minute of the summertime

[ CHORUS ]

I like summertime  
In the winter time

It's got to be summertime  
In the spring time  
It's got to be summertime  
In the fall time  
It's got to be summertime

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