

Summer In Florida

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What's chrakalackin, nackalackin, nigga watcha packin'?
Now I hate bitches widda passion
High model street fashion
I stay weeded with the beat bashin'
Talkin' shit when I'm smashin'
Put ma rap down, profound ina virgin town
Hit the mall like the God, now I'm splurgin' now
Crack a rhyme, hard crimes in all Five (? barrels?)
It's somthin' like Egypt n the Pharo's
Gimme the keys to ya' city, I'm a still pick the lock
And leave hella clues fo da cops
Leave fingerprints on tha' glock
Leave ID on tha' block
Dawg did ya do it? No I did not
Gun powder flour, nigga (?) Towers
I love gummy bears, sweet n sour
Dawg it's tha (?) lyrico, myrical sponge, bitch
Shell toe Adidas n Air Force Ones, bitch
Smellin' so cute in ma Sean Jean suit
Filmoë street, nigga bus' duce duce
It's da felony rhyme n a mellody crime, it's heavy
Ya catch four raps right across ya belly
Ya big homey, in Vegas like Coleeonie
It's all real, nota macaroni sin
Imagine bullets bouncin' off ya chin
Fo'eva fuckin' off your dirty grin, n den, yeeah

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I was jus fourteen, about to go down n' see my family
Jus when the plane was about to land, I saw dat ma cousin was d
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