

Summertime

Asher Roth

Summertime, blue skies
Feel the breeze, blowing trees
And it feels good, so good
Like it should, can you feel it too?

Summer sand, sun and tanned
Feeling like a 100 grand
Underpants up in france
Like I'm from another land
I'm a man, I got needs
Like I need you on your knees
Hummer me underneath
Don't forget the nutees
Hit the weed, wait a week again
What you see me in starting with
B and m. tell me what's the bpm?
89, yeah that's fine, feeling like
It's summertime. sipping something
Potent, hope it's love potion number 9
Damn you fine, from behind, what's your sign?
What's your size? up your bra, oh my god
Knock it off, knockers all natural
Actual, when you're down, asher will
I'm down for anything but only if the
Ass is still...
Water in my glass of milk
Abusing this mouthwash - woosh, woosh
Kush, kush - don't you with that
This was your life? this is your night
When it comes to summertime
Don't you know the world is mine?

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Rolling down the street, need to
Celebrate the weekend
Picking up my best friends
Tell em bring the weed and
90 degrees, even got a slight breeze
And, I don't need to tell you that
This be my favorite season
Hanging on the beach, but I'm sitting
Under trees, and got a little vodka
Mixed in my iced tea, and don't you know
I'm light-skinned? gotta use the right shit
Spf 45th, chilling in my whiteness
Rolling up sticky buds, sticking all
To my thumbs, only smoking on a joint
No, I can't be smoking blunts
Not for fun, just invite the hot ones
Bring em to the hot tub, suddenly
Their tops off, now my rock hard
Living like a rock star, push it
To the limit but stay out the back

Of cop cars. can't be locked up
By law enforcement. all I do is lean back
Breathe, and enjoy this...

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Catch me in that '83 heavy chevy
Do this for the?
Candy with the? girls to my liking
36-24-36 sizes, coke bottle models
Filled with surprises, eyes is
Wide and girlfriends giggling
Eenie-meenie-minie, trying to find out
What I'm swimming in
In the sundress, gotta undress
Who got a body and brains, game's
The dumbest. trees be the bombest
Loving the calmness. living life
Too right to get the wrong shit
And I'm on this, you tell?
They blow dros, spit flows, lay low
Where it's sunny, can't complain about
A thang mane, and I'm chilling with
Some of the finest thangs on the continent
So I'm content with having a good time
In my zone, on patron with a splash of lime

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