

Summertime

Kreayshawn

Hey summertime, I really think I'm feelin' you
Especially when you shinin' those beams like you do
Grab one beer and a bitch
Or maybe two
And hit the sand and the water so I get cool
I see a little lady walkin' with her cheeks out
Gotta pull her by her arm and see what she's about
Can we go to Hawaii
So you can roll my blunts when I get too high
She's young and fun
And the sun is here with her
She kinda cute, but the bitch is gettin' weirder
I'm gonna roll her in a ball and just kick her
Can't believe she pulled that shit at dinner
Bitch I'm done like the sun on the east side
Young Kreayshawn again
Bounce out the G-Ride
Grab a burger and a chopper then I get to slide
I think I'm gonna leave her now cause it's summertime

It's summertime and your bitch is on my mind
It's summertime and your bitch is all mine
All fine, real fit
She's a sweetie
Plus she's looking great in her bikini
It's summertime and your bitch is on my mind
It's summertime and your bitch is all mine

It's summer night and I'm sippin' on the double cup
We got so much lean we about to fill the pool up
Turnt up, smoke up, hit the waterslide
Keep cool cause you know it's too hot to fight
When it's hot out, you know the whole block's out
Girl you're gonna get your turn
Please don't start to pout
Puerto Rican Day parade, MDMA
And we feelin' great because the sun's rays
Drink water cause I need to snap out of it
They say the summertime is known as season of the hits
So here's a hit, go and pass it on to all your friends
And slap it real loud when you drivin' in the Benz
You be partying, no need to pretend
It's your life and summertime never ends

Summertime when them girls come out in short shorts
Candy waist, plantin' colors like Newports
Hot nights on the block like I'm in a fort
July comes, poppin' bitches like it's the 4th
It's summertime and your bitch is on my line though
She keep callin' me
She ain't on my mind though
Summertime and I'll be damned if I die broke
Out 24/7 chasin' my dough
Water fights in the hood at the barbecue
Hated by a lot but I only trust a few
My type, ice cold, drink it like juice
Chin up, chase it down with the Grey Goose

Bitches trippin' on the beach when they hear my name
Sippin' syrup, connecting blunts to the flames
I'm seein' new things but I can't change
Summertime when a bitch like me will snatch your chain