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Summertime in that cutlass, only young hoes is f*cking
Only young niggas is awesome, pull up thick to that function,
Pull up guns and start busting, 'cause niggas not with that fussing,
Roll up kush and three hundreds, and take your bitch like is nothing,
We was livin' fast we was rushing,
Niggas burn that crash on that dumb shit
And this f*cking sack 'cause we was poppin'
Got to learn so fast 'cause we [...]
In my back I swear a hundred,
And my f*cking bed is it [...] and I still kill one of you niggas,
'cause I'm not really for the f*ck shit,
And we was raised around hustlers,
Roll exchange and case bustin'
Super sports and box call us
And pull up fast and burn rubber,
Pull outcast like it's nothing 'cause all these young niggas is anxio
All these young hoes is f*cking,
Summertime in that cutlass.
(Summertime in that cutlass.)
Los Angeles weekers, Los Angeles weekers,
(Summertime in that cutlass.)
Los Angeles weekers, Los Angeles weekers,
Summertime in that cutlass
Roll up flight and get blunted,
Thousand grams in that cover
The police ray do we flash in,
Murder case with no suspects,
And all these niggas they got bust that
All these niggas they win bust back,
Making hard to tell which one of us one dumb one
As some young niggas won't much
But if we gonna have it was gone us,
Had doubts it was no search, ten toes and some over charge,
Be loud when I'm low cut, it would be a cool grip when I roll up,
Oh, fab rollie when I go hunt,
Let me switch ten shots, I'll be your y'all up
Talk money on that
See niggas going broke but ain't nothing to respect,
And I ain't tryin' to feel it so I do it till the death
1985 cut dog in the set, when I was f*cking ... Lord it was ...
And car told [...] she was psyche
But I ain't give a f*ck I barely I am [...] pushing [...] shit,
Now but remember them days when I used to spend the
Summertime in that cutlass
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