

Summertime

The Game

I think I might bang the whole summertime
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Top down in the winter, nigga this summer's mine
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I think I might bang the whole summer
Pull up in the block with the old Missy hummer
Hop out with my bandana tied around my head like Pac
Westside nigga, never had a problem banging BIG
Who would ever know I spit crack when I was slanging it
My Uncle Greg whipped it all the time
My Daddy used to whip it all the time
My brother started whipping his and mine
I sat back, played my position until I got the hang of it
On my way to school in that Michael Jordan jersey
Crips used to sweat me but I ain't nervous
And I wore it on purpose

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They don't know
About the summertime, a lot of niggas dyin'
They don't know
About the summertime, I'm just tryna survive

All I ever wanted was a red Honda
Yeah, you can tuck the rag but the tats don't lie
Give me a trap queen, we gon' sell it
Give me a trap queen, we gon' sell it
Tell me, what you gon' do when the trap goes dry?
You can try Visine but the stats don't lie
And I hope you ain't alone when you sell it
Said I hope you ain't alone when you sell it
Took 5 shots and survived the pine box
Swear I'm happy I'm still here so I can tell it
I know you're jealous, I know you don't like me
But you whoopin' my ass or killin' me is unlikely
Welcome to Cedar Block and...

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