

Above The Law, Sumner Days

What's up homes? Welcome to the catacombs
We seduce the microphones, bless the chron - got me in a zone
Just another Saturday night at the spizot
We kickin' it tough we done closed up shop
Plenty of Phillies rollin through homey
Them thorough-breds and conversation with these tru's
Ride the summer groove
The incense enhance the hoes deliverance
Niggaz takin a chance - askin for that lap dance
But see these females, they ain't strippers, don't flip
But your money back in your pocket
You ain't got to tip
Hennessy forever like sparklet's jugs
And most people ain't never seen a table full of bud
See members in my backyard
Members at my door
Members down the street bout to sell this sucka nigga - 64
A little barbecue while we get our groove on
The homey loop a beat, Im a lace somethin smooth on em
My trigger happy homeys and 14 deckaz
People servin them eight figures in the land of records
In California lifestyle, you can't ignore the crime
So niggaz stand in line for the life and times
Get your grind on

See I never forget (Those summer days)
Homey gettin they back up
Finna get me sack on
Niggaz gettin they stack on
Junkies gettin they crack on
Hoez stay cuz they wanna play
(Those summer days)
Bitches gettin they game on
Homeys gettin they bang on
Niggaz gettin they slang on
Bitches gettin the jank on

I'm in here coolin ready to shake em
Nigga what they hittin foe?
Feelin like I drunk a whole liquor store
Females are comin through
Ready to kick it with the crew
I like them Barbie Coast hoes
Touchin they toes for them dollar bills
And when it's drama - best believe it be on
Cuz steppin on the wrong toes will get your head blown
Because I once knew a nigga who tried to trip one night
But he didn't know where the fuck he was cuz
I lit him up like a light
Cuz I know niggaz from Ghost Town
Niggaz from Sin Town (whoop whoop)
Even them niggaz from the Islands know that we ridaz
? in the other room breakin niggaz, slappin bones
On the low-low, fa sho' we got the plugs on them zones
Night fall, homey's gettin drunk up
Bout to break out the mac and the pistol grip pumper
To tame niggaz, the same niggaz that was cool an hour ago
Liquor be havin them fools actin schizo
Or is it that bitch that ready to go home
When the homeys roll and kick it they get high and get they freak on
Or a fool locin up cuz he got drunk for his last night come up
Mad cuz he got stuck
Yo we let him rough up, but not too deep
We understand your agony of defeat

Cuz we can be gangstaz or we can be gentlemen
We come strapped ready to tap that ass - tell a friend
And say you heard it from some killers
Some big wheel dealers
Out to check a mill of em
That's why I never forget (Those summer days)

Playaz get your swerve on
Homeys gettin they herb on
Bitches gettin they perm on
Riches gettin they serve on

{female singing} Hoes stay cuz they wanna play
Those summer days

Niggaz gettin they quote on
Homeys gettin they swole on
Riders gettin they roll on
Players get your flow on

{singing} those summer days
those summer days
Remember those summer days
Those summer summer Sunday
Summer day