

Frayser Boy, Its Da Summa Time

(DJ Paul)

Yeah, the hoes gonna come out to dis one boy.
We gon' let y'all know how we do it in da south man.
With the motherf**kin golds in our mouth.
In da summa time, we get washed up,
then we gotta get glocked up.
DJ Paul. Juicy J. Fr-Fr-Fr-Frayser Boy.

(Frayser Boy)

9:30 in tha morning, nigga's still yawnin'
Roll me up a blunt, cause a nigga is jonein'
Picked up my cell phone, checked all my missed calls
Bitches playin on my whore, got a playa pissed off
Its another pretty day, but its kinda hot dawg
Plenty freaky hoes out, tryin' to get knocked off
Little bitty ass shorts, tryin' to show they ass cheeks
Love me a freaky bitch, don't like em 'less they nasty
Everybody gettin' out, gettin' they cars washed up
Hate it for my niggas gotta spend they summas locked up
Police, yeah they watch us. But they let us roll by.
In da Bay its very hot and everybody know why.
So high, pull da weed needin' me some soul food.
Boy you friendn a BBQ, Shit I'm friendn roll through.
All day ridin', weekends clubin'
Blowin' money, shootin' dice, nigga its nothin.

(Chorus 4x)

In da trunk bangin', in da hood hangin'
Do it real big, its da summa time ain't it

(DJ Paul)

We come from the city where they love to ride big rims on errything

Keep a unit and some green thas on errything
Campaign, cause it aint no thang when its on mayne.
Do it bigger than the Statue of Liberty cause we Chrome mayne
Up at noon, I fire 'ah blunt up for my breakfast
Hit the cleaners, pick up my Dickies with tha creases.
Liquor store, gotta get some more, 'cause the last last night
Hit up 'Cris, gotta get some 'yo or it wont be right
Rep the hood, nuttin' special, this what we always do.
But its sumthin' about when the sun is out it make ya feel so new.
I'm washed up, I'm glocked up,
'bout to trip on woahs and 2 liters get it yerked up
Ya'll know how we do, when we do what we do, do
We do ??? and only us and so much you need to do
You Lil homie, we keep it jumpin' out with stunt mens and buildings
We grillin' and killin' and choppin' it up with all that security, ya hear me.

(Chorus 4x)

In da trunk bangin', in da hood hangin'
Do it real big, its da summa time ain't it

(Juicy J)

Haters wanna see me fall, bitches wanna see me ???
Ridin Maybach with tha strizzap in my lap
Im at the mall, spendin' like I wanna spend.
Ghetto fab and Memphis ten
Some of these mothaf**kas think they tough
Some like 'Cris up in they cup
Always on the main bitch Why you wanna hate on this
??? to mix up, gobble nut and hell to spit
And if my record sales drop, you still dont have to give me props.

Talk is cheap, gonna face me nigga
I'm still gonna always make these millas