

Kurupt, Sunshine feat. Jon B

[Radio skit in begining]

[Chorus]

Bouncing with my cutie pie

While everyone staring at ya shining so fine

The summertime heat got ya feeling so right

When she comes out like sunshine

In summertime

When she comes out like sunshine

[Kurupt]

Yeah, you ever popped in a spot and ya jaw just dropped

In an 8 second spread she's all in ya head

Your about to touch the ground and damn near beg

Cause she's the one, like Lisa Left Eye Lopez

Get trapped up, I'm a post up

Get yacked up, and then act up

Like what up girl?, ya done done it again

I'm trapped again, I want it again

Pretty short cuts or, hair to the middle of ya back

Looking just like that

I like short shorts and the tight jeans

and the summer dresses and the small feet, all petite

See that's what little bomb mamas is made of

But most of y'all suckas like cluckas that's made up

Treat her, however ya run into or meat her

I hope she got a head on her shoulders like miss Cita

[Chorus]

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[Jon B *singing]

Oooh girl, shock 'em now

Looking down, can stare you down, all around

The eyes won't stop looking at my baby (Yeah they looking at my little thang)

I'm flattered but baby

Better let 'em know (Tell 'em who's it is)

Oooh girl cuz you are mine

You are mine you are mine you are mine

I'm so glad I've seen a girl like you

Who be down

I hope I can return, return to you

The pleasure you give me baby boo

Oooh when we do do do the things we do

[Chorus]

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[Kurupt]

What you looking so cute for?

I'm fresh off the up in smoke, dr. dre and snoop tour

Bomb in your short skirt, girl make that skirt work

What you want a G like, need a G in your life

Every wonder what a GCG is like

Ever wonder what being with a DP is like

One night, I like 'em just like you

Me and Jon B, in Venace by the beach

Try to see what we can see

I got a (?) a new Bonaville

I got a house on the hill, where me and you could chill

See the party starts at 8, but you don't come 'till 10
Cuz ain't nothing cracking, and that's when it begins
I like Carona's by the car load, Henn' by the cases
Save the Coca-Cola I don't get down with the chasers
It's a secret location, I don't want no skirts popping up trying to chase us
Mad 'cause y'all switched places
[Chorus]
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[Jon B singing at end]