

Kurupt, Sunshine feat. Jon B

[Radio skit in beginning]

[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
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[Jon B singing at end]