

St. Lunatics, Summer In The City

(feat. Nelly)

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

I am the king of the city, top down windows
I'm Puffin like Diddy
Ridin cause the haters face mad, team gritty
Honk your horn twice if your missies lookin pretty

[Nelly]

Well if you run wit your niggas, then I walk with my killas
Mo you will never have a winning hand, yeah as long as I'm the dealer
What you feelin (uh) you sure you want some
Brought my slums, cats play like rums
Money in large sums, navigators and guns
Baby mamas wit sons
Ain't afraid to let you have it
If you trip with their loved ones (you tripled your fare)
What I hear most is no, no
You best get on your mark, get set, go, go
Like Jagged Edge leave ya more Def than So So
Type of person continue short sit in the front row
Get your hands out my pocket
You don't want just blow, blow
The only bird I get wit more is the doe-doe
They be like oh, oh
It's what they screamin from the back
Hey timber, is when I hit 'em wit the axe
Put ya gun away
And you might live to see another day
Come in head, run and done, bustin like andele

[Chorus - 2X]

Asked around you got a Range
(boy I been had wheels)
Aiiyo you think you gotta little change
(yeah my dirties love me truly)
I remember you use to shoot that thang
(ya never knew me)
Ya used to claim gangs (uh-huh)

[Keyuan]

Yo, when I rock Vokal its either Timb's or Nikes
When I step in my Prada I'ma rock the ice
When the 'Tics do a show I'ma rock the mic
Born in "New Jack City" like Wesley Snipes
Drive a SS M.C with racing stripes
Runinn two P's of L.G, flip it twice
Hang round with cats who bust and they don't think twice
Nothing but dome shots no coming back twice
All I knew was hustling and rolling the dice
Scraping up dimes for whole-orders of China Men Rice
Now I sacrificed my life for publishing rights
Hoping everything gonna be aight

[Murphy Lee]

St. Lunatics at the Superbowl
Top row gettin super blowed
Rams on the 24 second down two to go
Now we in the Louis tho
It's two below hundred degrees
I'm drivin about 103
With a S.T.L hat on
Top down holdin a blunt

You know I'm smokin wit the windows up
I be the young dude
Chief into kung-fu, with sun-do
Come through, Beenie Man you don't really want to
How come you, think you can
I'm from the city where the muddy Mississippi might
sink you man
I'm getting brains in the Range
With the brains blown out
With TV's, the wood grain and them thangs rolled out

[Chorus - 2X]

[Big Lee (Ali)]

It's like a hot day in July
Just bangin when I fool guys
It's the credible, edible, federal when I'm high
On the hills on the lane
64 Chevy the brains
Blown, gone, spread foam, wood, and chrome
How you doin mama my name is Lee
I be the fabulous M.C you heard of
St. Lunatics word up
I'm like "OK", all the sun out
Ice down but I still pull a gun out
Feel that, bow down
It's real rap, verbally peelin cats off da map
Turf shake 16 bars of earthquake
If I do the whole song boom {*booming sound*} it's Vietnam
You see it wrong, so I'ma gone leave you alone
Put my mind back on, who I'ma bone and take home
Got mine, get cha own - grab a cell call Big Tone
Need some Air Max cuz dem boys bobbin like stone, and a...

[Chorus - 2X]

[Cedric the Entertainer]

Ya ready for this, it's Ced let-me-entertain-ya
Wassup, representing on wax
Talkin on record like P-Diddy
I'm just here hollaring for The Kings of Comedy
You know too sharp Steve Harvey, Bernie B. Mac
Keepin it on the D.L Hugley

[Chorus till end]