

Summatime (feat. Wale & Radiant Children)

GoldLink

Young man, you're a goner
Caught up in California
You've been lookin' for gold
But there's nothin' to hold
Tell me have you seen him
I want to tell 'em how I'm feelin'
Yeah, I say (yeee)I haven't seen you seen you since the summertime
But you, I used to think about you all the time
Back when I was still tryna make you mine
These days you don't even know me
These days you don't even phone me
It's a love crime, it's a love crime
Yeah, she call me her hubby, she love me but she in California
Want to be the talk of the town, well move to California
Duck out just to fuck her, so nobody knows it's California
Bottom feed me women, there's so many they need marijuana
And some good head, and you tell 'em turn they phone off
Tell them get so loose, then we catch them with their shirt off
Girl, take that skirt off, now put on your work clothes
And baby, put that guard down, we gonna piss the neighbors off
Then I gotta go, girl, to catch you at your day job
Keep it all discreet, then I meet you in the nighttime
You smell like the summertime, finer than a glass of wine
You know that I speak in code, they don't have to ever know
Keep it on the hush, hush keep it on the DL
You slide down a poll, then I'm slidin' down you TM
They don't know no details, do you fine like detail
I'ma blow your back out and your boyfriend get no details (yeah)
I haven't seen you seen you since the summertime
But you, I used to think about you all the time
Back when I was still tryna make you mine
These days you don't even know me
These days you don't even phone me
It's a love crime, it's a love crime(Eeh)
She call me on her early, she yearnin' for it from California
I don't got no girlfriend, but got some workers in California
I be in that Rover with cannabis, California
And I be the prince of my city, bitch, where my Apollonia?
Been a poet that's been performin' for deaf ears
Raf Simmons my sweat suit, hear me loud clear
Back to back in a matte black, when I fuck and I call her back
When I'm stuck 'cause I think she left one of her glass slippers

Cinderella what's your real intentions?
You want to move to Calabasas but it's too expensive
You want to be with Yeezy, Travis, Migos, or the Jenners
You want to fuck a hunnid rappers if it gets you nearer
Keep it on the hush hush, keep it on the DL
I be in your dreams, but they be in your DMs
And my only weakness: reefer or them females
Me and Goldlink, second home is that 310I haven't seen you seen you since the summertime
But you, I used to think about you all the time
Back when I was still tryna make you mine
These days you don't even know me
These days you don't even phone me
It's a love crime, it's a love crime
I haven't seen you seen you since the summertime
But you, I used to think about you all the time
Back when I was still tryna make you mine
These days you don't even know me
These days you don't even phone me
It's a love crime, it's a love crimeOooooooooo (oooohhh)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>