

# 6 Summers

Anderson .Paak

Wait a minute! Trump's got a love child and I hope that bitch is buckwild  
I hope she sip Mescal-, I hope she kiss senioritas and black gals  
I hope her momma's El Salv, I hope her poppa stick around, yeah Take chains off, take rangers off  
Bracelets and things, big aches and pains  
My jack rang off with clickbait  
Truth is too raw, it's a fish plate  
Fay-Lay, the kunte  
A hundred and fifty of us on the big stage?  
How long it took a nigga just to get paid?  
And now I think I'm 'bout to buy a Bentley, pronto  
I'm in LA with the shaker and bongo  
I heard your tape, do or die, it was compo-  
Trimmin' the bream with the blade and lawnmow'  
Figure it out, nigga  
Bitch, don't spill my sake  
You gon' make me kick you out this 'partment  
You gon' have to kick it in the lobby  
Damn, but don't somebody stop me, I'm too sloppy  
Trump's got a love child and I hope that bitch is buckwild  
I hope she sip Mescal-, I hope she kiss senioritas and black gals  
I hope her momma's El Salv, I hope her poppa stick around, yes, Lord The revolution will not  
be televised but it will be streamed live in 1080p on your peabrain head in the face ass mobile  
device, alright! This shit gon' bang at least six summers from out that rock you been under  
Mummy wrapped, duffel bag, gutter bunny  
It's hard to stomach cold murder  
It's easier to get a nine millimeter  
He was nineteen with a burner, they had to off 'em  
Reform, reform shoulda came sooner Wait a minute!  
This shit gon' bang for at least six summers  
(Summers, summers, summers, summers, summers, summers, summers, summers) Word!  
This shit gon' bang for at least six summers  
But ain't shit gon' change for at least three summers  
They tryna kill a nigga faith, we need a little truth, brother  
Pop-pop-pop goes the shooter  
Reform, reform shoulda came sooner Come on  
This shit gon' bang at least six summers  
Pop the top, that bitch hot than a motha  
We need more and less long gunners  
Put down your heat and smoke marijuana  
Pop the lock off your muzzle  
Niggas is dyin' like lost files in the shuffle  
We know you lyin', my nigga, naw, we don't trust you

We know you buy to sell it back to the public  
'Cause there's money to made in the killin' spree  
That's why he tryna start a war on the Twitter feed  
Somebody take this nigga's phone, is you kiddin' me?  
Take them AKs up outta these Inner City streets  
This shit gon' bang for at least six summers  
But ain't shit gon' change for at least three summers  
They tryna kill a nigga faith, we need a little truth, brother  
Pop-pop-pop goes the shooter  
Reform, reform shoulda came sooner  
And so I smoke, drink, just to cope with the pain  
Get the Coltrane and the Cobain  
And so I smoke, drink, just to cope with the pain  
Get the Coltrane and the Cobain  
Dear Mr. President, it's evident that you don't give a damn  
Ssh-Tell me somethin' that I don't know  
All this fuckin' evidence and if it ever make it to the stand, ssh-you know they gon' let 'em go,  
bro  
You was overseas stealin' niggas' land and oil  
Billy copped the Desert Eagle and it's legal to tote it  
Lil' nigga bullied out his Pumas but why he have to shoot the whole school up?  
And so I smoke,  
drink, just to cope with the pain  
Get the Coltrane and the Cobain  
And so I smoke, drink, just to cope with the pain  
Get the Coltrane and the Cobain  
This shit gon' bang for at least six summers  
Word!  
(Summers, summers, summers, summers, summers, summers, summers, summers)  
This shit gon' bang for at least six summers  
But ain't shit gon' change for at least three summers  
They tryna kill a nigga faith, we need a little truth, brother  
Pop-pop-pop goes the shooter  
Reform, reform shoulda came sooner  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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