

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
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