

# 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 summatime  
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 summatime, 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 summatime  
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 <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>