

There ain't no way to explain or say how painful the hangover was today.  
In front of the toilet, hands and knees, tryin' to breathe in-between the dry-heaves.  
My baby made me some coffee, afraid that if I drink some it's probably comin' right back outta me.  
Couple of Advil, relax and chill at a standstill with how bad I feel.

I think I need to smell fresh air, so I stepped out the back door and fell down the stairs.  
The sunlight hit me dead in the eye like, it's mad that I gave half the day to last night.  
My bad sight made me trip on my ass right into that patch of grass like, "That's life."  
All of a sudden, I realized somethin', the weather is amazin', even the birds are bumpin'.

Stood up and took a look and a breath and there's that bike that I forgot that I possessed.  
Never really seen exercise as friendly but I think something's tellin' me to ride that 10-speed.  
The brakes are broken, that's alright, the tires got air and the chain seems tight, huh.  
Hopped on, and felt the summertime, it reminds me of one of them Musab lines, like.

Sunshine, sunshine, it's fine. I feel it in my skin, warmin' up my mind.  
Sometimes you gotta give in, to win. I love the days when it shines. Whoa, let it shine.

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Whoa, let it shine. Whoa, let it shine. Whoa, let it shine. Whoa let it ...

If I could I would keep this feelin' in a plastic jar, bust it out whenever someone's actin' hard.  
Settle down, barbecue in the backyard, the kids get treats and old folks get classic cars.  
Everyday that gets to pass is a success and every woman looks better in a sundress.  
The sunshine's an excuse to shoot hoops, get juice, show improve them moves and let loose.

I hear voices, I see smiles to match 'em. Good times, and you can feel it in the fashion.  
Even though the heat cooks up the action, the street's still got butterflies, enough kids to catch 'em.  
Ridin' my bike around these lakes, man, feelin' like I finally figured out my escape plan.  
Take it all in the day, started off all wrong, but somehow now that hangover is all gone.

Ain't nothin' like the sound of the leaves, when the breeze penetrates these Southside trees.  
Leanin' up against one, watchin' the vibe, forgettin' all about the stress, thankin' God I'm alive.  
It's so simple, I had to keep the song simple, and when I get home, I'm gonna open all the windows.  
Feelin' alright, stopped at a stop-sign, a car pulled up, bumpin' Fresh Prince at Summertime.

Summer, summer, time. I feel it in my skin, warmin' up my mind.  
Sometimes you gotta give in, to win. I love the days when it shines.  
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Whoa, let it shine. Whoa, let it shine. Whoa, let it shine. Whoa, let it shine. Whoa let it...