

# Electric Appeal

Sammy Adams

Oh yeah  
Sam Adams  
Tiësto  
(I got that, I got that, uh)

I got that ketamine kush  
I got that telling all trainwreck  
Knew we knew, baby  
Surprised you ain't heard my name yet  
Top of all these hoes  
Flying through me since the plane left  
Medicine and [?]  
Fighting to stop my brain stress  
Next  
Open for business  
Killin' it on this music shit with no permission  
Even though all these labels became our competition  
I ain't going out, no-oh, I ain't going out

I just feel my electric appeal  
It's going out of control, oh oh  
It's so real when you feel, when you feel like you're running away  
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It's so real when you feel, when you feel like you're running away

I'm stuck like a Visa  
Louie brown leather  
Kush smoke  
Got me all high  
Never felt better  
I'm up in the booth from seven to eleven  
Seven to eleven, seven to eleven  
I feel so home when I'm on the road  
Got a long way to go, go, go  
I thought I blow up slow  
But that's not how we roll, no, no, no  
That's just not how we roll

Outside looking in  
Damn, it feels different  
Then a couple weeks ago when I win few spots that I ain't ever been  
Inhale, breathe slow  
Empty gym, free throw  
Creative with C notes  
While me and my team flow

I just feel  
I just feel  
I, I, I just feel  
Feel, feel, feel

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