

Just Me And My Vocals

Sammy Adams

I fucked 'er (she say)
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Boston to NY
Sammy

Born in '87, a leo sent from heaven
Had a feeling since 11, it started, was fuckin'
destined
I run by paparazzi and these stairs are so irreverent
But they'll hate me when they see me on TV, Johnny
Deppin'
Flash to more flashes, shattered from all the glasses
Jackin' coke in a mixture of what's ever in his baggie
Shouts to Ruby Rivera, blockin' me from the cameras
Openin' doors for me faster than a Porsche Carrera
I swear that's on my life man, now me and Johnny
Siteman
My boss is straight gold, I don't even need a hype man
Alright then, we good now
Got a air roof, with my best friends
My team sick, we don't need shit
We wavy while you seasick
It's crazy, why so serious?
People love me and they fear me, bitch
You stare and drinkin' cranberry
What the fuck you on your period?
Bring more, we got that
Miley Cyrus, we on swag
They lick once, then fuck twice
The butch rained in a dollar cab
No allowance, we gon wait
I'm a boss just like I sip A
You droppin' that ass a free tape
She could charge with MP3 rates
I know me, I'm just me
Sometimes we do act a team
Went from stealing with Benny to livin' out my fuckin'
dreams
Think before you move your lips
That right there could sink the ships
We ain't got no filter, takin' turns, watch us sink
your bitch
Truth pushin' that Bogota
You ruled, your reign is over dawg
Private flights to Cote d'Ivoire
Rock star, no guitar

Them lights on, Lou Vuitton
Again, just me and my vocals
Answer to our platoon
With my fellaz

Just me and my vocals, with all this weed and all my Gs
But I ain't a fuckin' local
Did you think I was who these people goin' fuckin' loco
Got a euro, chick is so ho
I walk around on Broadway, everybody takin' photos

Got a Swedish chick that don't speak English
But I beat it like rainin' Randy Coga
Talkin' shit about the kid?
See to go ahead cuz we got ears yo
Whole album is solo, illmatic that motto
I mean Motto, press that button and follow that's how
we want y'all
Stacking up these numbers, bitches making me tumblers
Like "fuck yea, that's Sammy Adams"
King of soundtracks of my summer
Got B major, got super dukes
I got skateboards, it's a super truth
No state cops, we hit cops
Do it oldschool in this super loop
Call this Sammypalooza
You heard, you just look like losers
I've been at this 3 years
3 years, yea that's the truth bruh
You co-signin', just gotta sign
You rock hotels and I stay Vermont
You number 2 slash number 10
I went number 1 on my first try
Dover Sammy so used now
Got a ill crew that you not in
Pack chicks off like I'm stocked in
I'm on the rebound like Rodman
Me and Gucci so Gucci
NYC the same Louie
I blew off across the radio after Antilantic sue me
bitch
2 fucks, I got you man
Live for me and my old fans
Got 2 girls, take over then open a private spot dance
Try to bring next to our X back
Fuck Cannon, fuck Kurt
We had it luck, Joe got sucked
Overall, bad luck
What DJ gon play since then?
Got 'em all, no lies here
Time gon tell like an automat
Give me 2 months and I'm outta here
What? What? Give me 2 months and I'm outta here
Yea