

Sam Adams "Go In Remix"

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Oh
It's Wizzy
Uh
Listen
Imma Wild Card Joka
Can't go ova
Ladies Gaga-in but they aint playin poker
Brain in the shower told the head no shoulders
She's mine for the night don't own her
But Own her
Loved by the hood and dudes with comb ovas
No relationships are good I stayin sober
See then adjust and I must take advice
Cause greats eyes blink alike
I mean great minds think alike
No matter how many sneak tees or hoodies that you
buy
Could ever get you a life
Switch Hitter go on the left then go right
If you not tired rippin' up tracks go all night
My BB works in Europe baby hear me on my messenger
Promise we can be friends after I have sex with ya
And it's nothin' but professional
Best head, Best sex down to a decimal
All you lower body know I'm smarter than the rest of
dudes
They don't know my name I spit back who the F are you
Beantown Celtic motha fucker I am destined to,
Blow,
Up, All night writing
Energize fully like I just ate lightning
Brightning,
Climbin to the top with my timbs on
Busy fantasizing about the number one spot hiking
Yeah, Go Shawty, cause it's your birthday
I'm seein more green like it's motha fuckin earthday
Face is an earthquake maybe off the Richter
But who am I to judge I got goggles from the liquor
Five turns to nines and Wizzy you just kissed her
Samuel Adams motha fucker you could call me Mistah
Not after the beer my ancestors was official
Private life is me and my responsibilities are strictly

fiscal
Under all the hype lies the reoccurring issue
Of proving I'm the shit what critics say I couldnt do
But dawg I swear I am the damn dude
And if you don't think so dawg
You are a damn Fool

I'm the rapper that the game can't take, the wine
With an entree connoisseurs can't taste that shot
Then no matter what
Even if you chase
Can't shake like the Harlem Dance during cigarette
breaks
Wait,
Girls be like Wizzy so great
Make a lesbian's brain go nuts then straight
Instead of guys,
She at times replays that in time that it's really vagina
she hate
Go through my lines see the metal trucks scrape
When I used to be eighteen years old and on my skate
Board, Board I'm sick of being boredd
With my talent over average when there's money to
explore
Cheyeh
It's Wizzy
I told yall that we comin
And we comin
Oh
Put that in your speakers
Cell Phones and beepers
Yeah!
Uh uhh uhhhhhh

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