

Sam Adams "I Got 'em Like"

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Fuck
You
DJ Cash
Whoo Kid
Party Records
Fuck

This my party
We get faded
Straight as faggots
Cowards and haters
... bull shit
Yall not major
I'm just smilin'
See yall later
Peace sign
Motha fucka you should rewind
Bitches say my shit is droppin soon
They make a beeline
Toward the record store
Cuz I be buss token these felines
Fuck yall I'm gon' be fine
Regardless of all these blogs lyin (hahaha)
Please get up off my dick
I'm just on my hip hop shit
... peter pan, count chocula, yall dudes aint shit (haha)
Wedding crashed
Cuz I'm just havin a blast
And these dudes see my skin colors white
They log in and get gassed (ass)
My eyes on the sack like geicko
Came in tendencies to act like a psycho
I used to wonder if I might blow
Till I crash bandacooted boxes of nitro
TNT baby we no drama
You and bill for the game homie you a gona'
You are in some shit... pajamas
Critics stop and they watch yo timer
Wanna duke it out go to Carolina
North of the bullshit... as a rhymer
Tryna see the goldie that shuffle in the miner
You hate on me

I'm gettin kinder
Honeys hate on me not fun
Money that you get is religious to none
I'm over here smilin in the sun
While you tryna prove that you shoot guns
My cars are rabbid yo
This is more than rappin yo
Rusko and Sammy Adams
Crowds askin what happened yo

I got em like oh oh
I got em like (cant forget)

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