

Sam Adams "Just Love Here"

Visit "[Just Love Here](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I, I got so much to say
Don't even know how to say it
All this hype, all this noise
I'm ready

First stop high school rookie
Not a single fan writing rhymes playing hookie
Back around the time Fred Durst got nookie
Couple years before my ass had ever seen pussy
Yeah, young Sammy with a fantasy
Found my mind first time I blew a gram of tree
Used to hate on my brotha cause I didn't see
That good weed made a shackled man feel free
But they could never see that, nope
And my music seemed weak
Embarrassed to play me tracks embarrassed to be me
Yeah, stepped up with my levels on the beats
Made a damn anthem for my high school team
But no features, packed bleachers
Hearing myself blast out of car speakers
And that's when I started to believe and finally realized
I should let myself succeed (I should let myself
succeed)

And when I leave stage, and the limelight
And the groupie girls, when the times right
And I fly home back to my life
With my fam around me yeah it sounds right
When I leave LA with my mind right
On a couch at home for the whole night
No drugs here, just love here
Just love here

Next stop tears in my eyes
Remembering the person I was so set to disguise
Packing up for college no parents at the time
Starting a new chapter of Sammy Adams life
Write, and my got better
Spittin everyday new vocabs clever
I Hate College allowed me to enter
The realm of popularity I thought I'd reach never
Ever, and loves an endeavor

I want my girl to love me but my music won't let her
Chasing all my dreams while I float like a feather
Yeah, and my grades going south,
But as an intellectual I needed to get out so
I visited to see what it was bout
And being close to Boston it made a better route
These fake ass promoters stay running their mouth
Reacting to what they say with a handful of doubt, ouch

And when I leave stage, and the limelight
And the groupie girls, when the times right
And I fly home back to my life
With my fam around me yeah it sounds right
When I leave LA with my mind right
On a couch at home for the whole night
No drugs here, just love here
Just love here

Third stop, waiting at my gate,
This home sick feeling is something I can't shake
But make no mistake I was born to do this
Born to make music, boy I'm gon' prove it
I can't sleep on the flight
Which isn't helping out cause I can't sleep at night
And even with some Ambien a half of bar bites[?]
Consumes my damn stomach which continues to be
tight
Yeah, and my dreams will ignite
On hooks while we fight
Fan base broad, real click slight
Focused on point I'm tryin to live right
Right and I'm about to graduate
And all these agencies know how to aggravate,
I wish they would just leave me alone
I just wanna go home, I just wanna go home
(But I also want the throne)

And when I leave stage, and the limelight
And the groupie girls, when the times right
And I fly home back to my life
With my fam around me yeah it sounds right
When I leave LA with my mind right
On a couch at home for the whole night
No drugs here, just love here
Just love here

Visit [Sam Adams](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.