

Sammy Adams**"Tab Open"**

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All the fellas nod their heads
All ladies fall in love or in lust either one
Baby I don't give a fuck,
Uhh uhh my tab's open yeah
My tab's open yeah
My tab's open yeah
My tab's open
[2x]

Yeah, they told me that I looked like I was 16
Then they eat their words when they see 2-2 on my ID
Baby faced and I'm all about my hygiene
Gotta be a 10 or higher tryin out for my team
Corks are flyin' and I'm drunk I need an IV
Model chicks are frivolous compared to girls that I see
Put your hands up if you fresh as I be
Packin clubs getting love's exactly what inspires me
Uhh, so lets get fuckin faded,
Lit up intoxicated,
Cause everyone gon' play it
Whether they love it or they hate it
I'm wit the unit find me in the club
Wit my BroBible boys
And Wizzy love his sluts
And I ain't one to brag
But tell me this aint tough
I aint Wyclef in December
Member we won't keep in touch,
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I might be outside blowin' kush in the air
I used to be the Wiz til Khalifa said yeah
Say Yeah and stay there
disappear wit Sam Adams I'm the fuckin man
Notebook full of Rachel McAdam's
(sheeitt guys, I wanna) Slam
So roll up the grams
Purple haze and all my cam
Killa and manilla
Ass and beach ball and getting tan
Rollin wit' me getting tipsy wit my eighties fam
Don't be shy, Lose yourself but I ain't fuckin
Eminemmm
Shots for being here
Spillin drinks the way we dance,
I don't do the rockaway and I aint pullin up my pants
The club anthem, genre is just handsome
Girls a stage 5 but when you call she doesn't answer
I'm up in Hartford chillin wit my Bantams
These high maintenance chicks flip if they aint
pampered
Mindin my own bizzy Wizzy blinded by the cameras
Up in NYC the Bean is stepping in Atlanta

And you can leave me tab open,
I'm orderin' them X and them O's like I'm coaching
Quotient, party hard animal
Sittin on a grand or two,
Throw it on my tab baby come and lemme sample you
And if you finna get it tipsy put your drinks up,
And if you finna get it tipsy put your drinks uuuuup
And you can leave my tab open

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