

Fly Jets Over Boston

Sammy Adams

yeah
Adams
yeah
fly jets over boston
yeah oh
we not playin wit em

white picket fence not me im on the top floor
roof top city spot lookin over all yours (I see ya)
chilin wit a crush i don't really have time for
I'm the 3 white keys in C, your a minor
knew my shit bang when my music hit the highways
found out that hard work pays off like Fridays
And, plenty of people do this our age
but don't seem to be blowin like penelope and johnnys
sorry, sound so big headed
I'm just flowin no clue where this clouds headed (no way, no clue)
never been addicted to the fame, no star fettish
you worried bout yours, but we count all of this, uh

All we gon' do is spit that reals
so if you fakin don't come round here
oh you thought that this was your year?
theres the door get the fuck outta here
I'm not playin I'm just sayin
I'm not playin I'm just sayin
I'm not playin I'm just sayin
I'm not playin

Uh, and when it all come down to it
the homie still gon' do his thing
you gotta give it to him
refer in 3rd person tell myself about my music
you got them screen door lyrics we can see through em
you and your team don't get it how you say you doin
you just tryna keep the crowd movin lyin to 'em
disrespecting the game and gettin paid for it
lost sight of what you first got in the game for
I seen it all from my stadium seat chair
number 1 rolled OG brand new
Old sneaks man what you mean?
its like club life shoppin in a time machine
kinda light headed in my heavy chevy
talkin to my light skinned red bone on my blackberry
headed wherever I haven't been already
fuck all else jets over every

All we gon' do is spit that real
So if you fakin don't come round here
Oh you thought that this was your year?
heres the door get the fuck outta here
I'm not playin I'm just sayin
I'm not playin I'm just sayin
I'm not playin I'm just sayin (straight up)
Word to Sam, fool
roll me another one
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