

I Hate College

Sammy Adams

(Cause I ain't goin out like a sucka, no way)

I Hate College Remix.

I hate college but love all the parties,
Finishing kegs and crushing bottles of Bacardi,
King of the class I'd rather lay up with a hottie,
Single doesn't mean I'm lookin for somebody.

Some say they drink, blaze up, but hardly,
Poppin Pk's, Ski a little bit of molly,
Am I out my mind most people say proolly,
But I've been on my grind puffin nugs of that coli. (Coli)

Pack my bag no parents tend driven me off,
I fell off saw some herbs all wearin lacoste,
A couple dudes in pennies must a played lacrosse,
Grab my duffle and I hustle through the dormitory doors.

Of course my homie lived on the same floor,
Soon to blow trees get down to pound pros,
Get down to pound ho's the outta town boy,
Is flow developed to tha whole town of his voice.

I hate college but love gettin' laid,
Social life swagger at night when the sun fades,
Check my sun shades talkin bout upgrades,
I can't see the haters no more I feel great.

My eyes 20/20 so sunny with skies gray,
I'm loved by the hunnies what more can I say,
I'm just gettin paid workin like a slave,
Between school athletics and music it's all day.

So invite ya friends to come play,
Gave you the invite if you miss it don't complain,
If ya lucky get a kiss but miss no that's lame,
Wanna get it in with wizzy I'm a yo man.

Sweatin bullets no fan can contain,
Short to pull up but quick to amaze,
I'm lookin forward to tours in these place,
Seein the cork pop in tho bottles of champaign.

Dear lord takin your name in vain,
All these sins in college that I made,
Well well my games off the chain,
I'll last a couple hours tomorrow go insane.

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I can't sleep cause my God damn teach,
Keeps assignin essays due at the end of each week,
But little do he know I gotta show by the beach,
Watchin girls flash Wizzy way more than they teeth.

They mad I'd rather learn flows in they lesson plans,
But sit me down asking, "Do you get the message sam? ",
This is your life you need school to get right,
"Nah, Music is my sun and you blockin my light".

And if I don't blow get hotter ignite,
My life on the line til my money gets nice,
Well money's not happiness you'll only get greedia,
Shit did a make life a whole lot easier.

And my feel gets a whole lot cheesia,
Domino's bread put steak gettin meatia,
But school's good for one thing I must add,
And that's havin a plethora of my vocab.

Hold back to verbs that I must grab,
And throw down like a rich girls bar tab. (Tab tab)

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