

# Opening Day

Sammy Adams

Yeah  
Wizzy  
The kid  
So undone  
Let's go

Opening Day  
Coming soon... to you

Zonin out, drift off with me  
I can't get the beat off of me  
I puffin blunts living pompously  
And if I had a million dollars, to be honest  
I'd be chilling in the same place I always be  
Ripping mic's cultivates my artistry  
And every breath I speak is a 100 percent a part of me  
They say "me rap" is like a major controversy  
And I'm confused I don't know who I ought to be  
But if you judge, hold a grudge or look off at me  
Your nose clog, peeps smell me like peppery  
And I'm so sorry that my mouth is like the potty  
Shit on mothafuckas, you know I came here TO PARTY!  
Partake in this game  
I swear to God, what I say is insane  
Out my two right speakers  
That's my left and right ears  
You want it, dog?! I get you like a beeper!  
The heater, I be the people's fuckin speaker  
Cause you know you hear me and I'm blastin out your speakers  
Different words, two words you know I am Aretha  
Franklin, mouthafucka how I blow this shit, ether

Man, I think this feel like a classic  
Grab your lighters, yeah baby, and then you pass it  
And yeah, I wouldn't even call it rappin  
Cause fly with me, academy, you're speaking of the captain

Why am I so in the zone  
Like every joint bounce off Logic Pro  
Gimme more space, five yards like they just got a hold  
Penalty or encroachment like you never know  
The soul burnin oyster that's forever glow  
And I know how they taste, they slide down my throat  
Yup, at the grill by my house and tied to the coach  
Lemon squeeze up on the side for this guys and broads  
That acknowledge that I'm in college but somehow I'm broke  
And home is nothing like it, there will never be  
When dudes say that you suck but know they feel the breeze  
When see those rainbows between they feet  
And all the bullshit they found fake was pedigree  
Purebred/pure bread, but some times I find it hard to eat  
From out of all the studying, blocking my nasty sleep  
But no voice, when your whole role is supposed to speak  
Looking in the mirror I'm itching to cop every sneak  
Yeah, new hoes, like, every week  
Yeah, they get to drill, the domin before they get to leave  
Yup, Eighties Baby t-shirts that they get to keep

I'm stacked full from Alex and Geoff, thankfully  
And, my career cruised on cause every time I hand it  
You know this is gon' blowin  
I'm like Lohan  
Too much blow in my system  
And I can't be Sam  
But now I'm with man  
And I stay on my grind to the finish  
Finish, I feel it every bitch, every inch

Man, I think this feel like a classic  
Grab your lighters, yeah baby, and then you pass it  
And yeah, I wouldn't even call it rappin  
Cause fly with me, academy, you're speaking of the captain  
Yeah, yeah the captain