

Remember

Sammy Adams

Look how far you done came
But I say you'll remember my name

Look how far you done came
Just from screamin' your name
Just from being yourself
Well how fast did it change
When we started from mom's
Man, those days were the bomb
Never set no alarm
Never thought we'd be young
Went from panning my name
When November done came
It was cold in the streets
And my records were flames
So from chasing the cash,
and now watching my ass
I got burnt from the same,
flame I live with a match

Took some advice I should've passed on
Should've put another album on the fire, left the motherfucking gas on
Break but gotta smash arms, make mistakes but make sure
The shake you give 'em gonna leave 'em with a cast on

I took the pain in my head, I took the knives in my back
Been writing home for a while, I always get something back
Now I'm back on these tracks and they gon' love it (love it)
BBSG nothing above it

Love it when I'm back, hate it when I'm gone,
Miss me on the track, back where I belong
And I know you love it (love it, love it),
And I know you love it (love it, love it, love it)
Hate it when I'm gone, love it when I'm back
Back where I belong, right back on the track
And I know you love it (love it, love it)
And I know you love it (love it, love it, love it), love it, love it

Oh but fuck it, it's cool, I ain't holding a grudge,
Never paying attention when they paying too much, I tried
Moving a mountain but that shit wouldn't budge, only
God has the gavel, I'd be stupid to judge, the whole
Point of the story, I've been trying to say

Life is a fucking bitch but she can light up the stage
And if you ain't proactive, you might as well rap it
Send a cruel home, get the bags, start packing

Drop another pop song, crossover, smash record, no message
Left exact just like we got one, only thing that matters in the long run is
the fans,
And judging by the show of hands, who the fuckin' man?

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[x2]