

Electric Appeal

Sammy Adams

Oh yeah
Sam Adams
Tiësto
(I got that, I got that, uh)

I got that ketamine kush
I got that telling all trainwreck
Knew we knew, baby
Surprised you ain't heard my name yet
Top of all these hoes
Flying through me since the plane left
Medicine and [?]
Fighting to stop my brain stress
Next
Open for business
Killin' it on this music shit with no permission
Even though all these labels became our competition
I ain't going out, no-oh, I ain't going out

I just feel my electric appeal
It's going out of control, oh oh
It's so real when you feel, when you feel like you're running away
I just feel my electric appeal
It's going out of control, oh oh
It's so real when you feel, when you feel like you're running away

I'm stuck like a Visa
Louie brown leather
Kush smoke
Got me all high
Never felt better
I'm up in the booth from seven to eleven
Seven to eleven, seven to eleven
I feel so home when I'm on the road
Got a long way to go, go, go
I thought I blow up slow
But that's not how we roll, no, no, no
That's just not how we roll

Outside looking in
Damn, it feels different
Then a couple weeks ago when I win few spots that I ain't ever been
Inhale, breathe slow
Empty gym, free throw
Creative with C notes
While me and my team flow

I just feel
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I, I, I just feel
Feel, feel, feel

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