

## Just Love Here

Sammy Adams

I, I got so much to say  
Don't even know how to say it  
All this hype, all this noise  
I'm ready

First stop high school rookie  
Not a single fan writing rhymes playing hookie  
Back around the time Fred Durst got nookie  
Couple years before my ass had ever seen pussy  
Yeah, young Sammy with a fantasy  
Found my mind first time I blew a gram of tree  
Used to hate on my brotha cause I didn't see  
That good weed made a shackled man feel free  
But they could never see that, nope  
And my music seemed weak  
Embarrassed to play me tracks embarrassed to be me  
Yeah, stepped up with my levels on the beats  
Made a damn anthem for my high school team  
But no features, packed bleachers  
hearing myself blast out of car speakers  
And that's when I started to believe and finally realized  
I should let myself succeed (I should let myself succeed)

And when I leave stage, and the limelight  
And the groupie girls, when the times right  
And I fly home back to my life  
With my fam around me yeah it sounds right  
When I leave LA with my mind right  
On a couch at home for the whole night  
No drugs here, just love here  
Just love here

Next stop tears in my eyes  
Remembering the person I was so set to disguise  
Packing up for college no parents at the time  
Starting a new chapter of Sammy Adams life  
Write, and my got better  
Spittin everyday new vocabs clever  
I Hate College allowed me to enter  
The realm of popularity I thought I'd reach never  
Ever, and loves an endeavor  
I want my girl to love me but my music wont let her  
Chasing all my dreams while I float like a feather  
Yeah, and my grades going south,  
But as an intellectual I needed to get out so  
I visited to see what it was bout  
And being close to Boston it made a better route  
These fake ass promoters stay running their mouth  
Reacting to what they say with a handful of doubt, ouch

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Third stop, waiting at my gate,  
This home sick feeling is something I cant shake  
But make no mistake I was born to do this  
Born to make music, boy I'm gon' prove it  
I can't sleep on the flight  
Which isn't helping out cause I can't sleep at night  
And even with some Ambien a half of bar bites Consumes my damn stomach which  
continues to be tight  
Yeah, and my dreams will ignite  
On hooks while we fight  
Fan base broad, real click slight  
Focused on point I'm tryin to live right  
Right and I'm about to graduate  
And all these agencies know how to aggravate,  
I wish they would just leave me alone  
I just wanna go home, I just wanna go home  
(but I also want the throne)

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