## **Fly Jets Over Boston**

## Sam Adams

Yeah Adams Yeah Fly jets over boston Yeah oh We not playin wit em

White picket fence not me I'm on the top floor Roof top city spot lookin over all yours (I see ya) Chilin wit a crush I don't really have time for I'm the 3 white keys in C, your a minor Knew my shit bang when my music hit the highways Found out that hard work pays off like Fridays And, plenty of people do this our age But don't seem to be blowin like penelope and johnnys Sorry, sound so big headed I'm just flowin no clue where this clouds headed (no way, no clue) Never been addicted to the fame, no star fettish You worried bout yours, but we count all of this, uh

> All we gon' do is spit that reals So if you fakin don't come round here Oh you thought that this was your year? There's the door get the fuck outta here I'm not playin I'm just sayin I'm not playin I'm just sayin I'm not playin I'm just sayin I'm not playin I'm just sayin

Uh, and when it all come down to it The homie still gon' do his thing You gotta give it to him Refer in 3rd person tell myself about my music You got them screen door lyrics we can see through em You and your team don't get it how you say you doin You just tryna keep the crowd movin lyin to 'em Disrespecting the game and gettin paid for it Lost sight of what you first got in the game for I seen it all from my stadium seat chair Number 1 rolled OG brand new Old sneaks man what you mean? It's like club life shoppin in a time machine Kinda light headed in my heavy chevy Talkin to my light skinned red bone on my blackberry Headed wherever I haven't been already Fuck all else jets over every

> All we gon' do is spit that real So if you fakin don't come round here Oh you thought that this was your year? Heres the door get the fuck outta here I'm not playin I'm just sayin I'm not playin I'm just sayin I'm not playin I'm just sayin (straight up) Word to Sam, fool Roll me another one

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