

# I Hate College (Remix)

Sam Adams

(Cause I ain't goin out like a sucka, no way)I Hate College Remix.I hate college but love all the parties, finishing kegs and crushing bottles of Bacardi, king of the class I'd rather lay up with a hottie, single doesn't mean I'm lookin for somebody.Some say they drink, blaze up, but hardly, poppin PK, skeet, a little bit of molly, am I out my mind most people say prolly, but I've been on my grind puff an ounce of that coli. (Coli)Pack my bag no parents didnt drop me off, I fell off, saw some herbs all wearin Lacoste, a couple dudes in pennies must a played lacrosse, grab my duffle and I hustle through the dormitory doors.Of course my homie lived on the same floor, soon to blow trees get down to pound pros, down to pound ho's, out of tempo, is flow developed to tha whole town of his voice.I hate college but love gettin' laid, Social life swagger at night when the sun fades, check my sun shades talkin bout upgrades, I can't see the haters no more I feel great.My eyes 20/20 so sunny with skies gray, I'm loved by the hunnies what mo can I say, I'm just gettin paid workin like a slave, between school, athletics, and music it's all day.So invite ya friends to come play, gave you the invite if you miss it don't complain, if ya lucky get a kiss but miss know that's lame, wanna get it in wit wizzy I'ma yo man.Sweatin bullets no fan can contain, short to pull up but quick to amaze, I'm lookin forward to tours in these place, seein the cork pop in tho bottles of champagne.Dear lord takin your name in vain, all these sins in college that I made, well well my games off the chain, I'll last a couple hours tomorrow go insane.I hate college but love all the parties, finishing kegs and crushing bottles of Bacardi, king of the class I'd rather lay up wit a hottie, single doesn't mean I'm lookin for somebody.Some say they drink, blaze up, but hardly, poppin PK, skeet, a little bit of molly, am I out my mind most people say prolly, but I've been on my grind puff an ounce of that coli. (Coli)I hate college but love all the parties, finishing kegs and crushing bottles of Bacardi, king of the class I'd rather lay up wit a hottie, single doesn't mean I'm lookin for somebody.Some say they drink, blaze up, but hardly, poppin PK, skeet, a little bit of molly, am I out my mind most people say prolly,

but I've been on my grind puff an ounce of that coli. (Coli)I can't sleep cause my God damn teach,  
keeps assignin essays due at the end of each week,  
but little do he know I gotta show by the beach,  
watchin girls flash Wizzy way more than they teeth.They mad I'd rather learn flows in they lesson plans,  
but sit me down asking, "Do you get the message Sam?",  
this is your life you need school to get right,  
Nah, "Music is my sun and you blockin my light".And if I don't blow, get hot and ignite,  
my life full of lyin till my money gets nice,  
well money's not happiness you'll only get greedier,  
shit did a make life a whole lot easier.And my feel gets a whole lot cheesier,  
Domino's bread put steak gettin meatier,  
but school's good for one thing I must add,  
and that's havin a plethora of my vocab.Whole bags of verbs that I must grab,  
and throw down like a rich girls bar tab. (Tab tab)I I hate college but love all the parties,  
finish finishing kegs and crushing bottles of Bacardi,  
I king of the class I'd rather lay up wit a hottie,  
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