

Blessings (Remix) [feat. Drake & Kanye West]

Big Sean

Look, I feel blessed
Way up I feel blessed, way up I feel blessed
Straight up, look I live the life I deserve, blessed
Fuck a vacay I feel better at work
I mean whatever it's worth
I give whatever I'm worth
For my niggas who gonna go to Hell and back for me
I'mma give em Heaven on Earth for a hell of a check
Yeah whichever come first
Blessings on blessings on blessings
Look at my life man that's lessons on lessons on lessons
I treat the beat like its a reverend
I tell the truth like father forgive me these are all my confessions
Man this wasn't luck it was destined
I done lost homies who been with me since Ed, Edd, and Eddy
Who flip like confetti and then when you back they back to call you "dog"
That shit get get petty, bitch don't give no dap to me nigga
Funny thing about talkin' behind my back
Is that it just keep comin' back to me nigga
Was all for a sec now its back to me nigga
You mad at me, this ain't what I want man this what it had to be
This is that late night workin' after three
Man this why my old girl was mad at me
This why I'm your majesty
Man, the clique is the tightest, the pussy's the tightest
The drinks are the coldest, the future the brightest
The feat not divided, the love is divided
And I just got it, thank God that we got it, blessed
I don't know what I would do without it
Crew look like we robbed a bank, but all we make is deposits
Your profit we profit, oh God I'm here for a good time not a long time, you know I
I haven't had a good time in a long time, you know I
I'm way up I feel blessed, way up I feel blessed
I'm way up I feel blessed, way up I feel blessed Look, I ain't gonna say that we back or nothin'
Cause that implies that we're back from somethin'
If we're back from somethin' it's some checks you owe us
I expect that payment, nothin' less or over
I don't need them favors that you ask me for
I could give two fucks 'bout where the Grammys go

I just gave out Grammys on my Instagram
Them OVO boys the business man
It is what it is, trust me you get what you give, yeah
You gotta come to my side and see how we live, yeah
I cannot see Heaven bein' much better than this, yeah
Blessings on blessings from me and my niggas from the Six
Look at what we did
Be quiet I'm doin' a toast
For niggas that don't really do shit I swear y'all be doin' the most
Stop worryin' about whoever's next
I am just worried about my mama worryin' less
I think I'm famous enough, I don't need anymore press
I am convinced I'm the only one left that's still doin' this shit, man I'm here for a good time not a long time, you
know I
I haven't had a good time in a long time, you know I
I'm way up I feel blessed, way up I feel blessed
I'm way up I feel blessed, way up I feel blessed My grandma just died, I'm the man of the house
So every mornin' I'm up cause I can't let them down
Always down for the cause, never down for the count
I guess when your stars align you do like the solar system and plan it out
So I'm goin' over time on the overtime
Yeah I'm not invested but you can't attest it
Million dollar goals, man its to manifest it
The family never goin' anorexic
I pay my mortgage and electric
Never goin' under even with anesthetics
At the top of the rap game and progressin'
Check after check, checkin' off my check list
Try and blow my cake just know that's a death wish
No mistakes in life ever, it's only lessons
Shit feel like Shaq and Penny got back together
You tore the game apart who put it back together? I'm here for a good time not a long time, you know I
I haven't had a good time in a long time, you know I
I'm way up I feel blessed, way up I feel blessed
I'm way up I feel blessed, way up I feel blessed Since the truth keep niggas traumatized
They tryna compromise my condom size
So I Snapchat that whole shit
Tryna see titties, tryna show dick
And I swear to God I hope they post it
I'm blessed
Even though I get slammed with lawsuits like car doors
See three P.O.'s like Star Wars
They want me by the road holding up cardboard
So I go extra hard on the hard floor
Right now, I'm calling you from my home gym

Right after that, nigga I'm gon' swim
Just did a couple laps in my home pool
And my daughter right there getting home-schooled
I'm blessed, and I was thinking 'bout starting up my own school
A Montessori, and the hallway looking like a monastery
Oh yes I'm way up, I feel blessed

Songwriters

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