

10 2 10 (feat. Rick Ross & Travi\$ Scott)

Big Sean

Imma' be paid forever
I look up
Finally Famous niggaI woke up working like a Mexican
That mean I work from 10 to 10
Then 10 to 10, then 10 again
Nightmares of losing everything boost my adrenalineAll this bread can't be good for my cholesterol
Don't come round' talking loudly, fucking up my repertoire dawg
I can't lie bruh lately I've been stressing heavily
I'm sipping, popping, smoking on whatever take the pressure off
Diss you, FF Imperial 'til my burial
Dodging every bullet and venereal
Anti fuck boy material 'til I'm dead, I'm living proof
If you focus on what's in front of you and not what's in the peripheral
It's gone, word, boy I seen drama on drama
Drama on drama over comma on comma
I'm bringing home dead prez, my house done feel like its haunted
I put the city on my back, right along with my garments
Went to sleep, snoringI woke up working like a Mexican
That mean I work from 10 to 10
Then 10 to 10, then 10 again
Nightmares of losing everything boost my adrenalineI got 3 jobs like I'm Jamaican though
I need 3 wives like I was Haitian though
One cook, one clean, the other PMS'ing, no hable ingles
If police have questions they don't know what that mean nigga
They say Detroit going through the great depression
Still it's been depressed so long I can't even tell depression here
My homeboy still gon' pull up on them rims big as a Ferris wheel
So many rides up on the curb my lil 'cause thought the fair was here
Like oh, I'm primo, top spot redeemed ho, for who, my team
And we might take a trip to Jamaica, Montego, pussy and flamingos
Got me thinking the fuck I need to sleep for?I woke up working like a Mexican
That mean I work from 10 to 10
Then 10 to 10, then 10 again
Nightmares of losing everything boost my adrenaline

Lyrics provided by

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