

Nothing Is Stopping You

Big Sean

I know I'mma get it, I just don't know how
Heart up on the stage, body in the crowd
Parents always tried keep me home
But I can't get paid from the crib, so I'll be gone till we on
Whats up, Finally Famous
I had it on my jacket way back in high school
Know I wanted to be in them night clubs and not all off in that night school
So me and my niggas real life'd it, every week we did them cyphers
At the radio, had a crazy flow, man the city ain't heard shit like this
I woke up early on a Saturday
Said I'mma cash my check and hit some ass today
Hit the bank, my nigga called me like: "Go rap for Ye
He at the station, rap that shit that you rap everyday"
Man, that shit sounds stupid then I hang up on his ass
Then called him back like "Fuck, let's do it"
I didn't even cash my check, man can't believe my ass pursuit it
I didn't even have no gas but somehow God just lead me to it
Like, "Let's do it" When I heard the songs he was doing
Man, I knew he had to be on G.O.O.D Music Just to think, last night I was in Venice hugging bitches
Thanking God Almighty condoms were invented
Cause I had a yellow bone
That could've come from out the Simpsons man
Who claim she never did it (Yeah right)
But under these conditions she was with it
Then I hopped up on that red eye when I finished
I been gon for five hours, fuck, my head still spinning
Fucked the hotel up, shit she probably still in it
Getting rest that I be missing, but fuck it I'm on a mission
Flight delayed like 30 minutes, now that's the shit that I hate
Now it's eight thirty, I'm officially late, for that eight o'clock spot
I know the Program Director hot, but I spit a freestyle up in there so cold
That everybody in that bitch forgot, now I'm running late for sound check
And I heard the line's already to the lot, walking out the station
And that's around the time that I got stopped, by this shorty tryna rhyme
Manager said we ain't got time, but time to time
You gotta make time when it's time for karma to come back around
I say "Aye dawg, what you got?", "Aw dawg, Big Sean, thanks a lot
Um, alright, stay young ran the game, man they been afraid
Tryna follow me get in a maze, leave you minute maid

Um, I'm like a young black Eminem, it's a riddle and I'm repping that Michigan
Tryna stack my dividends, get my mom a new crib and them
And the bunch just synonyms about how he was living in
I ain't even let him finish shit, I mean I can't lie he was alright
But at his age, shit so was I, so give him my email on a fly
And if it sound good, then I reply uhTell me what you know about dreams, what you know about having faith
In something you can't see, tell me how much do you believe
What you know about feeling something, that you can't even touch
What you know bout smelling something, that you can't even breathe
But when the world drives you out, and your gas tank is on E
All the faith that you had, just ain't all the faith that you need
All the faith that I have, just ain't all the faith that I need
I'm sorryI know you're not my child talking like that
Focus on shifting this negative energy, into something positive
And the easiest way to do that
Is to be grateful for all the things that you do have
For your health, for your family, your friends
All the people that care about you
You've got food to eat, you've got a place to stay
Ugh you know, let's feel good, let's get happy, boi

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