

# Blessings (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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