10 2 10

Big Sean

[Intro]
Imma be paid forever
I look up
Finally Famous nigga[Hook]
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 boosts my adrenaline[Verse 1]
All this bread can't be too good for my cholesterol
Don't come round talking loudly, fuckin up my repertoire dawg
I can't like bruh lately I've been stressin heavily
I'm sippin, poppin, smokin on whatever take the pressure off
You bitch you, F.F. Imperial to my burial
Dodging every bullet and venereal
Anti-fuckboy material
Till I'm dead, I'm living proof
If you focus on what's in front of ya
And not what's in the peripheral, let's go![Bridge]
Word
Boy I seen drama on drama
Drama on drama
Over comma on comma
I'm bringin home dead pres
My house done feel like it's haunted
I put the city on my back
Right along with my garments
Went to sleep snoring[Hook][Verse 2]
I got three jobs like I'm Jamaican oh
I need three wives like I was Haitian oh
One cook, one clean, the other PMSing
"No habla 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 boy I can't even tell the pressure here
My home boys still gon pull up on them rims big as a ferris wheel
So many rides up on the curb my lil cuz thought the fair was here
Like oh! A primo, top spot redeem code, for who?
My team and we might take a trip to Jamaica Montego
Pussy and flamingo
Got me thinkin "fuck I need to sleep for?" Huh?[Hook][Outro]
Ay let me get the uh

Lil bitch

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