

# 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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>