

No More Interviews

Big Sean

I guess I'm on my... on my Don shit
Somebody gotta do it Look, no more interviews
I'm not talking about this on a song, feature or interlude
Reporting live from Hawaii with my girl
I brought sand to the beach
Working on vacay in the booth, sand on my feet
I'm from the ground up like a ground-ball play
I'm coming from the underground like it's Groundhog's Day
I'm talking so underground that when I talk about J, nigga
I might mean J Dilla, R.I.P. real niggas
Lately I only do the shit that inspire me
Lately niggas treat the Shade Room like a diary
Oh yeah, is that what you heard?
Believing everything that you hear without confirming it first
And you know the funny thing about it is my ex wanna write a tell all
Fucked up thing about it is she ain't even tell all
Like how I introduced her to meditation, positive thinking
And the books she probably read in daily rotation
I learned when people lie on you not to return the favor so
I won't get you embarrassed
I won't tell them all the other parts about you that's plastic
This my last time putting my ex in a song even though the last one went triple platinum
I'd rather put that energy into what's worth having
Like how I got a platinum album with no solo tour
Niggas say it's over for me I go overboard
Back against the wall like my poster but I'm the poster boy
Not from the city if you let THEY tell it
Greatest rapper of all time if you let YE tell it
You ask me, I don't got the resume
But, shit, I can go bar for bar for niggas who talking off
And getting egged on by A&Rs who, soon as your shit fallin' off, they walkin' off
And if you rappers diss us and ours just know that you dead and you know it
My career been moving perpetual motion
I'm not impressed with the whoopity whoop, I don't know who is who
And can't pretend like I'm hip to it, no hula hoop
And I can't lie like I like this shit like I usually do
And I'm just not impressed by you niggas rapping fast
Who sound like one big asthma attack but trash when I'm rapping it back
Who you put in your top five and claim they the savior of rap
So many friends turn to enemies, they frenemies

I don't know why I act like I'm surprised or it's offending me
I'm saying, though, I should have learned from Hov and Dame
From Stunna and Wayne, Cudi and YE
What happened to our family ways, though?
When I put you on that song with Nas, you had told me that you was forever grateful
And now we brothers, so it hurt to hit the internet to find out that me and you don't fuck with each other
Over a miscommunication that probably could be fixed with a 5 minute conversation, I'm still praying For ya,
though, I guess I charged it to the game
How much it cost? Around Twenty88
Going off like Kobe when he wore the 'crazy eights'
All y'all niggas looking like my kiddos wearing Bape
Shot my first video in the Harajuku store
With Nigo in the background, that's a picture that you can't take
With YE and Hype Williams directing each take
And God directing each step that we take I'm a king, a legend, man, you niggas ain't worthy
10 years in and a nigga still under 30
I'm feeling like an old man that failed at life
Got reincarnated to do it all again right (That's how I feel)
So I'm treating every second like it's an investment
Time is money, every second I'm collecting Don't ask me no stupid questions
"Are you still signed to YE?" questions, no Roc Nation questions
Or who I'm dating questions, look, no more interviews
Unless you wanna talk about the music or something that has a different view
And not the shit that's getting the hits and views
Words misconstrued with no credit, but you niggas approved My mistakes are my biggest professors and
learning life lessons
I realize it ain't what you have, it's what you feel, that's what true success is
I am the one of one, after me there's no successor DON

Songwriters

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