

# Halfway Off the Balcony

## Big Sean

I am ready right now  
Uh huh  
I look up, I don't even  
I think it's funny how it go  
I don't even know no more  
Official shit I'm hangin' halfway off the balcony  
Overthinkin' 'cause my job is way more than a salary  
Everything around me gold like I just practiced alchemy  
I realized when it comes to girls  
That chemistry means way more than anatomy  
She mad at me, she been mad at me I'm the livin' proof that you don't need a master's just to be a masterpiece  
People passin' faster than I'm passin' weed  
My daddy tell me, "Stay strong, son and be the man you have to be  
Holdin' ship down, don't crash at sea"  
Brrrr paper on my phone line  
It's on my phone like fax for me, that's facts to me  
But I don't want it if it can't change shit drastically, dramatically  
'Cause actually, I realized time's the most valuable, actually  
So I'mma call my favorite girl and she gon' bring that ass for me  
And as for me, I'mma text the room number right now  
So you ain't gotta hit the front desk and go ask for me  
Don't ask for me, don't ask for me  
Don't ask for me  
Lot of shit been goin' on, things goin' wrong  
So don't ask for me I'm hangin' halfway off the balcony  
Overthinkin' 'cause my job is way more than a salary  
Everything around me gold like I just practiced alchemy  
I realized when it comes to girls  
That chemistry means way more than anatomy  
She mad at me, she been mad at me She been mad, I've been on the go, on a roll  
On a roll more than a roller coaster  
They can't throw me off track or slow  
If I did, I got a long list of hoes on hoes  
I quote unquote say I told you so  
Heaven on earth, every night is paradise  
I pray I didn't die or overdose, never that  
I kept it a hundred, never change, not even for five 20s  
Still smokin' that 520 like it's 420  
On a quest for more money, more hungry

Just got my fortune read, she said it's more comin'  
Yeah I got the force but never force nothin'  
Do it for the love, I'm Forrest Gumpin'  
In my city I'm Warren Buffett, I mean business, the shirt is tucked in  
The gun's tucked in, fuck it, I'm who not to fuck with  
Who the bad bitches gon' fuck with and lames just don't fuck with  
My stock's risin', I'm goin' public  
If I write it, it's gon' publish  
You're fuckin' with the best, no discussion So disgusting  
It's that 3 and a third shit  
Straight up I'm hangin' halfway off the balcony  
Overthinkin' 'cause my job is way more than a salary  
Everything around me gold like I just practiced alchemy  
I realized when it comes to girls  
That chemistry means way more than anatomy  
She mad at me, she been mad at me  
She been mad Yo, yo your mom callin' you  
Um, I'mma call her back  
You sure dawg? She keep callin'  
Yeah for sure, for sure, bruh, I'mma call her back

Songwriters

Sean Anderson Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>