

# 4th Quarter (Prod. Key Wayne)

## Big Sean

I look up  
Straight up  
I gave 'em time, time  
TimeNow it's back to me nigga  
I took my clique turned it to faculty nigga  
Took my operation to factory nigga  
When I'm in the zone they won't tackle me nigga  
I touched down in the city, a fuckin' walkin' target  
Still man all my bitches miss me, yeah they miss me but not misses  
If you ask me what's my interest, all my interest involve interest  
It ain't nothing to cut that bitch off but you can't cut my percentage (No no)  
With the bases loaded all we need's a hit, boy I'mma still swing for the fences (Gone)  
I guess you tend to overdo it when you come up underprivileged, look  
I came to my senses, I can never count on people  
I can't even trust the senses in this world full of venom  
All I need's my spider senses, my short temper to cool out  
Yeah sometimes I need woosah, time to get paid by the goo-ghaas  
My office on top of that rooftop, for my mama Myra Anderson  
Tell me who gon' be set for life, Myra and her son, fo' sure  
One time for the fam', they don't eat, I don't eat  
I can't rest on my feet 'til they all on they feet  
They say rest your eyes, I'm just like why?  
Bitch I ain't never seen Ben Franklin sleep  
But I do need that paper like sheet after sheet  
I got so much drive hoe, look both ways in the streets  
When I heard 'bout all these singers and all they naked pictures  
I'm like "Did my email just leak?" Hol' up  
Lemme check, oh nah nah nah  
They fake, we good, we goodThe stock goin' up, makin' all the right moves  
Boy you would have thought I got tipped off (Tipped off)  
You would have thought these niggas fell off a skateboard  
The way they take these hoes and trick off (Trick off)  
I got a rich girl, I swear to Dod dawg, man she's like a walkin' ATM  
Except she ain't come in with drawls  
I know you've been having G.O.O.D. Music withdrawals  
I can not deal with the fuckery that fake shit you be in  
All that bullshit that you rappin' honestly just makes me cringe  
Money doesn't grow on trees, O.K. Someone explain to me  
Then how the hell does my whole team just keep on rakin' it all in, hah?

We stressed on, we pressed on  
Met with Hov and Bey they told us we next on  
We dream that, been slept on, we kept on, we left home  
Mama earlobes is V.S. Stone  
Her earrings so big she can't even fuckin' hear nothing nigga  
Don't give a fuck, no I can't spare one nigga  
No I do not have five wheels, I can't spare one nigga  
Talkin' like I'm on the last cigarette  
'Cause I had to take it back to square one nigga

Songwriters

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